One Hundred Modern Scottish Poets

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ONE HUNDRED
Modern Scottish Poets.

{ Edwards, David [illegible]

(ONE HUNDRED)

MODERN SCOTTISH POETS

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES.

Sec. I.

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PREFACE.

WHO are the Poets? Coleridge, when he tells us what poetry is, will furnish the best answer: "I wish," he says, "young poets would remember my homely definitions of prose and poetry; that is, prose equals words in their best order—poetry equals the best words in their best order." Poetry peeps out, as the reader will find, in unlooked-for corners. Dry lawyers, prosaic conveyancers, bankers, who may be suspected of no tenderer feelings than serve for arranging cheques and columns of figures, die, and in their desks are found copies of impassioned verse. Not only the scholar in his study, but the tradesman by the counter, the weaver at the loom, the ploughman in the field, and the fisherman in his storm-tossed boat utter their thoughts in song.

It will be found, in the case of many of the poets referred to in this volume, that poetry has been in them, as song sleeps in the egg of the nightingale; all that was required was expression and cultivation. It is true, however, only within certain limits, that the poet is born, and not made. Like the three sister arts—Music, Painting, and Sculpture—poetry is developed by opportunity and culture. On rare occasions a bard springs up "to the manner born," who "lisps in numbers," and who "cannot choose but sing;" but this is the exception, and if circumstance may foster, they may also repress the poet's ardour. In former times we had singers at the plough, or the loom; and we find that even the din of steam-driven machinery cannot dry up the poet's heart. We have here brilliant examples of genuine singers bred amidst the unceasing clank of wheels—of inspiring lays breathed from huge factories and workshops.

It is pleasant to think that in the least likely places there have been spirits and minds that have carried the light of poetic sentiment into scenes of labour, and elicited evidence of the heart of humanity still vigorous amidst the hard practices of commerce—a thing of which no merchandise can be made, which may be given but not purchased, which can be exchanged with nothing but itself. Men thus inspired, in however humble a sense, are still entitled to the name of poets—their office is creative in the sphere to which they are confined.

In the career of a number of writers spoken of in this volume—indeed, in the life of most men—we find there are elevations and depressions, fits of energy and times of indifference; high aims and humble aims, alternations of triumph and despair. Sometimes we are inclined to smile at the eagerness displayed in the pursuit of a phantom; sometimes we are moved to tears by the cry of agony arising from a disappointed spirit. Sunshine and shadow, calm and tempest—these follow each other in the serious struggle of life as certainly as in external nature; and sometimes, even when the clouds are at the darkest, a gleam comes athwart the mass to light up the glories of the rainbow.

As it has been well said: "the Harp of Apollo has many strings, and the field of poetry is as varied and boundless as universal nature." There are those who cannot tolerate or recognise poetry in any strain but that of the highest order; yet surely the wide world of humanity, the hopes, the fears, the thoughts and affections of the industrious, who form the great bulk of the human family, may be sung in strains of natural simplicity, and find an echo in any feeling breast. While neither soaring into sublimity, nor sinking into dullness, they may in their true exposition of life and character be exponents of that best element of song—the poetry of the human heart.

The Scottish language—so simple, and so touching—enabled Burns, at the plough, to sing his lyrics to the ear of refinement, and was sweet and powerful in the hands of Ferguson, Ramsay, Tannahill, Hogg, Cunningham, Motherwell, Nicol, and many of lesser note, who have sung in simple tenderness. The "land of the mountain and the flood" may truly be characterised as the land of poetry. The dialect of Scotland lends itself so naturally and so easily to song, that the feelings of the illiterate, as well as of the educated, seem to flow more copiously into the lyrical expression than is the case in other countries. No nation under the sun has produced so many bards as Caledonia. They sing of the natural beauties that surround her people—her burns and heathery hills, the occupations that make up the routine of their daily life, and the joys and sorrows that chequer their experiences—till almost every town and hamlet, glen and stream are celebrated in song, and her scenery made familiar to the inhabitants of the remotest corners of civilization.

During several years we have employed our spare moments in procuring materials; and having enjoyed special advantages of becoming acquainted with the life and character, as well as the effusions of several of the poets, this work has been brought out in deference to those who were anxious to possess in a collected form the musings

of many of the present-day poets. Of late years a fresh interest in poetry has been shown by all classes, and, we think, no previous period in the history of our country has produced so large a company of really gifted singers. The poets whose verses appear in the following pages represent many ranks in the social scale, but the majority of them are the sons of toil; and whether they have made use of the Scottish dialect or of the English language, they have beautified the rough bye-ways of labour, and cheered the hours of toil in the office, the shop, the factory, and the field by their music. Our magazines, literary journals, and weekly papers have done much to promote the advance of literary talents among the humble classes, which might otherwise have remained buried, and many a "gem of purest ray" has thus been discovered, which only required to be shown forth to benefit the possessor, as well as the world. The diffusion of a taste for poetry amongst the masses of the people is worthy of encouragement, and it is with joy that we recognise many indications in the artisans of our country not merely of cultivated intellect, but of moral delicacy and elegant taste. It has been our endeavour to avoid the mistake of taking fustian for inspiration, or the crude fancies of a whimsical brain for the products of genius. In these brief sketches our desire has ever been to note the efforts of true genius in working to its aim, and those proofs of self-denial and energy without which even the choicest gifts are vouchsafed in vain.

As a reader must be anxious to know something of the history of the author in whom he is interested, one of the objects of the present work has been to present biographical notices of the writers in connection with their compositions, thus making the reader acquainted with the condition of the poet, and with the circumstances in which his minstrelsy found utterance. In the arrangement of these much labour and correspondence has been incurred, but no effort has been spared to secure accuracy. Possibly some names will be missed, which ought to have been honourably noticed. Several of these came to hand when our space was exhausted—indeed, we already have material for a second volume; and, copious as are our selections, only a small part of the available material has been employed.

Few have the means of procuring every work of any department of literature as it comes from the press, and still fewer would have the leisure to study the whole collection, were it their own. The next best thing to reading a complete work on a subject, is to read carefully-selected specimens of it. Works there are, no doubt, which no abridgment can do justice to, but the writings of our poets can scarcely be said to belong to this category. "The

Poets and Poetry of Scotland," by James Grant Wilson, and "The Scottish Minstrel," by Dr Charles Rogers, with many other collections of the present century have been received with much approbation. From these works we have derived benefit, and it has been our aim to take up the ground where they left it. Should our effort serve no other purpose, we would humbly hope that the present volume will in its turn be of some service to future collectors.

We should be ungrateful did we not cordially acknowledge the assistance from friends, in all quarters, who have communicated information, and in various ways have given us facilities in the preparation of the volume. Our thanks are also due to many authors and publishers of copyright pieces. These, with a frankness we are most glad to acknowledge, gave us permission to reprint a number of fine compositions, which will doubtless form not the least attractive portion of this book.

D. H. EDWARDS.

Advertiser Office,
BRECHIN, *December, 1880.*

ONE HUNDRED

MODERN SCOTTISH POETS.

JAMES HOGG GALL

DIED in November, 1878, at the early age of 37. He was a native of Aberdeen, learned the craft of a tailor, and when a lad of twenty enlisted into the 42nd regiment. The next ten years of his life were spent soldiering, mostly in India, first in the regiment into which he enlisted, and then in the 92nd into which he had exchanged. Amongst his military companions—by whom his poetical tastes and capabilities were fully appreciated, and to whose recreation he frequently contributed—he was much respected.

On obtaining his discharge in 1870 he returned to his native city, and endeavoured to establish a small business as a tailor and clothier, but failing of success he had for several years bygone worked at his craft as journeyman in the employment of others.

In a note we had from the poet, in 1877, he writes:—"I was born in Aberdeen in August, 1842, and was the seventh and youngest son of William Gall, late senior partner of the firm of Gall & Bird. A calamity befel the firm, and the family were reduced to poverty. The change entailed upon us by this sudden ruin may be easier imagined

than described. Being the youngest of the male portion of the family I was often kept at home to help poor mother. At the early age of eleven I was apprenticed to a tailor. Between the age of thirteen and fourteen I had a strong desire to try my hand at the Muses, but it was not until I had joined the Black Watch, in 1860, that I was able to string my ideas into rhyme: in short, the Muse found me in the sentry-box while serving my Queen and country in the far East. I was seven years in the Black Watch, but finished my soldiering career in the "Gordons"—having volunteered in 1867, when the 42nd was about to return home, after undergoing great havoc by the epidemic of 1867 in the "Valley of Death." Shortly after my return from India poor mother died, and that I have undergone many changes since that time (my health being materially damaged by my long sojourn in the East) need hardly be mentioned, as I am only able to work about eight months in the year, and may often be seen hirpling about—

'Cripple loon—auld sodger John!'"

Such is the story of the life of Gall in brief outline. With his sensitive shrinking modesty, and keen moral sense, he was not the man to contend successfully against adverse circumstances. His songs, "Scotland Adieu!" "Leven's Bonnie Winding Stream," and some others, were set to music, and published. Several of his poems are pathetically sweet, and express the tenderest feelings of his own heart with a painful earnestness that was driven sadly home by the stern facts of life.

WHAT MAK'S THE INGLE BLINK SAE BRICHT?

What mak's the ingle blink sae bricht, tho' puir that ingle be?
The clean fire-cheeks, the white hearthstane, the bairnies' lauchin' e'e;
The plain guidwife, wha lo'es nae strife, but tries the best she can
To keep a' richt, an' snod, an' ticht, an' please her ain guidman.

What mak's the ingle blink sae bricht when freens wad come atween
To dim the low that's blinkin' sweet, an' discord mak', I ween?
Jist bide ye there, an' ye'll win thro', an' Love will lend the licht,
While Peace benign will gar it shine, an' mak' the ingle bricht.

What mak's the ingle blink sae bricht, when we in poortith be?
The happy bairnies' thochtless din, an' a' their merry glee,
Fresh themes inspire, and strike the lyre wi' Love's enchantin' strain,
To mak' us lauch, an' gab, an' gaff, an' trim Hope's sails again?

What mak's the ingle blink sae bricht?—why lovin' hearts an' true—
Folks join'd in life, for guid or ill—resolv'd to wars'le thro'!
Deil tak the wench wha'd daur to fetch (just for a saintly name)
Discord an' strife 'twixt man an' wife, an' dim the ingle's flame!

What mak's the ingle blink sae bricht? It ne'er was gowd nor gear,
Nae a' its sacerdotal pomp, an' a' its rev'rent fear
Cud mak' the love (like Heav'n's above) frae native feeling spring,
To cheer the heart wi' thrillin' dairt, an' mak' the dowie sing!

What mak's the ingle blink sae bricht?—Why, Love an' Peace combin'd,
While sweetly sheds Hope's gowden beams, to comfort a' mankind!
'Tis Love, not creed—so, man, tak' heed—Ay, Love that lends the licht,
'Tis Peace benign that gars it shine, an' mak's the ingle bricht!

THE WEE FOLKS.

Be kind to the wee folks,
Their hearties are sma';
Nor ken we the ills that
Their lives may befa'.
And, tho' they be noisy
Wi' frolic and play,
Oh! check not their daffin'
So blythesome an' gay.

Be kind to the wee folks,
Their hearties are licht;
And canna sit dowie
Frae mornin' till nicht.
So lat them be merry
While Hope's gowden beams
Play roon' their wee heids
And dance in their dreams!

Be kind to the wee folks,
Their hearties so gay
May yet boo wi' sorrow
Or sink 'neath its sway ;
For fu' sune will they learn,
And sune will they ken,
O' the warl's backslidin's,
The queer ways o' men !

Be kind to the wee folks,
Their hearties are sma' ;
Nor ken we the ills that
Their lives may befa'.
So let them be merry,
And dream while they may,
Nor check we their daffin',
So blythesome an' gay !

Mrs JESSIE RUSSELL

IS a Glasgow-born poetess, and the wife of a working man. She was born in 1850, and spent her early days in Stirling, and Torthorwald, a rural parish in Dumfriesshire. Although her father died when she was only a child of five years, she was well cared for, and received a good education, with a view to fitting her for the situation of a governess. After gaining a fair knowledge of Latin and French, and taking several prizes for drawing and penmanship, she flung educational schemes to the wind, and we afterwards find her herding cows, a domestic servant, and plying her needle in a large house of business in Glasgow, where she met and married a respectable working man. She comes of a poetic race, and several of her uncles are ministers, including the Rev. James Paton, Airdrie, author of "The Threefold Cord," "The Children's Psalm," &c.

Mrs Russell, in 1877, published a volume, entitled "The Blinkin' o' the Fire," suggesting thoughts of daily experience, and fireside comforts, and showing that amongst our thoughtful young married women there is not such an absence at the present day of what is orderly and wise as many may believe. A notable characteristic of Jessie Russell's lines, is the smoothness with which the rhyme is accomplished, and the reader never can detect fitness or sense outraged by the awkward "lugging in" of a phrase to fill the swing of metre.

KEEPERS AT HAME.

TITUS, ii. 4.

Ye wives wha delight in a party or ball,
And like gay amusements, keep mind o' St. Paul,
And his words to the Jews, and the Gentiles the same,
"Let your young wives be sober and keepers at hame."
These words were inspired, and as strict a command
As the Ten wrote at Sinai by Heavenly Hand,
And still thunder forth to our sorrow and shame,
"*Let your young wives be sober and keepers at hame.*"

Loving your husbands and loving your weans
(There's naethings yields half sic reward for yer pains);
When conscience is whispering, "ye're wives but in name,"
Up! mithers, resolve to be "keepers at hame."
And study yer speech—aye be chaste and discreet,
And blush at the word could gar modesty greet,
Repressing the smile, which unthinkingly came,
Unworthy a wife that's a "keeper at hame."

Be carefu' in ilka thing no to offend,
Be good to the puir, to the fallen a friend,
And aye be the slowest to judge or to blame,
As becometh a leal-hearted "keeper at hame."
If neebourly tempted to idle an oor,
Plead your wark—it's a hint that'll choke them like stour;
For a hole in your stockin' speaks dool to your fame,
If ye wish to be truly a "keeper at hame."

And mind ye this verse in the Proverbs, again:
"Favour's deceitful, an' beauty is vain;"

But a woman that feareth the Lord and His name,
Shall be praised in the gates as a "keeper at hame."
Dear sisters! In love hae I guided my pen,
An' no oot o' spite takin' pairt wi' the men;
But hearken St. Paul, for my ain words are tame:
'Tis a holy injunction—"Be keepers at hame."

BETTY'S TRUST.

'Tis more than fifty years ago
When winter lived and died in snow,—
An aged widow, lone and poor,
Lived on a wild Dumfriesshire moor;
Her kindred, children, all were dead,
Her only means of earning bread
Was by her spinning wheel, and she
Toiled hard and independently.
And yet, one evening, sad to tell,
The night this incident befell,
A wild young man, a farmer's son,
And boon companion, mad for fun,
Returning from the village store—
Their way lay nearly past her door—
With well-filled basket, for a lark
Peeped through her window in the dark;
Old Betty, kneeling by the bed,
Besought the Widow's Stay for bread.
They took their loaves, on frolic bent,
And popped them down the wide old vent.
She started, wondering at the sound,
And snatched the treasures from the ground,
Sank on her knees and rendered thanks,
All witless of their foolish pranks;
But when she rose to cut the loaf,
The lads rushed in to tease and scoff,
They told her how the bread came there,
Yet not in answer to her prayer,
And mocked her simple trust in Heaven.
Says Betty—"May ye be forgiven;
'Twas frae the Lord Himsel' they came,
Although the deil micht fetch them hame."

JOHN FULLERTON

WAS born of humble parents, in the village of Woodside, near Aberdeen, in 1836. Before his tenth year he was employed as a "twister" in a factory at Woodside. Afterwards he became a "heckler" in a flax mill in Aberdeen; and then attended an evening school in the village, at which he made considerable progress in grammar and composition. In 1852 he entered a lawyer's office in Aberdeen, and was afterwards a clerk in an insurance office. For a session he attended the Mechanics' Institution in Aberdeen, and there carried off the prize for English Composition. It was about 1856, that his maiden effort in verse appeared in the poet's corner of the *Aberdeen Free Press*. He was an energetic member of a Mutual Improvement Society in his native village, and for two sessions edited its *M. S. Magazine*, to which he contributed nearly all the verse and numerous articles in prose. From 1856 to 1870, when he removed with his family to Peterhead, where he is engaged as a writer in a solicitor's office, he was a regular contributor to the poet's corner of all the Aberdeen newspapers; and for more than twelve years was literary editor of the first penny paper—the *Telegraphic News*—published in the north. At that time he made the acquaintance of Mr W. R. Moir, himself a writer both in verse and prose, and then editor of the first poetical magazine published in the kingdom, entitled the *Poetical Portfolio*, and between the two genial spirits the friendship thus formed has been warm and unbroken. He has contributed poems and papers to *Once a Week*, *Tinsley*, *Broadway*, the *Dublin University*, the *Churchman's Family Magazine*, the *Family Friend*, *Forward*, and the *Christian Treasury*. The *British Workman* has almost monthly had a poem or paper from his pen, several of which

the publishers have illustrated with woodcuts.

Since 1870 he has contributed to the *People's Friend*, both in prose and verse, under the *noms de plume* of "Wild Rose"—his first literary cognomen—and "Robin Goodfellow." He has besides been more than once a prizeman in the *People's Journal* competitions, and in 1877 he was successful enough to carry off the second prize by the poem entitled "By the Shore."

We feel convinced Mr Fullerton has power within him even to excel any of his published productions. His leading quality is good sense, lucidly expressed, and his diction is chaste, rather than vigorous. Neither is he strong in sentimental fancy, although this occasionally sparkles fresh and sweet in his shorter effusions, many of which are truly tender, modest, and graceful, while they are entirely free from all "mawkishness."

BY THE GATE.

I wait, bowed down and weary, with locks all white as snow,
Around me falls the shadow of the quiet evening hours;
Oh, angels, let me enter, I cannot farther go—
The birds have ceased their singing, a dew lies on the flowers.

The way I've come is rugged, crossed with thorns that pierce the feet—
A dreary way and darksome now my sun is in the West;
Oh, fling wide the massive gate, I would hear the voices sweet
Of the loved ones gone before me—let me in, I long to rest.

Baby prattlers, mine for ever, though we parted long ago,
Wait my coming in those mansions beside the silvery streams.
Among those thousand angels my little ones I'd know—
They are with me, playing round me, in all my pleasant dreams.

And she who wandered with me for many a happy year,
Whose voice and smile could gladden amid my darkened hours,
Loved fonder now than ever, missed now with sigh and tear,
Waits and longs to greet my coming within those blossomed bowers.

Back the massive gate is flung, but the angels bar my way,
And I may not enter in, though night's shadows round me lie;
Let me pass! I see the loved ones! and I hear their voices gay—
While I spake a fair bride, entering, bade her weeping love good bye.

Again the portals open, and a child of beauty rare—
A mother's only treasure, passes through the guarded gate;
Wildly weeps the widowed mother o'er her babe of many a prayer—
Ah, the young are often taken while the aged stand and wait.

Fair child and youth and maiden, pass on to bowers of bliss,
For whom lone hearts are breaking, bitter tears shed day and night;
While I, unloved for ever, without or smile or kiss
Long to see the Golden City, and the land all bathed in light.

Life is sweet; but when all sunshine has died within the heart
And loved voices, sweet and tender, are hushed for evermore,
Faint and worn-out and weary, the spirit would depart,
And see the sinless Teacher, and sorrow nevermore.

I wait—the winds are wailing through the tall trees on the hill,
And deeper, darker shadows gather round my dreary way,
I hear the sea's loud moanings and the prattle of the rill—
Let me enter, guardian angels, now has closed my loveless day.

If I may not enter yet, then I'll calmly stand and wait,
My dim eyes gazing ever tow'rds the mansions of the blest—
Cheered and gladdened with this hope, when I pass within the gate,
I shall see my loved and lost ones, and find eternal rest.

LOVE.

O, love, love, love,
Tell me if ever the angels above
Feel what we mortals feel under the shade
Of bowers by the brookside, kissing the maid
We love with a love
Pure as the blossoms that herald the spring,
Or the song the larks over their nested mates sing?

O, love, love, love,
Thou dwell'st in the heart of the peasant and peer,
The sleeping babe cradled thou hover'st above,
All through life thou art with us, in sorrow to cheer,
And at death when we lie at full length on our bier
Thou foldest our hands on our breast, and our eyes
Thou closest, till somewhere, 'mid far away skies
They glow in the light of a love that is heaven.

UNFORGOTTEN.

The loved ones sleeping far away
In the old churchyard by the sea,
With whom the long, long summer day
I sang, with merry heart and free,

Songs learnt around a mother's knee—
Are with me unforgotten.

The woodland haunts, where blossoms sweet
Flung fragrance to the South's soft breeze,
The birds that warbled 'mid the trees
Love lays that lured our wayward feet—
The bowers where fairies loved to meet—
I see them unforgotten.

The happy nights around the fire,
When trees were bare and blossoms dead,
The rhymings of the poet's lyre,
The stories told by grey-haired sire,
The old songs sang till tears were shed—
Can never be forgotten.

O blessèd dead! though far apart,
My lips will yet be prest to thine,
And eyes, that ever glowed with love
Will sweetly smile again in mine
And fond heart fondly throb to heart,
When in the glorious land above
I see thee, unforgotten.

J. K. CHRISTIE

BELONGS to the poetic field of Paisley, and commenced the serious business of life when a mere callant of eight or nine years of age in a lithographer's workshop. After being engaged at various employments, we find him in Her Majesty's service as a postman, bookseller, and assistant postmaster at Dunoon, and at present he acts as a letter-stamper in the Post Office, Glasgow. In 1877 he published a volume of poems, entitled "Many Moods in Many Measures;" and the now well-known initials, "J. K. C.," are frequently to be met with in the "Poet's Corner" of the Glasgow and other papers.

As a poet, he is capable of sustaining many varieties of verse; and although in humour—that quality so largely developed in the Scottish character, and especially in the genuine Scottish minstrel—he is at times somewhat constrained, he forcibly expresses the homely pathos of lowly domestic life with touching tenderness and grace. This is particularly shown in his well-known little pieces, "Wee Maggie," "Mother's Darling," and "God Help the Poor." These are full of sweet simplicity, truth, and nature, and are pervaded by a mellow but deep-toned feeling.

MOTHER'S DARLING.

A little babe with mild blue eyes,
Full of light and sweetness,
Glancing up with glad surprise
From the arms wherein it lies,
Seen in its completeness.

Lily cheeks and dimpled chin,
Lips a little parted,
Pearly teeth are seen within,
Lips like rosebuds, velvet skin,
Bright-eyed and pure-hearted.

Shining ringlets round its brow
Like a halo cluster,
Fondly doth its mother now
With a full heart o'er it bow,
Scarcely can she trust her

Voice to speak, but kisses sweet
On its lips she presses,
While the tiny hands and feet
Like dear friends strive hard to meet,
And share her caresses.

Helpless, yet how trustful found,
Trusts its mother dearly,
See how little arms are wound
Lovingly her neck around,
Till 'tis hidden nearly.

Happy lady, happy child,
Bound one to the other!
Happy mother loving mild,
Happy infant undefiled,
Happy babe and mother!

A LITTLE COFFIN.

A little coffin three feet long;
  Eyelids red with weeping;
Another darling's joined the throng,
Who sweetly lisp an angel's song,
  In Jehovah's keeping.

The little feet are quiet now—
  Eyes are closed forever;
A drooping head may o'er it bow,
A mother kiss the snowy brow—
  More she'll press it never.

The tiny shoes are hid away,
  With the little dresses,
And wept in secret o'er each day,
But kissed and prized much more than they
  Are two golden tresses.

Oft in the silent midnight hour,
  When the world is sleeping,
A lonely heart thinks of the flower
Transplanted now to Eden's bower,
  And can smile while weeping.

It is a tale nor strange nor new,
  Lov'd ones torn asunder;
A mother's tears a grave bedew,
Over it grows sweet violets blue,
  Baby's sleeping under.

SINGING AS THEY GO.

See yon tiny streamlets wander
  Down the mountain's breast;
Onwards gaily they meander,
  Never seen at rest—
Rippling, dancing down together
  With unceasing flow,
'Mongst the grass and purple heather,
  Singing as they go.

O'er the meadow bees are coming,
  Glancing in the light;
List, how well we hear them humming,
  Though now lost to sight,
Hid amongst the fragrant clover,
  Or where wild flowers grow,
Off as soon's their feast is over,
  Singing as they go.

Upwards lightly larks are winging
To the azure sky;
Still their joyous notes are ringing
As they rise on high,
They have left the modest daisies,
Near their nests so low.
While to heav'n they mount with praises,
Singing as they go.

Blythe and merry children's voices
Now salute the ear;
In the sunshine youth rejoices,
Knowing nought of fear;
All are full of life and beauty,
Teaching us to know
We may love and lighten duty,
Singing as we go.

G. W. DONALD

HAS long been favourably known as a poet of more than ordinary merit. He was born at Westfield, near Forfar, in 1820. Through an accident in childhood he was permanently deprived of the use of his right limb, and being debarred from romping about like other children, he was the close companion of his mother, who delighted to comfort him by singing snatches of ballads and songs. Dr Rogers tells us that in his eleventh year his father took in lease a small farm in the parish of Dunnichen; and while tending the cattle, the youthful poet continued to foster his taste for music and song. His verses were sung by his brothers and sisters at social gatherings; and expressions of praise prompted him to more ambitious efforts. In his thirteenth year he was apprenticed to the loom. In 1843 he was appointed to the charge of a non-parochial school near the village of Dunnichen, from which he was preferred to the more lucrative office of schoolmaster

at Kingsmuir. Having acquired a systematic acquaintance with the art of teaching at one of the Normal Seminaries, Mr Donald was, in 1847, elected teacher of a school at Tarfside, Lochlee. In 1852 he removed to a school at Luthermuir. This situation he resigned in 1858, and he afterwards taught an adventure school at Forfar, and subsequently at Dunnichen and St Vigeans. In September 1866 he was appointed to the keepership of Arbroath Abbey, a post well suited to his antiquarian tastes. Mr Donald published a small volume of poems in 1854, and in 1867 a work entitled "Poems, Ballads, and Songs."

A complete and fifth edition of his effusions was published in 1879 in the *Arbroath Guide* office—a handsome and beautifully-printed quarto volume. To this work, as well as to the "People's Edition" (1872), is prefixed an interesting article on the Abbey of Arbroath. The popularity of these editions is sufficient proof that our poet has been appreciated as his talents deserve. He shows deep tenderness and feeling. His serious poems speak to the heart; but, in the words of the *Athenæum*, "he is happiest in his humourous efforts, or in those which blend humour with pathos." "My Mither's Cruzie," and "The Muckle Skeel," are powerful descriptive poems, almost unequalled in the language.

THE SCOTTISH LYRE.

Let Fortune's minions strain or strive to catch her gowden ba',
Let tyrants howl their horrid glee while towers or temples fa',
They heed not in their guilefu' path, where bleeding thousands lie,
The waefu' widow's burning tears or hameless orphan's cry;
Far frae such sickening scenes of strife or carnage let me stray,
Where peace or freedom smile fu' bland by holm or sunny brae,
Where birds and flowers and fluttering leaves my hamely Muse inspire
To sing the sang that melts the heart or woo the Scottish lyre.

The Scottish lyre has wafted balm to hearts in ilka land,
And binds them like a link o' gowd to Scotia's rugged strand;
Though milder climes and brighter skies may bless the wand'rer's e'e,
The hamely lays o' early days can ne'er forgotten be.

In them her glens and birken bowers shall aye be green an' fair,
Her birds shall sing an' burnies row till time shall be nae mair ;
Her sangs can soothe the deepest wae or fan the lover's fire,
Or bring fond mem'ries o' the past—the pawky Scottish lyre.

Yon wee herd loon has felt its power, his heart comes till his mou',
O' ballads auld an' bonnie sangs he's got his bannet fu',
He sighs ower Lucy's flittin' time, for sae may be his ain,
While 'neath Lord Baron's bluidy spear his bosom heaves wi' pain ;
He scans Ben Lomond's lofty brow when gloamin' gathers roun',
An' pu's the rose but spares the thorn on braes o' bonnie Doon ;
He cons them ower by ilka bush an' crunes them i' the byre,
An' when his pow is like the snaw he'll bless the Scottish lyre.

A warm loof lichtly locks in mine, a fond embrace is given—
'Tis she, the maid I loved on earth, a lover yet in heaven ;
I hear the sang she wont to sing—the sang o' plighted love,
Ance mair I hear that mellow voice my inmost soul could move ;
The lily pure and blushing rose exhale their sweet perfume—
Again I bind them round that brow to match her virgin bloom ;
Let darksome Winter rave at will, I'll doubly dare his ire,
We live, we love, in summer's glow, through thee, the Scottish lyre.

The weary wand'rer comes at last far frae a distant shore,
He lingers 'neath the ivy'd porch, the lowly cottage door,
And lists for some sweet sound or song ; his eyes are filled with tears,
He lists, and hears the soothing strain that charmed his infant years ;
It is the sang his mother sung to cheer the lanely hour ;
And, garnered in his bosom core like nectar in the flower,
It speaks in tones of tenderness to raptured son or sire,
An' welcomes back the lang awa—the lowly Scottish lyre.

Oh, may the balm o' love an' song ne'er leave auld Scotia's isle !
Lang may it bless the poor man's hearth and soothe the poor man's toil ;
May Peace her dove-like wings unfauld ower a' her hills an' dales,
Sae lang's the thistle wags its head, or wave the heather bells ;
Lang may her sons an' daughters fair maintain their auld renown,
Nor slight a friend, nor fear a foe, nor dread a tyrant's frown ;
Lang may they chant the lilts they lo'e, the sangs we maist admire,
And frae her flowers fresh garlands twine to deck the Scottish lyre !

YE'RE BLYTHE MY BONNIE BAIRNIES.

Ye're blythe, my bonnie bairnies, dear!
Ye're happy ane an' a',
An' kenna that ilk changefu' year
Will steal your bliss awa.
Ye pu' the gow'nie's siller bloom,
The lily's gowden bell,
Unmindfu' that an hour o' gloom
Shall break the fairy spell.

The mornin' sun aft brings the day
Sweet, smilin' ower the plain,
Yet dark'nin' clouds may dim his ray
Aboon the western main.
Like birdies frae their downie nest
Ye gather round my knee;
Their chirpin' glads a mither's breast:
Your joys are dear to me.

But snares are hid deep i' the den
Whaur bonnie birdies dwell;
And ither snares are hid for men,
Which lead to ruin fell.
Ye'll soon be ta'en awa frae me
To join a warld o' care;
An' some may gang awa frae me,
Perchance to meet nae mair.

Ye'll a' be men an' women yet,
When I am deid an' gane;
But may ye never want a bit,
Nor dree the scorn frae ane.
'Twad sairly grieve this heart o' mine
To see you gang astray;
But Heaven will gie ye grace divine
To keep ye i' the way.

My blessing's a' the warld's wealth
May aiblins be your fa',
But gin ye hae y'r hands an' health
Ye'll warsel thro' it a'.
An' gin ye've bairnies o' y'r ain,
Tho' nane o' them I'll see,
Ye'll ken how mithers' hearts are fain,
An' then ye'll think on me.

THOMAS CAMPBELL,

A NATIVE of Alton, parish of Loudon, Ayrshire, was born, he tells us, "on a 'new year's morn,' in the same year that Queen Victoria ascended the throne." The youngest of twelve, he started life as a herd-loon—his stock consisting of "nine queys, five score of sheep, and three 'grumphies.'" He was afterwards employed as a weaver in Galston for fifteen years, during which period he attained some reputation as a musician, vocalist, and poet. During the last twelve years he has acted as traveller for Mr Alex. Burns, Motherwell (of the firm of Burns & Lauchland), who, although afflicted with blindness, is a shrewd, yet kindly and honourable man of business. Campbell possesses a rich, warm fancy, is singularly correct in expression, but is most at home in his native Doric.

OOR AIN MITHER TONGUE.

Some say we're gaun to lose it yet—
Oor ain mither tongue,
And to oblivion toss it yet—
Oor ain mither tongue.
What wad oor forefathers say,
Gin they had lived to see the day
When foreign "gab" wad sweep away
Oor ain mither tongue.

A "wee thocht vulgar" some may ca'
Oor ain mither tongue;
They dinna ken its worth ava—
Oor ain mither tongue.
Wi' fashious words they don't come speed,
As dowie, doited, dreigh. Indeed
There's rowth can speak but canna read
Oor ain mither tongue.

It serv'd oor "forbears," "auld langsyne"—
Oor ain mither tougue.
Wi' siccar grup we're laith to tyne
Oor ain mither tongue.
When bardies sang wi' blythsome glee,
When mither croon'd us on her knee,
When warriors cried "Let's dae or dee,"
Jist in their mither tongue.

Auld Scotia dinna let it gang—
Oor ain mither tongue;
Lose the bardie? lose the sang?
In oor ain mither tongue.
Talk as we may, hame's aye hame,
Be't heigh or laigh, it's a' the same,
There's something cosie in the name;
Oor ain mither tongue.

DAVID TAYLOR,

AUTHOR of many stirring poems, was born in Dundee, in 1831 His father was a handloom weaver, but being in receipt of a small pension for military service, he was able to give his family a fair education. From the age of thirteen until he was twenty-four, David followed the occupation of his father, and afterwards got work in a powerloom factory, where he is still employed as an overseer. When the agitation for a Nine Hour's Factory Bill commenced he was appointed secretary of the movement in Dundee, which was the headquarters in Scotland, and he continued until the passing of the Fifty-six Hour's Factory Act. On the expiry of the agitation, the factory-workers of Dundee held a meeting to celebrate the event, which was presided over by Edward Jenkins, Esq., the then junior M.P. for the burgh, and to mark their appreciation of Mr Taylor's services in the movement presented him with a purse and twenty sovereigns.

FIRE.

Fire! Fire!—what a fearful cry:
How the young and the old in terror fly,
How madly they jostle and rush along
To the scene where gathers a surging throng,
All anxious to see the terrible sight
Of the fire fiend raging in all his might;
For each has a marvellous, strange desire
To gaze on the work of the demon Fire.

Fire ! Fire !—what a fearful sight
In the dark and gloom of the peaceful night,
To see the arch monster's luminous blaze
Burst forth on the startled traveller's gaze
From roofs or windows of mansion or mill,
Where all had before been dark and still.
The havoc he makes is dreadful and dire—
A destructive fiend is the demon Fire.

Fire ! Fire !—what a fearful sound
The demon creates when leaping around
The beams and rafters to which he clings
And enfolds with greed in his blazing wings ;
He rushes and roars like an angry flood,
A hideous vampire thirsting for blood ;
He works with a will, is ne'er like to tire,
And seems in his glory, that demon Fire.

Fire ! Fire !—what a fearful scene
When awhile at his task the fiend has been.
What before was a proud and stately pile
Is a seething mass with his frenzied toil ;
And when he has grasped all at his command
His work then appears terrific'ly grand ;
For be it a mansion, or be it a spire,
He does his task well, does the demon of Fire.

Fire ! Fire !—what a fearful glare
He sheds with his gleams on the midnight air,
With gorgeous lustre and brilliant hue
Each turret and spire he unfolds to view ;
And the sparks that fly from his lurid blaze
Fall like showers of gold on the awe-struck gaze.
Oh ! awfully grand, but terribly dire
Is the work that's done by this demon Fire.

Fire ! Fire !—what a fearful wreck
When he ends his toil, and has got no check
To his furious, madd'ning, fierce career ;
Then all is black as a funeral bier,
And the shapeless mass and the roofless wall
Proclaim his triumph and power o'er all.
His work then is done to his heart's desire,
And he laughs at us all, this demon Fire.

PETER WHYTOCK

WAS born in Dundee, in 1848, where the most of his life has been spent. He is an officer of the Board of Trade branch of the Civil Service, from the monotonous routine of which he has sought relief in the pleasures of literature. He has been a valued member of literary societies, and has contributed for a number of years, in prose and verse, to various journals—chiefly to the *People's Friend* and *People's Journal*. In the Christmas Poetical Competition of the last-named paper he was a prizeman on three occasions—viz., the years 1873-75. In the year 1875 he revised and edited the poems of Mrs Campbell, of Lochee.

Many of his Scotch pieces have been copied into American papers; and he on one occasion saw his verses in an Ayrshire newspaper, taken from an American journal! His effusions show a kindly and reverent heart. His versification is smooth, and his homely pictures of rural life are full of charm and vivid reality.

THE SKEIN O' 'OO.

My ain wife Jean, I'll haud the skein
  Till ye mak' up your clew,
As I was wont to do langsyne,
  When I cam' coortin' you;
O, row awa' the worsit ba',
  To cleed the bairnies' feet
Wi' saft an' cozie 'ooin hose,
  The winter's cauld to meet.
    Chorus—O, row awa', etc.

O, dae ye mind yon gloamin' oor,
  Wi' a' its hallowed grace,
When in your daddie's garden-bower
  We twa sat face to face?
Wi' love's sweet tyranny you made
  Me haud your cut o' 'oo,
While ye wi' speed rowed up the thread,
  Entranced I gazed at you.
    Chorus—O, row awa', etc.

Till then I ne'er had daured reveal
My heart in words ava,
Although for lang we kenned fu' weel
The love atween us twa ;
I cried, "Dear Jean, this double skein
Is oor twa lives entwined—
I'll haud the 'oo, you'll row the clew,
And blissfu' years unwind ! "
Chorus—O, row awa', etc.

A deeper red your cheek ower-spread,
You loot the clew fa' doon,
I kissed you aft as in my airms
I clasped you fondly roun' !
A sacred troth we plichted then,
To be to ither true,
Syne I took up the 'oo again,
And ye made up your clew.
Chorus—O, row awa', etc.

And aye the skein o' life we haud,
An' row't as best we can ;
It's whiles oor lot to meet a knot,
Or ravel noo an' than.
But when the worsit winna rin,
We dinna rug an' rive,
We slacken oot, or baith lat in—
And sae richt weel we thrive.
Chorus—O, row awa', etc.

The skein grows thin, it's wearin' dune,
A' rowed up in the ba' ;
The thread that joins us baith will sune
Feeze oot and snap in twa !
But cannie will we guide it still,
As we hae dune sae lang ;
And mirth to bring we'll ance mair sing
This hamely heartsome sang !
Chorus—O, row awa', etc.

MY MITHER'S FAV'RITE FLOWERS.

They sing o' the roses, the lilies an' pansies,
An' flowers that are showy an' braw ;
An' weel they deserve it, but naebody fancies
My mither's auld fav'rites ava.
Sae it canna be wrang to lilt a bit sang
To the dear hamely floweries an' a' !

I maun first name the balm, wi' its leaves an stem hairy,
Like the doun roond a young birkie's mou' !
The peppermint gosky, the deep green rosemary,
Aneth oor ben-windock it grew ;

An' syne what could rhyme in this lilt like the thyme,
Green, gowden and silvern o' hue?

The auld honeysuckle upon the wa's elingin',
Whaur the bummies sic grand treasure got,
Wi' its rivals the roses contentit at flingin'
Sweet kisses intil oor bit cot;
An' I mauna forget the belov'd meenonette,
The wee modest gem o' oor plot!

An' what fragrant odours around us cam' waftin'
Frae that bus' o' the bonny sweet breir!
For after the saft summer showers it was aften
Owrepoorin' to a' that gaed near.
An' what could you bring me to match appleringie,
Wi' its sweet breath, sae kindly an' dear?

O! dearly thae floweries were lo'ed by my mither;
In her breist aft a posie she'd wear;
Their perfumes to cheer her unitit thegither,
As she toiled on the lang day sae sair!
When strangers came tae her, a flower they got frae her.
An' aye her auld fav'rites were there!

How saftly the scent owre the senses aye creepit
O' her Sabbath-day's bunchie sae green;
At the kirk like a bun'le o' incense 'twas keepit,
The leaves o' her psalm-book atween;
An' though seldom 'twas needit, the sleep she sae dreedit,
It fleggit awa' frae her een!

To the worth o' his mither, this sang frae her laddie
Is gi'en 'bout her auld fav'rite flooers.
Through life she preferred aye the guid to the gaudy;
May a choice as weel foondit be oors!
An' what's best we'll regaird, as we gang through earth's yaird,
Till we rest amang Eden's sweet bowers!

WILLIAM M'QUEEN,

AUTHOR of several pleasing poetical pieces, and a graphic and rising story-writer, was born at Pollockshaws in 1841. His parents removed to Glasgow in 1843, when young M'Queen was put to work in a manufacturer's warehouse. On his father's death a year afterwards, he was put to learn warping, at which he was soon able to make a man's wage, and to be his mother's sole support. Trade getting dull, he went to sea as a steward, and also made a voyage before the mast to Mexico, where he got ague and fever. Some years after we find him in a power-loom factory, where he soon became manager. Failing health and long hours caused him to give up this employment, and he opened a small drapery shop, and began to write stories and verses. He now devotes all his time to literature, and is busily employed in the way of story, review, and leader-writing.

M'Queen has only published a small collection of "Songs and Rhymes" (1878); yet this volume, like the widow's mite, must be regarded with peculiar interest. His measures are simple, yet effective. Some of his effusions are tender in their pathos: full of a sweet touching beauty, and more of a descriptive and reflective character than imaginative. In this respect he is a *painter* rather than a *poet*. In some of the pieces we can detect a little of what may be styled commonplace fancy; but this is to be forgiven when we see traces of its being meant for modest, or rather graceful and tender sentiment. We have been peculiarly pleased with "The Hoose in the Hallow," "The Bield on the Mountain," and "The Sturdy Beggar." As a prose writer, his graphic pictures of curious Scottish characters of the olden time, and delineations of the lights and shadows of rural life, are highly entertaining.

THE BIELD ON THE MOUNTAIN.

I ha'e a bonnie wee bield,
Fu' cosy, fu' trig, and fu' clean,
Eneuch a' my treasures to shield,
Whaur my wife 'mang the bairnies sits queen;
High up on the dark mountain's side,
Entangled 'midst heather and whin—
There it listens a' day and a' nicht
To the roar o' the louping linn.

The kelpies that dance ower the burn,
The spunkies that flee through the sky,
Canna lead a happier life
Than Maggie, the bairnies, and I.
Cauld Care may chap at the door,
But I'se warrant he'll never get ben;
There's nae room for the soor auld carl
At oor warm and cosy fire-en'.

When the sun and I finish oor wark,
And we baith dauner hame to oor rest,
Hoo kindly the half-conscious door
Opens blythe to my weel-theekit nest!
The ingle sae cheerfu' and bricht—
The wife and the bairnies sae fain—
Od! the bield is a heaven ootricht,
And the best o't is—it's my ain.

GLOAMIN' TIME.

I set me doon and think
When the fire burns bricht,
For the rhymes they kind o' clink
In the gloamin' licht;
When the darkness creeps abune,
And the shadows gather roon,
As the day resigns the croon
To the starry nicht.

. . . . .

It's trying to the maist
Is the gloamin' licht;
For a' folks hae a ghaist
That's no buried richt,
That will come withoot a ca'
And refuse to gang awa'
While the shadow's on the wa'—
Though the fire burns bricht.

Yet the gloamin's but a blink—
It was meant to be sae—
And we mauna sit and think
A' the livelang day.

We maun up and strive oor best,
Dae oor work wi' cheerfu' zest,
And oor future will be blest
Whaure'er lies oor way.

THE LARK.

Hark! 'tis the lark that from his dew-deck'd couch
Mounts, with a song to greet the advancing morn;
Soaring on blythsome wing, with trill on trill,
Piping "I pluck the rose and leave the thorn."

One star alone, the brightest in night's train,
Pauses, a-tremble, on the brink of day;
Lingering to catch the music of thy notes,
Chained by the magic of thy wondrous lay.

Mount still, oh lark! still higher climb the skies,
Till thou hast reached that sphere where angels' song
Falls on thine ear; and with thy matchless skill
Earthward the echoes of their notes prolong.

Oft comes the wish that I might soar like thee;
Shake, as thou dost, earth's dust from off my feet;
Mount, with a song, above this world's dark clouds;
Live in the sunshine at the angels' feet.

NURSERY SONG.

Johnny's got a bawbee—
How will he ware't?
Will he buy a powny,
Or a muckle cairt?

. . . .

Buy a whup for horsey,
Or a roon drum;
Buy a French peerie
That can dance or hum.

Buy a tin whistle,
Or a cat or dog;
Something that can skirl
In a bodies' lug.

Buy a wee brither
Frae a kail stock,
Brocht by the doctor
In a black pock.

Ne'er mind what you buy,
Only buy it sune,
Gin it be but something
That'll mak a din.

JOHN MACFARLANE

WAS born at Abington, a small village in the south of Lanarkshire, in May, 1856. After receiving the rudiments of a good English education at the village school, he removed to Glasgow in 1871. His poetical effusions have been principally confined to the columns of the *People's Friend*, and the poet's corner of the *Hamilton Advertiser* and other newspapers, where they appeared under the *nom de plume* of "John Arbory."

Many of Macfarlane's poems evince grave and elevated sentiment, expressed generally in correct poetical language. Patriotism and the beauties of external nature seem to be the favourite subjects of his Muse. Pure and earnest in thought, his utterances are such as readily sink into the heart.

THE MARTYR'S GRAVE.

Hid in the depths o' the muirlan' mists,
Unwatched on the slope o' the mountain green,
The martyr's grave that we kent langsyne,
Pleads wi' the heart in the wilds unseen;
An' the glen where forfouchen an' hunted sair,
He soucht for a den by the roe-buck's lair.

Alane, on the hilltap stern an' grey,
Alane, in the fa' o' heaven's ain dew,
He thocht o' the Lord an' his promise gude,
For the faith o' the covenant life was true;
An' a sweet dream cam' ower his wearit sieht,
Like a gleam straucht doon frae the starns o' licht.

Chased frae his hame an' the bairns he loe'd,
Far frae the love o' his kith an' kin,
He still was leal to the grand auld league,
For he couldna bide in the tents o' sin;
An' the croon was his that maun fade nae mair,
For it glintit aft on his brow o' care.

Abune was the treasure he lang had hained,
Abune wi' the host o' the pure an' just,
Sae he didna flee frae the hour o' doom,

His faither's God was his only trust;
An' his saul ta'en flicht to the realms sae blest,
Tho' his shroud was a shroud o' mornin' mist.

THE WEE SPRIG O' HEATHER.

O! wae on the gowd wi' its glamour beguilin'
The bravest frae Scotia across the saut sea,
An' wae on dame fortune sae fause wi' her smilin',
For cauld, cauld the pleasure at best she can gie;
But aye to heart that is leal mair endearin',
A message o' love frae the land far awa',
When aften it comes like a sun-blink sae cheerin',
A wee sprig o' heather sae withered an' sma'.

The emigrant dreams o' his hame in the gloamin',
An' wanders in fancy some wild glen sae green,
His thochts are the purest wi' mem'ry when roamin',
The land where the bluebell an' thistle are seen;
An' aften the gloom that enshrouds him brings beamin',
Affection's sweet token dispellin' it a',
As brichtly in darkness the starnie is gleamin',
A sprig o' his ain native heather sae sma'.

The burnie, that's glidin' sae sweetly an' singin',
Awa frae its hame in the mountain sae high,
Ne'er kens in its mirth that the future is bringin',
The tempest an' roar o' the dark tossin' sea;
An' sae wi' the lad owre the ocean careerin',
Like strains frae the harp are the winds when they blaw,
Till wearit the bricht sun o' hope disappearin',
He langs for a tuft o' the heather sae sma'.

THE LAST O' THE HILLMEN.

The last o' the hillmen, doited an' auld,
An' as wearit as wearit could be,
In a far-awa land wi' a wistfu' look,
Socht a blink o' his ain countrie;
An' his wearifu' heart wad fain hae been,
Whaur the gowden sun glints doon,
On the bonnie lown glens o' Clydesdale fair,
An' the covenant hills sae broon.

For mem'ries sweet cam' owre his min',
O' the times sae pure an' true,
When his hame was awa frae the haunts o' men,
The airt that the wild birds flew,

Mair quate wi' the soun's that floated abune—
Abune to the calm, blue sky;
The e'enin' psalm on the midnicht air,
An' the lanely whaup's lane cry.

An' langsyne thochts encircled him roun',
Like a dream o' mist an' blude,
When he prayed on Tinto, sae stern an' grey,
That his country micht still do gude,
An' crap wi' the martyrs sae buirdly an' bauld—
Aye mony a leal heart there,
To Scotland's kirk that he loe'd fu' weel,
Forgathered on some green gair.

Tho' they hunted him oot like a hirplin' hare,
An' he fled frae his hame awa
Across the sea to anither clime,
Where freedom was free to a',
The licht o' his life had aften been,
When the gloamin' was gatherin' roon,
That his body micht rest whaur the burnies sing,
'Mang the Covenant hills sae broon.

JAMES M. NEILSON

WAS born in the parish of Campsie, Stirlingshire, in 1844. After a plain education, he, at the age of twelve, went to work, and was afterwards apprenticed to engraving in a calico printwork in his native parish. While in his "teens" he was engaged in writing local notes for a county newspaper, which possibly encouraged him to court the Muses. About 1861 he first appeared with verses in print in a Glasgow weekly. In 1875 he removed to Thornliebank, Renfrewshire; and in the beginning of 1877 published his volume of "Poems and Songs, chiefly in the Scottish Language." The speedy sale of the large edition (1000 copies) must have been gratifying to the author.

Although only a young man, and a member of an exhausting trade, Mr Neilson must have been very diligent. His poems and songs are full of homely imagery and pleasant fancies. His thoughts are neat rather than vigorous; graceful rather than lofty, and he has the modesty which is one of the marks of real merit. His treatment of grave themes shows that he possesses not only a deep insight into Nature, but also an intimate acquaintance with the workings of the heart. In his humorous moods, too, he can be funny without being silly. This is especially seen in his graphic little pieces on nursery scenes and incidents. Listen to the following from the "Candy-man's Stan'"—

At the schule he's in coontin, an' writin', an' a',
Fills a copy a-week, an' whiles three in the twa;
But I doot its no dune for improvin' his haun—
For auld copies are taen at the candyman's stan'.

. . . . . .

But there's something guid in him, too, worthy o' heed:
There's wee Sandy MacMurray, wha's father's short deid,
Wha gets ne'er noo a bawbee on pay-days to spen',
And wha ither schule-bairns seem despisin' sin' then:
Od, oor Will has stuck to him, while they've turn't their back,
Sae a noble Freemason, I think, Will may mak'.
Puir wee Sandy shares a' whilk wi' Will may be gaun,
Frae the treacle mak'-up on the candyman's stan'.

THE BIGGIN' ON THE BRAE.

Whan winter's onfa's frichtfu', an' its blasts blaw snell an' croose,
By-oi ner looks o' comfort's 'bout the uplan' theekit hoose;
Whan simmer comes sae merry wi' its trappin's bricht an' gay,
The brichest, gayest hame o' a's the biggin' on the brae.

There's freedom in the muir-cock's cry an' in the burnie's din;
There's beauty in the purple heath an' in the gowden whin;
There's grandeur in the rocky steep wi' lichens siller't grey,
An' pleasure in their midst within the biggin' on the brae.

There's aye the lade o' guid aitmeal, the heap o' aiten cakes,
The coggie fu' o' crummie's milk sae rich wi' 'reamy flakes;
Th e's aye a bienness an' content in cozie hodden-grey—
There's airs o' independence 'bout the biggin' on the brae.

LITTLE WORDS.

Some little artless, simple words,
From lips that mean no harm,
Like sparks, may kindle passions wild
To fill us with alarm :
But little words have also power
To quench the wicked flame—
Yes, little words are strong to make
The furious passion tame.
Why, then, since little simple words
In good and ill are strong,
Let's try to speak the little words
That do no neighbour wrong.

Some little words may touch a chord,
And bring forth bitter tears
From eyes that have forgot to weep
Perhaps for many years ;
But little words can also cheer,
And soothe the stricken heart,
And kindly wipe the biggest tear,
And saddest, that may start.
Why, then, since little, simple words
In good and ill are strong,
Let's try to speak the little words
That do no neighbour wrong.

While little words perchance offend
The friends we must revere,
Some little words can also make
Who speaks them doubly dear ;
If little words the sweet content
Of home betimes annoy,
Still, little words there are can fill
The world of homes with joy.
Why, then, since little, simple words
In good and ill are strong,
Let's try to speak the little words
That do no neighbour wrong.

WILLIAM PENMAN.

THIS true poet and genuine humorist was a native of Glasgow, and his promising career was very suddenly terminated in January, 1877, at the early age of twenty-eight. Though he spent his brief life in the humble capacity of a blacksmith in a Glasgow foundry, he managed to snatch sufficient time between meals and otherwise to study the art of composition, and at a very early period of his career he began to pour out his thoughts in rhyme. A friend says:—"He was a living rebuke to discontent and selfishness, and in the manifestation of his generous joyous nature did more to lighten life to his fellows, and to reconcile them to their lot, than all the efforts of abler men."

Not many weeks before his death, we spent a day with him, and the kindly smile and ready joke of "Rhyming Willie," as he was popularly called, were greatly enjoyed by us. Even then he seemed to have some premonition of his approaching end, and he remarked to a friend—"It would be a pity, Alec, if I had not better prospects for the next world than I have for this, and if I have not made many friends in my life, I do not think I have made many enemies." Four generations were represented at his funeral, by his son, his father, and his grandfather. He never could tolerate cruelty in any form, and one night when sitting on the bank of the Paisley Canal some urchins had caught a frog, and were using it roughly. One said to another, "What shall we do with it next?" when Penman stepped up to them and proposed that they should *drown it* in the Canal. The bait took, the puddock was thrown in, and he chuckled to himself when he saw it gracefully swim away from its tormentors. On one occasion at the Glenloch, our poet, who had up till this time always fished with the worm, thought he would try

the fly. He did so, and had not long to wait till he landed a splendid trout. After he had secured it, he looked strangely down upon it and exclaimed, "Weel, fishie, ye're no a bit mair surprised at being catched than Will Penman was to catch ye."

Although he has written very little on the beauties of Nature, as displayed in her visible works, we know that he could appreciate "Nature's wild bye-paths." Possessed of a lively and warm temperament, his conversation literally sparkled with wit and anecdote. He claimed no merit as a poet, but only professed to be a writer of "incidental rhymes." His power of humour was unbounded. He had a joke for every occasion, a *bon-mot* for every adventure. Although much esteemed by a wide circle, and kind, affable, and unostentatious, he had a keen power of satire when he chose to wield it; but he generally blended the complimentary with the pungent, and lessened the keeness of censure by the good humour of its utterance. In 1875 appeared his little volume, "Echoes from the Ingleside," which was warmly welcomed, and soon bought up. At the time of his death he was preparing a second edition (enlarged) of his poems, and this volume was afterwards published by Porteous Brothers, Glasgow, for the benefit of his widow and young family, for whom also a handsome sum of money was raised by his friends and admirers.

SINGIN' TO THE WEANS.

When sax o'clock comes an' my day's work is done,
My cares are a' bye, an' my pleasures begin,
For I claw oot my coggie, an' licht my auld gun,
Syne join wi' the weans in their daffin an' fun.
Oor Alick lays bye his skule book for a wee,
An' wee Bessie tells a' her sorrows to me,
The youngest I hae gies my big chair a bang,
An' says, she wants daddie to sing her a sang.

I never need priggin,' but start wi' guidwill,
Some sweet lay o' Burns or blythe Tannahill;

While the rafters yet ring wi' the simple refrain,
I start up a canty bit lilt o' my ain.
Tho' oor Mattie's voice is juist ' timmer" a wee,
Yet gaily she sings in the chorus wi' me,
I forget a' life's sorrow, its trouble an' pains,
As I sat by the ingle an' sang to the weans.

Auld baudrons sits carefully cleaning her paws,
An towser is grinding a bane 'tween his jaws ;
The lintie is chirriping too in her nest ;
The kettle is singing as blythe as the rest.
You may brag o' the music you hear in the ha,'
Compared wi' my concert its naething ava.
An' forbye I'm aye getting rest to my banes,
As I sit by the ingle an' sing to the weans.

MY GRANNIE AN' ME.

Some poets may sing aboot lovelorn swains ;
While ithers lament a' their sorrows an' pains ;
On a different subject a lilt I will gie—
A canty bit sang on my grannie an' me.
When my puir mither dee'd, I was only a wean,
But my auld grannie made me like ane o' her ain,
Wi' her cakes an' her scones I aye made mysel free,
An' we ne'er had a quarrel, my grannie an' me.

When the snell winter win' gart the auld bingin' shake,
I ran a' the errands for auld grannie's sake,
When blythe rosy simmer spread flowers on the lea,
Big posies were pu'd by my grannie an me.
When I cuttit my finger or bluided my mou,'
It was aye to my grannie for pity I flew,
Whate'er my disease or disaster micht be,
My grannie was aye a guid doctor to me.

When my heart was first warmed wi' love's tender lowe,
An' thochts o' a wiffie crap into my pow,
My auld grannie sighed wi' a tear in her e'e,
O wha is't that's takin' my laddie frae me.
An' when I was married at grannie's fireside,
'Twas she was the first to mak' welcome my bride,
She bade us be couthie an' always agree,
An' fondly she blessed baith my wiffie an' me.

When I gaed wi' my cronies to tryst or to fair,
My grannie's guid counsel aye followed me there.
I aye loot the drink an' the gambling a-be,
For that was the bargain wi' grannie an' me.
An' when I got wee bits o' weans o' my ain,
An' they were a' gaun aboot todlin' their lane,
My grannie aye joined in their daffin an' glee,
An' said they were a' juist the pictur o' me.

When auld Hansel Monday's blythe season cam' roun'
My grannie's aye drest in her silk wedding goun,
An' she gaed my auld grandfather siccan a spree
That he danced an he sang to my grannie an' me.
Of a' the sweet places that there is on earth,
I lo'e nane sae weel as my auld grannie's hearth,
I ne'er will forget till the day that I dee,
The happy oors spent by my grannie an' me.

JOHN WATSON

WAS a native of Fearn, near Brechin, his father being farmer of Balquhadlie, and he held two leases of nineteen years each of the farm of Ledmore, parish of Menmuir. He died in August, 1878, at the ripe age of 85. He was well known as an intelligent farmer. For nearly half a century he wrote agricultural reports for several magazines and newspapers; while as a poet he was known as the author of several pithy pieces of a pawky and humorous nature. Two of these were honoured with a place in the original autograph edition of "Whistle Binkie"—viz., "The Marled Mittens" and "Whistlin' Tam." He was a firm and attached friend of the late Alexander Laing, author of "Wayside Flowers," and was of great service to Alexander Rodgers while getting up his popular collection of the Scottish Muse. In 1875 he published a volume of his poems, bearing the title of "Samples of Common Sense in Verse, by a Forfarshire Farmer."

As far as we can learn he was nearly the last of the original "Whistle-binkieites." He was quiet in his demeanour, full of good sense, and possessed a rich fund of dry but kindly humour; could tell a good story with enjoyable pawkiness, and was looked up to as an authority in agricultural matters.

Most of his pieces are born of a kind of life once universal in Scotland, and treat of rural manners and customs of the past—the guidman farmer in hodden grey, hairst rigs and kailyards, the moss-thatched cottage, wi' raip capped lums and their *buts* and *bens*, harvest-homes, and burnside trysts. Here is a model farmer's wife of the olden time :—

THE GUIDWIFE O' GLENLEY.

She's nane o' your braw-buskit Borrowtown ladies,
Wha loll on a saft-cushioned seat a' their days,
An' haud up cheekwind to their mammies and daddies,
Wi' gnapin' fine English an' quotin' French plays :
She's crisp, clean, an' genty, without bein' gay—
She's hearty an' kind, the Guidwife o' Glenley.

She's handy an' quick wi' her weirs an' her needles,
She'll make ye a sark or a cravat fu' braw ;
But caresna a rash about fike fiddle-diddles,
Fall-lalls o' silk-nettin', an' croshy an' a' :
Castin' cantrips wi' loops, as 'twere witches to fley,
She mak's usefu' things, the Guidwife o' Glenley.

Her husband may safely the house till her lippin ;
She'll help wi' the washin' or makin' the kail ;
Or gin there be need, she'll attend the sheep-clippin',
Or milkin' the kye, for she's guid at the pail :
She locks up the aumry, an' carries the key,
But the servants a' like the Guidwife o' Glenley.

The little herd callants, when suppin' their parritch,
She treated wi' milk newly drawn frae the cow ;
Wad kindly encourge them gettin' their carritch,
An' mak' them say grace, whether hungry or fou :
Devotional habits she teaches them aye,
An' holy things too, the Guidwife o' Glenley.

Forbye, she has tales about brownies and fairies,
To pass winter nichts when the storm mak's a raid ;
Or, clearin' her pipe, she can lilt the "Blaeberries,"
"The Flowers o' the Forest," or "Johnny's Grey Plaid ;"
Or gi'e them a reel, or a Highland strathspey,
To cheer up their hearts, the Guidwife o' Glenley.

THE DYING MOTHER.

Oh ! bring me my infant, and let me caress him
Once more, ere this bosom's pulsation shall cease ;
My husband and son, that my arms may embrace them,
Then my eyes shall be closed and my heart be at peace.

These ties still enchain me to life and to sorrow,
But soon shall my soul from its fetters be free;
My motherless infant may wail on the morrow—
My husband may weep—but, oh! weep not for me.

My Saviour the wings of an angel will give me,
To soar from this world to the mansions above;
The arms of His mercy are stretched to receive me—
His mercy is great, and enduring his love.

Farewell, dearest friends! this life is fast fleeting,
But Jesus, my Lord, is my strength and my might;
He only can save me who died to redeem me—
The blood has atoned, and my robes shall be white.

Though parted, we'll meet in the mansions of glory,
Where angels to anthems celestial aspire;
Thy mother will go, my dear infant before thee,
To join in the hymns of the heavenly choir.

No more, my sweet babe, shall thy mother embrace thee,
For soon this fond bosom's pulsation shall cease;
My husband and son, God of Righteousness bless ye!—
Thus said, and her spirit departed in peace.

WHISTLIN' TAM.

Kend ye little Tammy wha lived on the knowe,
'Mang the woods o' Drumcuthlie, where blaeberries grow?
His bonnet was aye cockit heigh on his brow,
A queer-lookin' carlie was Tammy, I trow.
He was ca'd Whistlin' Tam, 'cause he had sic a gait o't,
An' nae muckle ferlie, his mou' had the set o't;
An' gang whare he likit he ne'er missed a bit o't,
Aye whoo-ye, whoo, whoo-ye, sowth'd Whistlin' Tam.

An' Meg, his guidwife, wi' her twa-handit wheel,
Span mony braw wabs o' baith plainen an' tweel;
Baith bodies toiled sair to mak' gowd in a lump,
But Maggie was countit the stang o' the trump.
A sma' shop they keepit, twa kye and a mare,
For the peats were to lead an' the land was to ear;
An' hame frae the Bruch, wi' the gudes an' the gear,
Hipp, Mally! whoo, whoo-ye, cam' Whistlin' Tam.

Their ae dautit laddie, their hope an' their care,
I' the Bruch at the schoolin' was drill'd lang an' sair;
While three sonsie cummers at hame had, I ween,
Mony trysts wi' their lads i' the plantin' at e'en.
Young Meg an' the miller were buckled wi' ither,
Soon after the cobbler an' Kate gaed thegither;
But Nell miss'd that luck, to the grief o' her mither,
While whoo-ye, whoo, whoo-ye, sowth'd Whistlin' Tam.

Some neibours wad threap—but 'twas maybe no true—
That Tam i' the kirk gied a whoo-ye, whoo, whoo!
When the lettergae, tryin' new tunes, wad gae wrang,
Or the parson was prosy an' keepit them lang.
Young Jamie took on wi' the redcoated train,
An' fell in the front of the tulzie in Spain;
His poor dowie mither made nae little mane,
But whoo-ye, whoo, whoo-ye, sowth'd Whistlin' Tam.

DOROTHEA OGILVY.

MOST of our readers are familiar with the sweet pastorals and idylls bearing the name of "Dorothea." They are loved for their transparent truthfulness, so close to life and nature—giving the facts as truly as a photograph, yet idealising them as though they were the very words that fell from the lips of actual men and women. In them we find nothing artificial and unreal: it is all natural, unaffected, true; for though she was not born of the humble class of peasantry, she has lived familiarly among them—felt as they felt, and spoken their language. She has turned the sunshine of her genius on lowly ways and simple men; and whether describing some quiet rural scene or picture of rugged grandeur she is equally at home, and has an ample flow of melodious language—such scenes as are presented by the wide-spreading valley of Strathmore, and the lofty Grampians rising peak over peak till their summits are enveloped in a misty canopy.

She was born in the year 1823. Her father was the Honourable Donald Ogilvy of Clova, Colonel of the Forfarshire Militia; and her mother, Maria, fourth daughter of James Morley, Esq. Her paternal grandfather was seventh Earl of Airlie.

Miss Ogilvy, along with her brother, Donald Ogilvy, published at Aberdeen, in 1865, a duodecimo volume of their joint compositions in verse, entitled "Doron: Poems by Dorothea and Donald Ogilvy." This was followed by a handsome volume—"My Thoughts." Again, "Poems," published by Edmonston & Douglas, Edinburgh, appeared in 1873, and during the same year a most entertaining and humorous poetical sketch entitled "Willie Wabster's Wooing and Wedding on the Braes of Angus." To this volume is appended a most complete, valuable, and painstaking glossary by J. O. Robertson, a neice of Miss Ogilvy.

"Willie Wabster's Wedding on the Braes of Angus" is a literary curiosity. It abounds with striking instances of those angularities and shrewdness of expression which all who are in the least degree acquainted with Scottish character and literature are prepared to enjoy. The verses betray an occasional want of rhythmical ease, which may be accounted for by the shortness of the measure, and the difficulty of *clinking* together such *thrawn* auld words as whittret and meggy-mony-feet, daivert and taivert, scriddan and midden, cushle-mushle and social, haversack and cleik-in-the-back, yeldrick and kittiewake, jabbit and curnabit.

SCOTLAND.

Dear land of straths and glens, of corries, crags, and Bens,
Through fairy glades of firs thy rivers run;
The cuckoo comes to see thy flowerets on the lea,
Thy fresh young leaflets opening to the sun.

There once with joy I strayed by every wild cascade,
And the glory of the mountaineer was mine;
The music of the grove attuned my soul to love
'Mid the fragrance of the birch tree and the pine.

Lone glens of sunny gleams, of sparkling rushing streams,
Where mountains rise in purple, green, and gold;
In your dusky woods at dawn I have roused the sleeping fawn,
Where the fountains glimmered pure, and clear, and cold.

'Mid the scattered rocks of grey, where the raven seeks his prey,
And the wind sweeps evermore around the cairn,
Thy lakes lie deep and still, in the shadow of the hill,
In a wilderness of heather, moss, and fern.

Among the purple bells the heather lintie dwells,
And the wailing curlew wanders wild and free;
In each bosky birchen grove softly croons the cushat-dove,
And the blackbird sweetly whistles on his tree.

The ripple of the rills makes music on thy hills,
Where the muircock rises crowing from the heath;
The swallow flieth low when the warm wet breezes blow,
When the hawthorn wears its pearly blossomed wreath.

Bright shine the drops of dew on thy trembling bells of blue,
And the wild bee gathers honey from thy thyme.
The grey hen rears her brood by the lilies in the wood,
Where thy primroses bloom bonny in their prime.

They may say the northern gale early brings thee sleet and hail,
That thy chilling fogs come creeping from the sea,
That thy rivers rise in spate, that thy snow lies long and late—
Old Scotland! I can find no fault in thee.

There's a freshness in thy clime, there's a briskness in thy rime,
There's a blessing in each airt thy winds can blow,
There's a life-spring on each brae, that can hold grim death at bay,
Which no other land can boast of that I know.

There many a crumbling keep crowns many a rugged steep,
And many a moss-grown wreck of hut and hold,
Memorial tomb and stone of generations gone,
And of bloody fields in warlike days of old.

Thy moorlands spreading wide in all their purple pride,
Linns that foaming fall, and rise in silver spray;
Each burnie's brattling song, thy hazel haughs among,
Thy grand old mountains stretching far away.

Though changeful be thy mood, fair land of fell and flood,
Though winter chill thee long with icy arm,
The clouds that veil thy face add but a loftier grace,
The tears that dim thine eyes, a purer charm.

. . . . . .

I've a rapture all my own, in the torrents' distant moan,
In the bees' low drowsy hum amid the flowers,
In the berries ripe and red, in the heather's fragant bed,
In the birch trees lending sweetness to the showers.

Dear land of cakes and cairns, of broth and brosy bairns,
Of kebbucks, parritch, sowens, and lang kail—
Here's a health to every class, Highland lad and Lowland lass,
May thy bannocks, peats, and whisky never fail.

From her powerful descriptions of mountain and pastoral scenery, we have thus seen that she is a passionate admirer of the beauties of Nature. The quiet solitude, and the simple sounds which are heard amidst such retirements, are made by our poetess the medium for conveying many a useful lesson. In several of her pieces she lovingly connects them and intersperses them with fine pictures of rural life, the condition and habits of the people, and with the moral feelings, not forgetting the often-sung pathos of rustic courtship.

"From Dawn to Sunset" is a rollicking, happy poem, showing that she has the power of occasionally surrendering her pen to the most obvious pleasantry around her, and dallying with the most casual thoughts of the moment. She makes a single word pictorial, and successive words become successive pictures; thus making a few lines, in the manner she treats country folk and country manners, more suggestive than a whole page of description. See how neatly, and with what jollity, she manages the following, within the compass of a few happy phrases—

"There's a brosy bairn wi' a tap o' tow,
There's a rosy wean wi' a curly pow.

. . . . . .

There's a croodlin' totum on's grannie's knee,
There's a lammie, the light o' her daddie's e'e.

. . . . . .

There's a lang-legged loon a-supping his kail,
There's a lassie fu' snod wi' her milkin' pail.

. . . . . .

There's a cankered cuif, wha's weel waured o' his paiks,
There's a smeerless cutty wha scouthers the cakes.
There's a hobbledehoy wha spiels up the trees,
There's a giggling gawkie wha thrimmles the cheese;
There's a wild gilpie harrying nests on the braes,
There's a sonsy huzzy wha's tramping the claes;
There's a dare-deevil buckie wha rides and rins,
There's a pensie wee wifie wha weaves and spins;
There's a sunburnt chap that's following the plew,
There's a braw bruckit fillok sits kaimin' the woo';

There's a haverel wha gapes and glow'rs at the folk,
There's a taupie wha ca's him baith gomeril and gowk :
There's a carl coorts a quean at market and fair,
Wi' sweeties and snaps, and snoods for her hair ;
There's a birkie wha skellochs and thuds wi's heel,
There's a hallachin' kitty that bobs through the reel ;
There's a sturdy, stieve plewman wha's heart's unco saft,
There's a witch wi' her cantrips that dings him clean daft ;
There's a douce couple readin' ae book i' the kirk,
And a' the time settin' a tryst for the mirk."

The best specimen of Dorothea's pawky narrative style is "The Old Scottish Gardener," who, by-the-bye, is a bit of a philosopher—"a thinker, ye see, sir"—cogitating deeply while tirring the ground, and digging, and sifting, and draining. He "canna weel guess" what the earth is made of. He knows it is a substance "o' whilk we are made," but what makes it productive is a problem "owre hard for his brain" :—

Whate'er be the cause, it's a singular stuff,
Queer, like parritch of water and stanes,
Chalk, iron, and charcoal, I ken weel enough,
That it forms baith my body an' banes.
Sae I reverence and honour this life-giving source,
I behold it rewarding my toil,
And I hear my progression in Time's daily course,
In the homily preached by the soil.
'Tis my father, my mother, my daughter, my son,
From it comes the food that sustains,
The water I drink in fleet rivers doth run
Through my system like nourishing veins.

He knows that vitality springs from the grave; that in life are the germs of decay, and that in eating an apple he may perhaps be chewing an antidiluvian. Thus he meditates solemnly, until he discovers the dust of his forefathers furnishes him bread and home-brewed sma' beer; and farther, that

Milk needs maun be o' earth, sin' o' earth is the koo—

Then the laird, vaunty and grand, and the lady, buskit and gay, will in time form a part of the land on which they walk so proudly, and

Thae bonny bit lassocks, as I ca' my floors,
Sae genty, sae lo'esome, sae braw,
Rejoicing in sunshine, unfaulding in shoors,
Here the day ; an' the morn they're awa !

The minister often calls on him, "his welfare to speir," and when his reverence makes himself at home, his gudewife—wha's no sae young as she was, and is "frail in the rheumatics"—

She masks for his reverence a drappie o' tea,
While I'm suppin' my caup-fu' o' kale.

A gentleman calls—

Step ben the hoose, Sir ; pree oor kebbuck and cake ;
Hoot awa ! are ye nae for a dram ?
Will ye hae some preserves on a weel buttered bake ?
Oor berries are famous for jam.

A deep and thoughtful conversation takes place, and when leaving the friend is asked to "hae a pinch o' sneeshin'."

Taddy's mixture is aye what I tak' ;
The twa hours ye've been here seem but twa minutes lang,
And I doot ye've been deaved wi' my clack.
I am noo saxty-five, gif to the three score and ten
I sall hirple, God only doth know :
To the earth whilk I delve I sall crumble, what then ?
He is good that hath ordered it so.
We maun fa' like the leaves, like the stanes we maun wear—
Maun be gathered like fruit in a creel ;
Fare ye weel—gif on earth we forgather nae mair,
May we meet in "the Land o' the Leal."

THE CLINK O' THE CHINK.

I lo'ed my Eppie weel,
I lo'ed my Eppie lang :
She's pit me in a creel,
She's gien my heart a stang ;
She's taen the cuif ayont the hill,
The cadgie carl o' Clashie Mill,
A cocklaird wi' a pickle gowd,
Auld, hangit-faced, pock-marked, and bowed :
A skrunket, shammel-shankit loon,
Clamp, clampin' in his clatterin' shoon ;
Kenspeckle, chandler-chafted, blear'd,
With ne'er a tooth aboon his beard.

. . . . . .

Auld Wattie winna lang craw crouse,
Aince she's the mistress o' his house;
She'll mak' a bonny rinthereout,
And turn his coffers inside out;
The daft auld gowk may glunsh and girn,
She'll hae frae him what sairs her turn;
Like ony lintie white she'll sing,
Like ony soupple naig she'll fling;
Like ony sleekit puss she'll purr,
Like ony tinker tyke she'll gurr;
She'll win him roond wi' muckle ease,
And guide him ony gate she'll please.

He met the wily wife shortly after her marriage at a feeing market—

What think ye said the jaud to me?
"Haud yer wheest and wait a wee;
The gowdspring fang'd in Eppie's net,
Will bring a blythsome bridal yet.
And be na ye bumbazed wi' care,
For Clashie Mill is failing sair.
Ye hae nae gear, and, by my troth,
We couldna live on nettle broth!
Auld Watt'll no see mony Yules,
He'll sune be yirded i' the mouls.
I lo'e ye weel—I've lo'ed ye lang,
I'll be yer weel-dowered Widow Strang."

MARION BERNSTEIN,

LIKE Tom Hood, has literally "enjoyed bad health." Her volume of "Musings," published in 1876 by M'Geachy, Glasgow, was composed during a period of physical affliction, and when her mind was chiefly occupied in *musing* over what she had read or heard of the world from which she was shut out, or what she remembered of her own past experiences. Her effusions, however, apart from those adverse conditions connected with their composition, which might plead for tenderness in the critic, are praiseworthy. Always neat, and occa-

sionally humorous, her pieces are exceedingly enjoyable. Graceful simplicity is her characteristic. She expresses herself as being deeply thankful for those calm and thoughtful years of pain, and can add—"It is good for me to be afflicted." She still sings occasionally in the Glasgow papers; and by way of a personal sketch we give the following. We can see she is vague on the subject of her birth. Although still young she apparently believes that "women and music should never be dated."

MIRREN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I was born the sixteenth afternoon of September,
In a year that's too long past for me to remember;
And what does it signify *where* I was born?
It might have been under some wild hedgerow thorn,
Or perhaps in a palace, perhaps in a cot,
Or among the small fairies, in some unknown grot,
In England, Wales, Ireland, or land of the Scot,
France, Germany, Russia, or Turkey; but what
Does it matter about the particular spot?
I was born in some one of these places, if not
In another; and that's about all I have got
To say of that highly blest part of the earth
Distinguished by little Miss Marion's birth.
I look back to the days that rolled o'er my young brow,
When the sun brighter shone than it ever shines now;
When my strength and activity won me the name
"Little Sturdyboots," long ere my first trouble came.
Oft the north wind in summer-time piercingly blows,
And it blights ere it's blooming some half-opened rose.
So the cold breath of sickness prevented my prime,
And caused me to fade ere my blossoming time.
The weakness too surely increased day by day,
Till no more I could join my companions at play,
And I'd wistfully watch them while sitting alone,
And build for my solace a world of my own,
Filled with bright airy castles, while Hope whispered long
Of the grand things I'd do when I grew well and strong.
But alas! though long hoped for, that time never came,
And I grew up to womanhood feeble and lame.
Oh! womanhood, sweet is thy blossoming time,
Of a whole life the summer, the joy, and the prime.
But thou camest to me without sunshine or bloom,
Thou camest like winter with coldness and gloom,
No more from the threshold of home I could stray
To feel the warm sun on a bright summer day;
Thou did'st bring to my frail limbs a heavier chain,

And for years on my couch I was doomed to remain.
Oh ! 'twas sad through the first years of youth thus to languish
And how bitter and sore was my physical anguish !
And helpless and drear loomed the future before me,
While darker and darker the cloud lowered o'er me ;
But though gloom reigned around, *inner light* rose to cheer me,
For the Presence of God ne'er had seemed half so near me.
And to feel that blest Presence was sweeter than health,
It was brighter than sunshine, and better than wealth ;
It was joy amid sorrow, and peace amid pain
Perfected ; and never before or again
Have I felt thus the power of our Father to cheer
The soul 'mid the worst that can trouble it here.
For still as pain lessened, and health would improve,
That gladdening Presence would farther remove.
'Twill return, I doubt not, if I need it again,
But 'twould make earth too bright were it now to remain.
Now no more I'm bedridden, or pain-racked, or ill,
Yet, too feeble to walk, I'm a prisoner still.
As the wounded in battle are borne from the plain
Inactive to languish, while comrades are slain,
So am I laid aside from the battle of life,
While stronger ones struggle and fall in the strife.
But my life now is peaceful, and little of pain
Comes to ruffle its calmness, or make me complain ;
And the worst glooms that darken its sunshine I find
When the sorrows of others o'ershadow my mind.
Like a flower confined to its stem, I have stayed
Long confined to my home ; like a flower I fade ;
And as withered flowers crumble to dust where they lay,
And the wind passes over and sweeps them away,
So I wither, and so, soon, my memory must
Pass away, when my form shall lie mould'ring in dust.

SOARING UPWARDS TO THE LIGHT.

Hark ! the skylark gaily sings,
Waking in the morning bright ;
With the dew upon his wings,
Soaring upwards to the light.
Upwards to the glorious sun,
Upwards through the radiant sky ;
Singing with triumphant tone
As he wins his way on high.
Hail, sweet lark ! each morning winging
Through the air thy joyous flight,
Greeting to the bright sun singing—
Soaring upwards to the light.

There's a flower below the earth
Blossoming in pallid white ;
In the mine it had its birth,
And it never saw the light.

Still its face is upward turned
From the dull earth where it grew,
Just as if the flower had learned
To seek the light it never knew.
Birds, and flowers, and all things pure,
All things lovely, all things bright,
Taught by instinct, strive to soar—
Struggling upwards to the light.

There's an instinct few deny,
Striving in each human soul;
Though not winged, we long to fly,
Spurning this dull earth's control.
In our childhood, in our youth,
And when youth has taken flight,
Still our souls are seeking truth—
Soaring upwards to the light,
Though the way be long and high,
We will take no downward flight;
But a long Excelsior cry—
Soaring upwards to the light.

THOUGHTS.

Day by day Life's scroll unfoldeth—
Slowly is our fate revealed;
Every eye the Past beholdeth,
But the future is concealed.

Moments mournful, moments pleasant,
Come and go, and none can last,
What was Future now is Present,
What was present now is Past.

It, perhaps, may soothe our sorrow
Thus to think 'twill pass away:
Life must change. Perhaps to-morrow
May be brighter than to-day.

And sweet scenes of bygone gladness
Are not altogether fled;
Mem'ry, lighting up our sadness,
Half restores the lost and dead.

When Life's joys seem lost for ever,
We can *dream* them o'er again;
All Time's changes cannot sever
One bright link in Mem'ry's chain.

And the Future—none can know it
Until Time the truth reveal.
Fancy may pretend to show it;
Time still proves her scenes unreal.

Radiant Hope, for ever smiling,
Speaks of happier days in store,
Many simple hearts beguiling,
Though they've found her false before.

Hope and Fancy oft deceive us,
But they make our days more bright:
May they never, never leave us,
Or withdraw their cheering light.

LADY CHARLOTTE ELLIOT,

DIED on the 15th of January, 1880. She was perhaps the latest addition to that bright roll of noticeable female poets of which Scotland has a right to be proud, and was also one of the most accomplished and one of the most charming women of our time. Her ladyship, who was born in 1839, was the eldest and only surviving daughter of Sir James Carnegie, Bart., and sister of James, 9th Earl of Southesk. She was twice married; first, in 1860, to Thomas F. S. Fotheringham, Esq. of Pourie and Fotheringham (died 1864), and had a son and a daughter; second, in 1868, to Frederick B. Elliot, Esq., son of the late Hon. Sir George Elliot, K.C.B. "Medusa and Other Poems," was only published in 1878, although she early began to write, and had always shown remarkable intellect, a great love of literature, and a passion for poetry. In 1867 she published a volume, "Stella, and other Poems, by Florenz." The volume was unequal, and she was always inclined to disparage it; yet it contained a poem of remarkable beauty, "The Pythoness," which she never surpassed. This poem appeared again in her volume of 1878 ("Medusa, and other Poems")—a volume which attracted much attention, and deserved it. for it took a place between the

humanist and the "art and culture" schools. In nobility of tone it ranked with the former; in music and colour it not unfrequently held its own with the latter.

Theodore Watts, writing to the *Athenæum* at the time of her death, said—"She has some of that great charm of naturalness which is such a fascination in Lady Anne Barnard and Lady Nairne, also some of their pathos, but none of their delightful humour. On the other hand, she was, by cultivation of mind and by sympathy of heart, affined closely to a kind of women these sweet singers never dreamed of—women who, loving art much and romance much, 'love men and women more'—the noble band represented by George Elliot, who, in virtue of lofty purpose, purity of soul, and deep sympathy with suffering humanity, are just now far ahead of the men—bending their genius, like the rainbow, as a covenant of love over 'all flesh that is upon the earth,' for, as Lady Charlotte herself says—

> Yea, surely for the loveless past we suffer,
> The burden of an ancient curse we bear,
> And roads for harmless feet are rendered rougher
> By stones that perished hands have scattered there.
> Your graves are green, luxurious transgressors,
> Yet through your crimes our children sin and die;
> We groan beneath the yoke of dead oppressors,
> And bear the stripes of tyrannies gone by.

A gentle life is at rest, a pure mind is still, and a poet's heart has ceased to throb to the joys and sorrows of this our world. But she has not lived in vain, or sung in vain. Her words in "Discords Unresolved" come back to us.

> O soul, be strong, strive upwards; in the ethereal distance,
> Somewhere, oh! surely somewhere, the light eternal glows;
> Unwind the tangled music, by patience and persistence
> Thou shalt find the perfect concord, the long-forgotten close."

A FAREWELL.

When darkness hides me, dearest,
And when this face now daily in thy sight,
Becomes a dream to haunt the silent night,
And vanish when the busy moon is clearest;

Then, dear, the love I gave thee,
Which ever for thy coming lay in wait,
Exacting often and importunate,
Shall be a memory to bless and save thee.

Some little foolish saying
Will wander back unto thee from the past,
Like a stray rose-branch o'er thy pathway cast,
With flowers and thorns thy careless steps waylaying.

June roses in December!—
Dream-roses, yet their phantom thorns give pain.
Somewhere, somehow, when we two meet again,
How much must we forget, how much remember!

CAPTIVES.

Why doth the caged bird sing
In the dull city, where the gloomy hours
No gleam of sunshine bring?
How can he feel the rapture of the spring
So far from all its flowers?

Though he be captive-born,
Yet his free spirit seeks the forest glade,
And in his home forlorn
He trills, as if he saw the tender morn
Smile through the young leaves' shade.

A mate he never knew,
Yet hath he learnt the very note of love,
And softly seems to woo,
As if his gentle bride before him flew
To nestle in the grove.

We too, imprisoned souls,
Can sing of lovely lands that none have seen
Or sought betwixt the poles,
Round whose fair shores a magic ocean rolls
Its waves of sapphire sheen.

And yet we know not whence
Comes the dream-light that warms that visioned earth
To beauty more intense ;—
Unless from some sweet realm unknown to sense,
Wherein we had our birth.

And there we learnt of yore,
Perchance, to pine for love that cannot die,
Untold in human lore ;
Oh ! shall we find our by-gone bliss once more,
Or only sing and sigh ?

THE PYTHONESS.

"Bind up her loose hair in the fillet, and wipe the cold dew from her cheek,
For the force of the spirit has left her outwearied, and nerveless, and weak."
So murmured the pitying maidens, and soothed me, and laid me to rest,
And lightly the leopard-skin mantle drew over my shivering breast ;
Then bent their warm faces to kiss me, with tenderness mingled with awe,
Revering the god in his priestess, whose word is obeyed as a law
By the tyrant, the terror of nations. A word from my lips, and the land
Shall have rest, and the weapon uplifted shall fall from the threatening hand ;
Though gifts may be heaped on the altar, rich goblet and gold-embossed shield,
The gods give no promise of favour, and keep what they will unrevealed.
Shall I glory in this, that decreeing the close or beginning of strife,
I, who speak what I know not, am chosen controller of death and of life ?
Nay ; I, who was voiceless, am fated to be as a flute which is blown
By the powerful breath of immortals, to music which is not its own :
Soon, soon, strained to tones superhuman, unfitted for use or delight,
The tremulous flute will lie shattered, cast out from remembrance and sight.
My maidens have left me to slumber ; but tears scorch my eyelids instead—
Tears, bitter with passionate envy of those either living or dead ;
Not as I, who exist in illusion, with body and soul rent apart,
Possessed by a terrible spirit, pierced through by a fiery dart,

Caught up by a whirlwind, tormented with light too intense for my brain,
Till the vision is past, and I waken remembering nought but the pain.
O mighty and cruel Apollo, thy gift is despair and the grave!
My life, like a wreck on the ocean, is tossed to and fro by the wave.

O fair, pleasant home of my childhood!—dear valley, thy shadows are cool;
All pale in the languor of noontide the lily bends over the pool,
The laurel and cistus are fettered by tangles of blossoming weeds,
The rose leans her cheek to the ivy, the asphodel shines through the reeds;
Wild bees, with low rapturous murmurs, drink deep at the hyacinth's heart,
And over the mystical lotus bright legions of dragon-flies dart.
And there dwelt my woodland companions, my tender-voiced soft-breasted dove,
Which perched on my shoulder, with flutterings and murmurs of pleasure and love;
And my gentle white fawn, the fleet-footed, whose breath was so wondrously sweet,
For he fed upon rose-leaves, and ever he lay on the moss at my feet,
And his wild, wistful eyes shone like jewels, as if he delighted to hear
The dream-woven songs which I fashioned and sang when no other was near.

I pine for the breeze of the forest, I thirst for the spring cold as ice,
Instead of these fumes of rich incense, this draught mixed with dream-giving spice;
I long for my infancy's slumber, untroubled by phantoms of dread;
I long for cool dews of the morning, to drop on my fever-hot head;
I long—how I long—to be cradled once more in the valley's soft breast,
And, lulled by my childhood's lost music, to sink like a babe into rest.

The day died in flames on the mountains, and stealthily, hiding the skies
With a film of thick-gathering darkness, night fell on the earth by surprise;
But flashes of wild summer lightning played over the tops of the pines,
And glanced on the streams—which meandered in slender and silvery lines,

'Mid alder, and willow, and hazel—and shone in my face as I fled
Alone through the depths of the forest, all panting and trembling with dread.
Astray in the darkness, I threaded the briery paths of the wood,
Then burst through the thicket. Before me, terrific and glorious, stood—
Oh horror! the oak of Apollo—the haunted, the fearful, the vast;
Whose roots search the earth's deep foundations, whose limbs are as steel in the blast:
Pale visions that may not be uttered, dwell under its branches at night,
And strike the beholder with madness, and wither his limbs and his sight.

The hand of the god was upon me, the power that is mighty to form
My life at his will, as the cloud-wreaths are shaped by the power of the storm;
And my heart fainted in me for terror, since nowhere unmarked could I flee
From the doom that pursued me. Then, dimly, I saw in the shade of the tree
The priest of the temple; and onward he came, and drew near, and his gaze
Sought me out and subdued and enthralled me, and pierced me with glittering rays,
Which drew forth my soul from my body, with force that I could not resist,
Then grew into flames, and enwound me in meshes of fiery mist;
My eyelids drooped under the pressure, a shock of unbearable pain
Thrilled through me, as keen as a sword-thrust; then darkness fell over my brain.

Great Delphi! in desolate grandeur thy cliffs stand all bare to the sky,
As barren of beauty and freshness, as lonely and mournful as I.
The scream of the wandering eagle rings over thy echoing rocks;
The vultures flock hitherward, scenting the flesh of the sacrificed ox;
But the murmurous voice of the woodland shall never more breathe in my ear,
Nor Philomel's passionate music melt stones into tenderness here;
My soul has resigned its communion with all that it cherished and loved;
From dreams of a happier future, for ever and ever removed.

No love-lay shall thrill with my praises the balmy and sensitive air,
No hand shall twine garlands of jasmine to star the deep night of my hair,
No eye shall grow soft at my presence, nor watch me with rapturous glance,
Amid the bright circle of maidens move swift through the rhythmical dance,—
No bridegroom shall woo me, no taper of marriage be lighted for me,
No children with flower-like faces shall smile away care at my knee.

But surely the night will bring slumber, and surely the grave will bring rest,
And my spirit be lapped in Elysium in balm-breathing isles of the blest;
And as summer, and sunshine, and beauty are born of the elements' strife,
My life, which brought death, be transmuted at last into death which brings life.
For luminous visions surround me, and exquisite forms hover near,
Caress me with soft spirit-touches, and murmur strange words in my ear:
Through air which seems empty to others, bright spirit-shapes cluster and throng:—
Already I mix with their essence, already I join in their song.

WILLIAM R. MOIR,

BETTER and more widely known by his *nom-de-plume* of "William Armour," was born in 1842 at Bridgefoot of Ironside, Aberdeenshire. His father was a respectable tradesman of no little repute in the Buchan district, who strove industriously to give his family a good education. Our poet left school at the age of twelve with a well grounded knowledge of the three R.'s, and a smattering of the sciences. Most country-bred lads think it a "fine thing" to be a "merchant," and *our* country-bred juvenile, one dark November day in 1854, after

a ride of some thirty odd miles on the top of the "Banks of Ythan" coach, found himself apprenticed for five and a half years to a draper in the city of Aberdeen. His employer soon had the sagacity to see that his turn of mind was better adapted for the "receipt of custom" than for serving customers. The keeping of the books of the firm was accordingly assigned to the little apprentice, and his performance with the ell-wand restricted to the half-yearly markets, or other rare occasions. Towards the close of his apprenticeship he began to cultivate a taste for literature, and contributed many pieces in prose and verse to the newspapers of the northern counties, not a few of which had the honour of being quoted in English, American, and continental papers. Mr Moir also started a monthly publication called the *Poetical Portfolio*, which was regularly brought out till his removal to London. Some of the best of his own productions appeared in this unique serial, and specimens of these, as well as of many of the other contributions to its pages, we should be very glad to make room for did space permit—notably, perhaps, the genial Doric "bits" of "A.C." (Mr Alexander Coutts), and the singularly tender and unsophisticated home strains of "J.M.," now parochial schoolmaster of Savoch. "Timothy Twig," a small volume of fiction bearing Mr Moir's name, was also published about this time by Mr Wm. Bennett, and though necessarily a somewhat immature and incongruous production, met with a by no means unfavourable reception by the local press and the public.

Failing health compelled him, after a stay of nearly a year in the great metropolis, to set his face homewards, and Mr Moir is at present cashier at Kirkburn Mills, Peterhead. Here, in fellow-citizenship with his warmly-attached friend "Wild Rose," he still finds the impulse to indite a stray ode, or indulge his predilection for essay-writing and popular lecturing.

He has on several occasions taken prizes at the annual competitions held in connection with the *People's Journal*. At one time few men ventured on the double undertaking of business and poetry, but now it is certain that many are able to harmonise the active and the contemplative mind—and "William Armour" is a bright example. He has written several pieces worthy of being long remembered. His style is easy and natural. and his poems are melodiously expressed and artistically conceived. In confirmation of this we will, besides giving three of his pieces, quote a verse from one of his songs, in which a young lassie speaking of the worth of her heart says—

There's love in't, there's licht in't, there's luck in't for twa,
There's lythe in't frae a' the cauld winds that can blaw;
There's a' thing but ae thing, and that I am fain
To think's the leal love o' a lad o' my ain.

THE FAIREST THINGS ARE FAR AWA'.

The fairest things are far awa',
And farrest when they're fairest,
The blythest and the best o' a',
The dearest and the rarest;
The buds that blaw in booer and shaw,
In frem't and unco places,
The cluds that drift athort the lift
O' lan's ayont the sea;
The wuds that wave in alien win's,
And scent them wi' their sweetness,
The birds, the brooks, that gar them ring
Wi' music and wi' glee.

And aft, when care wi' darksome wing
Broods o'er the lanely bosom,
The things that thrang the realm o' dreams
Alane seem fair and loesome;
The sunny scenes o' bairnheid's time,
The burn, the brae, the bracken—
The burns, the braes o' fairylan',
Where floo'rets never fade;
The hamely biel' that blythsome hearts
Made gowden wi' their gladeness;
The gowden ha' where guileless hearts
For ever shall be glade.

The fairest things are far awa',
And farrest when they're fairest,
The blythest and the best o' a',
The dearest and the rarest;
The e'en that moolder in the mools
Are saintly in their splendour;
The tender lips that Death has kiss'd
Were ne'er sae sweet, we trew;
And ne'er sae saft the dainty cheeks
That lie sae cauldrife yonder—
The cheeks that lang the lillies lo'ed,
And lirket wi' their lo'e.

The bairn that sleeps on mammy's briest,
The bonniest bairn o' seven,
Can ne'er compare wi' baby Bell
That sleeps at hame in Heaven;
The heart that beats in tune wi' heart,
Amang the broom sae blythely,
Can ne'er compare wi' yon sweet heart
That slooms aneath the sod;
The soul that gies yon blythesome scene
It blythsomeness and beauty,
Can ne'er compare wi' yon sweet soul
That wons abune wi' God.

The fairest things are far awa',
And farrest when they're fairest,
The blythest and the best o' a',
The dearest and the rarest;
Tho' blythe, fu' blythe, may be the hearth,
And braw the winsome lady
That sits on yon side o' the crook
And steers the cradle-string;
Tho' dear as a' the warld's gear,
The 'oof sae wee and wearie,
That sune will wauken up, forsooth,
As cankert as a king.

Tho' blythe, fu' blythe, may be the lythe
Where trysted hearts forgaither,
And braw the braes o' early days,
Wi' broom and hinnied heather;
Tho' larks may lilt as cheerily
Amang the dewy daisies,
As up amang the cauldrife cluds
That drook their dappled wings;

Tho' hame to hame-o'er hearts may hae
A beauty blest and blissfu',
A couthie, kindly bein-fu'ness
That kens na' unco things.

THE SONG OF SONGS.

Tho' weak and worn the homely voice,
Tho' poor and rude the simple strain,
A mother's voice hath music choice,
And children love its soft refrain.
And when long years of griefs and joys
Have come and gone, and we are men,
Still that sweet song hath music choice
That makes our old hearts young again—
That simple childhood's song.

When o'er the cradle, swinging slow,
The mother bends with wistful eye,
Her baby-song, so soft and low,
Attuned by langour to a sigh,
Through that wee bosom echoes go,
Which never quite away shall die,
But long to lull unrest and woe,
Remain a soothing lullaby—
A snatch of childhood's song.

Away in other scenes of life,
With dauntless hearts and lofty aims,
We mingle in the world's hot strife,
And fight for gold or deathless names;
Yet, even there, where moans are rife,
And revelry the night defames,
Comes Mem'ry, Reason's duteous wife,
And one brief hour of quiet claims
To sing us childhood's song.

May we forget not, as we hear
That music of a sinless time,
The sinless, thousands doom'd to wear
The weeds of orphanhood and crime,
Whose grief no mother yearns to cheer
With kisses and low-murmur'd rhyme,
And on whose ear Love's joy-bell clear
Hath never rung with silvery chime
Tho notes of childhood's song.

THE E'ENIN' BRINGS A' HAME.

The warld is braw at early daw',
An' blythe as it is bonny;
But there are wiles in gloamin's smiles
Mair winsome far than ony.
The buds may blaw wi' balmiest breath
When day brak's gray an' gowden—
The birds may sing their sweetest sangs
When dew-draps drook their wings;
But there's nae bliss, nae balm like this
Where new-blawn buds are showdin';
An' where's the minstrel that can bring
The bliss that *e'enin'* brings?

The han' that shroods in silky cloods
The nicht sae drear an' eerie,
Is often fu' o' omens grue,
An' wanrest to the weary;
The lilts that ring frae lea to lift,
The sunlicht an' the splendour,
Are aft but wiles to wauk the warld,
To lure its lo'ed awa'—
The young, the fair, frae kindly care,
An' kinsfolk true, an' tender;
Fond hearts an' fair that nevermair
May meet till e'enin'-fa'.

But blasts may blaw, and "flags" may fa',
An' starns forget their comin',
An' yet nae noon o' gowany June
Be half sae blythe as gloamin';
An' tho' the mirk o'er hameless hearts
An' cauldrife hearths may hover,
Wi' less o' bliss than balefulness
Doun-drappin' frae its wings;
An' tho' at e'en nae beauteous thing
May bloom, or be a rover;
O, wha but Heaven itsel' can tell
The bliss that e'enin' brings?

Wi' that blythe time, frae mony a clime,
To mony a bieldless bosom,
The lo'ed an' leal come back ance mair
To mak' life lythe an' loosome;
To mony a lanely hearth ance mair
The pride o' days departed—
The prodigal, wi' poortith croon'd,
The deft wi' deathless fame;
An' sweeter bliss nae bard can wis',
Nor bring the lanely-hearted,
Than faith in this glad halison—
The E'enin' brings a' Hame.

ROBERT SANDERSON,

LAND-SURVEYOR and weaver, residing in West Linton, where he was born in 1836, has from an early age contributed verses and sketches to the provincial newspapers. He is an amiable poet of domestic life, has devoted much of his leisure time to the study of the poets, and has gained a most extensive acquaintance not only with Scottish but with every English poet of note. Mr Sanderson published a volume of poems and songs in 1865. We have much pleasure in being able to give the following letter which the author received shortly after from the late James Ballantine :—"Your verses are very sweet and feeling. It always gladdens my heart to meet with a new labourer in the field of Scottish song ; and it is cheering to know that there is scarcely a village or clachan in Scotland but can produce a good song writer. This encourages all true Scotsmen to believe that our dear auld country shall ever continue a land of song. Go on ; and if by your exertions you add one to the national stock, you will contribute more to the pleasure of your countrymen than if you bequeathed them hoards of gold. Yours, with poetic feeling."

He sings with a contented heart, and with more graceful finish than is sometimes seen in writers who diversify the "weary drudgery of toil" by poetic effusions.

THE LASSIE THAT'S AWA.

While lanely I sit cow'rin' owre the ingle lowe at e'en,
Reviewin' a' the happy days an' blissfu' nights I've seen,
How aften frae my weary e'e the tear-draps tricklin' fa',
An' aye when I am thinkin' on the lassie that's awa.

My love was fairer than the flowers that deck the mountain's side,
Her cheeks were like the summer rose in a' its bloom an' pride,
Her bonnie brow was white an' pure as is the virgin snaw,
An' oh, her heart was leal an' kind—the lassie that's awa.

. . . . . .

I visit now our wonted haunts, I seek, but a' in vain,
That gentle form that I nae mair on earth will meet again ;
For owre her lonely, lowly grave the dews o' e'enin' fa',
An' cauld's the heart ance warm to me—the lassie that's awa.

This warld is now a dreary an' a weary warld to me,
Sin' in the downy sleep o' death my Mary closed her e'e ;
Earth's fleeting joys and vain pursuits nae pleasure yields ava,
They a' hae tint their lustre wi' the lassie that's awa.

Fareweel to braes sae braw an' green, to streams sae bright an' clear,
To silent grove an' shady dell, sae sacred an' sae dear ;
Nae heart can number owre my woes, my griefs, an' sorrows a',
Nor tongue can tell how weel I lo'ed the lassie that's awa.

IS THE AULD GUIDMAN AYE LEEVIN'?

Is the auld gudeman aye leevin'? has he warsled out fourscore?
Is he able still to daunder out, and stap aboot the door?
Is there kind and wholesome counsel often drappin' frae his tongue?
Is he cracky 'mang the auld folks yet, and jokie wi' the young?

Is the auld gudeman aye leevin'? and does joy lit up his e'e,
As the grandchild streaks his hoary hairs while seated on his knee?
When the bairnies romp about him, does he laugh wi' richt gude will?
And wi' kindly voice, though falt'ring, does he bless the wee things still?

Is the auld gudeman aye leevin'? is he able still to gang
To the parish kirk, on Sabbath morn, the villagers amang?
In his seat fornent the poopit are his silvery locks still seen?
Does the pastor speak him kindly when he meets him on the green?

Is the auld gudeman aye leevin'? does his prayer at e'en ascend
To the Source of all his comforts — to his Father and his Friend?
Is that dwelling still a Bethel, by his saintly presence cheered,
Where Jehovah's name is hallow'd, where Jehovah's name is feared?

Is the auld gudeman aye leevin'? then be Heaven his strength and stay
In the languor and the helplessness of life's declining day ;
And that household, like the house of Obed-edom, shall be blest
When his dust in death is sleeping, and his soul has reach'd its rest!

MY LITTLE SON.

My little son, now slumbering sae helpless in my arms,
As fondly owre thy form I lean, an' feast upon thy charms,
While thrilling thoughts my bosom fill, an' tears o' joy my e'e,
I wonder what the blessing is, that I should ask for thee!

My little son, I fondly wish that many mercies may
Be thine amid life's bustle and while journeying on life's way;
Yet I'll beseech our Father for a greater boon than this,
That He may make thee holy, make thee happy, make thee His.

My little son, how winning and how innocent art thou!
How soft thy lips, how sweet thy breath, how beautiful thy brow!
Assuredly in thy sweet form, sae angel-like, we have
A princely pledge and token of our heavenly Father's love.

. . . . . .

GAE BRING THE STRANGER IN.

Gae bring the stranger in, gudewife,
Nor turn him frae the door,
But bid him rest his wearied limbs
Till that rude blast be o'er;
The carlin's feckless, frail, an' auld,
His cleadin's scant and thin,
And ill he braves the winter's cauld—
Gae bring the stranger in.

The wind howls wild an' angrily,
Fast fa's the pelting rain,
While snugly here we're seated
In this hallan o' our ain;
Yet, think, na mair deservin' o't
We e'er the least hae been,
The sma'est comfort o' our lot—
Gae bring the stranger in.

Gae bring the stranger in, gudewife—
We've lads an' lassies ten;—
How some o' them may fare through life,
It's weel we dinna ken;
But as we'd wish that Heaven would watch
Their wanderin's ilka ane,
And guard and guide, whate'er betide—
Gae bring the stranger in.

Gae bring the stranger in, gudewife,
Till morn again shall daw';
There's room aneath oor theekit roof,
An' rowth for ane an' a';
An act of pity never leaves
Unpleasin' thochts within,
But aye insures its ain reward—
Gae bring the stranger in.

H. C. WILSON,

AUTHOR of "The Rustic Harp," "Wild Sprays from the Garden," &c., is a native of Cumnock, Ayrshire. His school-days were ended before he was ten, and he was then sent to "herd kye" at a neighbouring farm. Afterwards he worked in the woods, and as a landscape gardener. He left Scotland when "beardless, young and blate," for London, and remained for several years in and around the city, following up his calling. He is now employed as gardener and bailiff on a gentleman's estate. His first volume was published by his brother at Bournemouth, in 1874, and the second, also by Wilson & Pardy, in 1879. In his preface to "The Rustic Harp" he says:—"In this age of ambition, it requires a certain amount of courage for a working man to venture into the circle of literature with a collection of verse. Still, I am convinced that there are many of my brethren in toil who will appreciate a song, however homely, from the pen of a fellow workman, as much as the highly polished productions of those who have not only received an education, but have also had the time to devote to their composition. My occupation, that of a gardener, however favourable to the muses in the abstract, like all other professions at which a person has to earn his living, gets the edge considerably toned down when it has to be viewed with a practical rather than a poetical eye."

Although his verses are simply the productions of odd evening hours, often after a hard day's work, he has, as may be expected, an eye to the beautiful. He tunes his "Harp" not only to natural and charming fireside songs, but also to tender love lays that breathe ardent devotion, and to stirring national ballads that kindle the flame of patriotism. It is in his songs, however, that his muse reaches its

strength, and many of these are sure to take a good place in song literature. His "Wild Sprays" spring from an honest manly breast—in the words of the *Literary World*, from "a kind of village Burns." "The Leafless Tree" is a fresh and lofty poem; while the "Covenant Times" would gladly have been quoted here but for its length. It is elevated in sentiment, and portrays with graphic power scenes which are deeply impressed on the national mind.

THE WORLD IS OURS.

The world is ours to look at,
  However poor we be;
Its fields and glades, its woods and shades,
  The western sky when sunlight fades.
The world is ours to look at,
  The earth, the sea, the sky,
The flowery leas, and ours the breeze
  That cools the cheek beneath the trees.

The world is ours to look at—
  A rich inheritance.
The valleys, hills, the streams and rills,
  The sparkling dew that heaven distils.
The world is ours to look at—
  A wondrous gift of love,
To lead the soul, as seasons roll,
  To brighter scenes above.

The world is ours to look at,
  Its mountains bleak and bare,
Where rugged, grand, they nobly stand
  Upheaved from earth by heaven's command.
The world is ours to look at.
  What more can monarchs say?
Kind Nature dowers her sunny hours
  On us as well as they.

THE PIBROCH IS SOUNDING.

The Pibroch is sounding far up in the heather,
  The rock-splintered peaks are repeating the call;
Wives, maidens and mothers are clustering together,
  And clansmen are belting in cottage and hall.
The partings are over: the banners are streaming,
  And feet treading time to the beat of the strain,
But many march forth to the pipes that are screaming,
  Who ne'er will respond to their wild call again.

The storm clouds hang low on the dark hills of Morven,
And torrents are seething in caverns below;
The night winds bring wailing to widow and orphan—
The coronach mourns not the death of a foe.
A handful of heroes return from the foray,
The chief comes not back at the head of his men.
The cairn shall be raised, and the bards tell the story—
The Pibroch shall ne'er wake the chieftain again.

PRETTY WEE KATIE.

Here's to her I claim as mine—Pretty wee Katie.
Her face is fair, but not divine—Pretty wee Katie.
Had she been born in the sky,
There is little chance that I
Would have ever taken wing,
And brought her here with me to sing,
Pretty wee Katie, Katie, Katie, pretty wee Katie mine.

No, she's not of heavenly birth—Pretty wee Katie,
Nor too good to live on earth—Pretty wee Katie,
Nor has she been ever hid,
Angel's airy forms amid,
And yet tears or smiles she'll bring,
And sweet as an angel sing.
Pretty wee Katie, etc.

Not like the hour-glass is her waist—Pretty wee Katie.
She has feelings, she has taste—Pretty wee Katie,
And she has a noble mind,
Not too quiet, but refined,
Her voice, too, has a pleasant ring,
Let her talk or let her sing.
Pretty wee Katie, etc.

Her eyes won't match the wild gazelle—Pretty wee Katie,
Yet they seem to hold a spell—Pretty wee Katie.
Firm, each feature of her face,
In her every movement grace,
And her presence seems to fling,
Light and grace on everything.
Pretty wee Katie, etc.

JAMES E. WATT

RECORDS with modest, yet unerring taste and tender pathos "the simple annals of the poor," while his perfect command of our national Doric admirably qualifies him for the task of pourtraying "Scottish Life and Character." He was born in Montrose in February, 1839. When he had completed his ninth year he was sent to work at Craigo Bleachfield—having to trudge from two to three miles, morning and evening, by a very lonely, and in winter almost impassable road. We afterwards find him employed as a laddie at a "farm toon," and later as an apprentice at the brass-finishing business. He had not then learned to write, and was but a poor reader. Watt, however, had an earnest desire to become proficient in both, and set to work with a will —reading novels first, afterwards history, philosophy, Shakespere, Burns, and every poet he could lay his hands on. He also attempted verse-making. Concerning one of his earliest contributions to the *People's Journal*, the editor wrote as follows:—"It exhibits a faculty of rhyme and rhythm that gives promise of future ability in verse-writing. It surprises us that one who can write such good verses should be ignorant of how to form the capital letter E —he makes it like the numerical 3." He continued at the brass-finishing business for six or seven years, but his health began to trouble him a little, and he abandoned it altogether—worked at anything he could get to do for some time, and ultimately learned to weave floor-cloth. At present he is employed in a flax spinning mill at Montrose.

He contributed to the first number of the *People's Friend*, in 1869, and his effusions appear from time to time in that popular miscellany. In 1880 he published his verses in a collected form, under the title of "Poetical Sketches of Scottish Life and

Character," which was well received. He says:—"I do not lay claim to much poetical ability, but merely string a few verses together now and again, for my own, and perhaps, the amusement of a few others. Fidelity to nature has been my aim, more than artistic excellence. However, I am not a little proud to be able to say in the language of Dr Mackay—

> 'I know I never dip
> My pen in slime or gall,
> Or write a sentence that the purest lip
> Might scruple to recall.'"

In his poems we find several very beautiful word-portraits illustrating the habits of the Scottish peasantry—alive and bright with touches of real humanity. These had doubtless been drawn in his mind amidst the din and dust of his daily work, and committed to paper at his cozie fireside after the labours of the day. His "Puir Auld Folk," "An Ootlin' at Hame," "The Waukrife E'e," "The Wee Herd Loon," and many others are perhaps unambitious subjects, yet they come home to the hearts of all readers, and are the utterances of an honest kindly heart, full of benevolent feelings and pure aspirations.

We have felt considerable difficulty in selecting a specimen from so many pleasing character-sketches—all being invariably of general interest—and would fain have quoted "Nell Nicolson's Bairn" and "The Queer Man," but these being already well-known, we give

THE WAUKRIFE E'E.

> Ye sonsy-faced wee prattlin' thing,
> How can ye grieve my heart sae sair?
> Nae jot o' wark can I get dune—
> Ye're i' my arms baith late an' ear'.
> Ye surely dinna ken the dool
> Ye gar yer trachled mammy dree,
> Whan thus, throughout the lee-lang day,
> Ye winna close yer waukrife e'e.

The washin'-tub sits i' the floor—
I brocht it oot as mornin' dawned ;
There's scarce a clean dud i' the hoose,
An' yet I daurna weet my hand.
There's hose to darn, an' claes to mend ;
Yer daddie's breeks I'm wae to see ;
Yet hoo can I to aught attend,
Whan ye hae sic a waukrife e'e ?

The pat's but newlins on the fire ;
Yer daddie he'll be hame e'en noo,
Benumbed wi' cauld, bedaubed wi' mire,
An' naething het to fill his mou'.
My clockie fails to tell the hour—
Wee Robbie shoved the han's agee ;
To keep things richt's beyond my power,
Unless ye close yer waukrife e'e.

Frae oot the crue the grumphie granes—
Alack, puir beast, fu' weel she may ;
Some half-boiled taties, hard as stanes,
Are a' that's crossed her craig the day.
Had I my will she'd get her sairin',
Nor man nor beast sud scrimpit be ;
But naught gaes richt whan ye, my bairn,
Sae seldom close yer waukrife e'e.

Yet, bairnie, frae a power Divine
Thine e'e thou hast, an' I'd be laith
That ony witless word o' mine
Sud bring a hair o' thine to scaith.
Though wark sud stan' I'll keep thee richt,
An strive yer fauties to forgi'e,
Lest I sud tempt the Han' o' Micht,
In blamin' thus yer waukrife e'e.

Wee Nelly's e'e, o' bonnie black,
Was ance the licht o' oor abode ;
An' sair's my heart, for, noo, alack !
It's closed for aye beneath the sod.
Puir Benny's like a bricht wee gem,
Lies hid beneath the surging sea ;
O, bairnie, whan I think o' them,
I canna grudge yer waukrife e'e.

Still safe within my arms ye are,
Whar nae mischance may on ye licht ;
Yer e'e still bricht as ony star
That sparkles i' the broo o' nicht.
Though care sud wring this heart o' mine,
Hooe'er sae hard my lot may be,
Forbid that I sud patience tine,
An' blame again yer waukrife e'e.

TIBBIE TAMSON.

Auld Tibbie Tamson o' the Shaw
Had gat her heid sae panged wi' knowledge,
That she was naething laith to thraw
Wi' high-bred birkies frae the College.

She had but little o' beuk lair,
I' her young day 'twas seldom needit,
But Nature's beuk lay broad an' bare,
An' Tibbie kent the gate to read it.

She used to say, though it seemed odd
In ane o' Tibbie's humble station,
That Nature cam' direct frae God,
An' sacred was as revelation.

That never yet by art, forsooth,
Did ane attain to heavenly stature—
He lived the nearest God an' truth
That maist conformed wi' his ain nature.

The flower that sprang, the bird, the bee
That joyed when God's great sun was sheenin',
Were dear unto her heart, an' she
Had glimpses o' their deepest meanin'.

She caredna for the Latin names
Bestowed on them by men o' learnin',
'Twas but their habits, haunts, an' hames,
That Tibbie reckoned worth discernin'.

An' maist she loved the sweet wee flowers,
Wi' a' their buds an' blossoms tender;
An' strove to ken, wi' a' her powers,
The tribute they to man cud render.

For they were precious ane an' a',
Ilk yieldin' its peculiar juices;
Though there were mony a Johnie Raw
That neither kent them nor their uses.

But Tibbie kent them a' fu' weel,
An' aft in sunny summer weather
She wandered 'mang them wi' her creel,
Intent the usefu' anes to gather.

Though man, whatever be his will,
Maun gang just when his Maker pleases,
Yet Tibbie aft had proved her skill
To check the course o' maist diseases.

Puir fouk, afflicted wi' a hoast,
Or sufferin' frae the jaundice, maybe,
Wad doubtless hae been early lost
But for the timely aid o' Tibbie.

. . . . . .

Amang the bonnie muirs an' wuds
She aften took her lanely rambles,
Regardless o' her hamely duds,
Whilk aft were torn by briers an' brambles.

She lo'ed the yellow tormentil
That raised its heid aboon the heather,
Likewise the sweet wee pimpernel
That warned the shepherds o' the weather.

An' aft she gar't oor youngsters quail
Describin' some dark child o' Flora,—
A wolf's-bane, or a deadly dwale,
Or drowsy dreamy mandragora.

But time rolled on, an' Tibbie grew
Beneath its blighting touch fu' feeble ;
Yet as towards her end she drew
She aye was couthie an' agreeable.

Death cam' at length, an' closed her e'e
When Autumn's waefu' winds were sighing ;
An' as she'd wished, a green fir tree
Noo marks the spot whar she is lying.

JOHN TAYLOR

SKETCHES, in a graphic manner, the story of his life in his volume, "Poems, Chiefly on Themes of Scottish Interest," published in 1875. The narrative shows that he is one of those who have had to cultivate literature under the disadvantages arising from imperfect early education, and amid the difficulties and discouragements of a labourer's lot. Born in 1839, at Raddery, Ross-shire, his father was a shoemaker, and had a small croft. After his father's decease, Taylor was handed over to the

care of his grandmother, who "affectionately and prayerfully instructed him in the Bible and Catechism, and at night put him to bed, snug and warm, and kindly taught him short prayers and hymns."

It was while "herdin' craws" that he composed his first verses. From scaring birds he was promoted to the grade of stable-boy to the laird. Being in a quiet rural spot, he warbled his "native wood-notes wild" amid the bonny woods and flowery dells, and sang of Wallace and the heathery hills of Scotland. His next residence was Cromarty, where he acted as assistant to a "merchant." Here he became acquainted with Hugh Miller's mother, and his sister "Jeannie," the subject of one of his poems. He loved to roam during the evening hours among the sea-washed rocks and caverns, and the dark, ivy-spread dens where the gifted geologist and poet spent his early years. In course of time he is found labouring as a "navvy" on the Highland Railway, where he witnessed many rough scenes. After working in various parts of Scotland—

> "Wi' dirty stanes biggin' a dyke,
> Barin' a quarry an' sic like,"

—at oil works, bone mills, &c., he, in 1868, settled down in Edinburgh, where in the Meadows he is still labouring with the spade and the shovel.

Amidst these shifting scenes, constant hard labour, and rough companions he has manfully striven to cultivate his mind; and, says Dr Lindsay Alexander in an appreciative introductory note to his volume, "he has not unsuccessfully courted the Muse." His taste for reading, his sympathy with nature, his love of poetry, and his early Christian training have preserved him from the deteriorating influences to which he has been exposed, and have given a refinement and elevation to his modes of thought and feeling which we hardly expect to find in one who, since he was ten years of age, has had to toil for his daily

bread. His poems have chiefly been inspired by sylvan scenes and sights, by the incidents of shore and sea, cottage and hall. In style he is homely, but flowing through his pieces we generally find a tone of purity and content.

HIGHLAND MUSIC.

Oh, give us music sweet and clear!
Oh, give us music deep and strong!
The stirring strains we love to hear,
Blent with the majesty of song.

Oh, give us music grand and high,
Till every chord reverb'rate o'er
With the wild martial minstrelsy
Our fearless fathers loved of yore;

The strains that fired the men of old,
As on they marched to meet their foes!
Our valiant clansmen, stout and bold—
The Campbells, Camerons, and Munros.

. . . . . .

With lightsome bosom, full of mirth,
Contented, happy, gay, and warm,
We meet around the blazing hearth,
And listen to the lashing storm.

When Ossian sang his strains sublime
In days of glory and renown,
The Gaelic maids of olden time,
With bosom fair and tresses brown,

Attuned the harp's wild trembling string
To melting songs of love and war,
And chiefs and bards, n clustering ring,
Rehearsed their deeds in lands afar.

. . . . . .

Oh, give us music, while the smile
Of gentle woman softly glows!
To cheer, to comfort, and beguile,
Like perfume of the budding rose.

Oh, give us music!—tender tones,
Mild as the murmuring of streams;
Or solemn as the wind that moans,
Sad as our long-forgotten dreams.

It soothes the soul to joyous rest;
It bids the warrior's fear depart;
It warms the lover's swelling breast;
It fills the bard's deep yearning heart.

BONNY TEENIE BROON.

Bonny Teenie Broon, as she trips alang the street,
Wi' jinglin' pitchers glancin' clean, an' milk sae fresh and sweet,
Wi' feet as licht an' nimble as the lively mountain roe,
That gaily skips an' dances through the forest an' the snow.

She rises wi' the robin, an' merrily she sings,
While the dew is on the gowan an' the laverock upward springs;
An' the licht that plays an' lingers like sunshine on her broo,
Wi' cheery smiles the dowie heart o' sorrow can renew.

Bonnie Teenie Broon, frae the country pure an' free,
Whaur loupin' lammies frisk an' run, an' hums the wanderin' bee,
Whaur wuds an' braes are green an' braw, an' fields are gay an' fair,
Whaur sparklin' burnies dash and row, an' clover scents the air.

Bonnie Teenie Broon, in the stoury city's thrang,
Her blithesome heart is saft an' leal the waefu' croods amang,
As in the days o' yore, when she, a bairnie young an' sma',
Gaed gatherin' chuckie-stanes aside the roarin' waterfa'.

Bonnie Teenie Broon, as the years will slide awa',
Thy shinin' gowden locks may wear the whiteness o' the snaw;
The colour o' the crimson rose may frae thy cheek depart,
An' cloods o' wae an' weariness may settle o'er thy heart.

Bonnie Teenie Broon, while youth is on thy side,
An' while the years an' moments like summer streamlets glide,
Oh! prize the priceless Word o' Life sae precious an' divine,
An' seek for truth an' wisdom there, like treasures frae the mine.

Its licht will guide thy footsteps through a' the snares o' time,
An' lead thee on an' upward to eternal joys sublime;
Whaur thou shalt rise an' flourish wi' a pure immortal bloom,
An' reign an' sing in triumph o'er the darkness o' the tomb.

THOMAS P. NICOLL,

ABERDEEN, was born in that city in 1841. He was introduced to the business world at the very early age of ten, and from first to last his school-days did not extend over two years. When thirteen he was apprenticed to an ironmonger, and remained at that business for about ten years. Since that time he has been in the bookselling line—a business he has ever loved. From an early age he has been an ardent lover of books. When seventeen years of age he made his first essay in rhyme, but it was not till two years later that he published his first poem. Since then he has made some 700 appearances in the newspapers, and has published two volumes—"Trifles in Verse" in 1874, and "Baby Ballads" in 1878. He has also published several poems in pamphlet form, including "Ichabod," "Our City's Sorrow," and "Temperance Trash." These have been well received,—being earnest and elegant in tone, and without doubt the wellings of a thoughtful and feeling heart.

The Author says:—"I can remember that even while a child I was considerably under the sway of Fancy. All boys are more or less romantic, but I think I am quite right in saying that I was while a boy uncommonly so. I cannot say that I have gained either money or fame by my poetry, such as it is; but I am content—feeling that without gaining either, Poetry is still its own 'exceeding great reward.'"

His "Ballads" are pleasing, graceful, and tender, while his Sonnets and other pieces are mostly of a reflective character—grave and earnest, with a religious tone, not of a mere formal kind, but of a sincere and hopeful nature, expressed with the grace and feeling of a truly poetic mind.

The following is selected from "Baby Ballads,"

while the last is the concluding portion of a fine poem, "Compensation"—

But a babe—a tiny thing,
Frail as firstling of the spring;
But a babe, yet who may guess,
Looking in its little face,
What in dim futurity
By it may accomplished be.

. . . . . .

But a babe—a thing of tears,
Endless wants and groundless fears,
Clinging to its mother's breast—
Fount divine of food and rest!
Sacred couch, by heaven spread,
Divinely sweet and hallowed.

Sweet wee lady, father's pride,
Dear to him 'bove all beside;
Sweet wee lady, mother's pet,
Dainty, darling Margaret,
With thy wond'rous winning ways,
Thou hast won my stoic praise;
Woke within my heart *so hard*,
All the lover and the bard.

Muse o'er the mingled web of mortal life—
O, web of mystery, dark full oft, tho' fringed
With silver evermore, by His dear hand
Who bled for us on the accursèd tree.
At thought of this, light shineth in the dark,
We start, as when the arrows of the morn
Pierce the dusk bosom of some doleful dream;
And rising, leave the green and purple gloom,
To tread with happy heart the glowing heath,
And revel freely in the regal sun,
Lifting to heaven a shining face, a soul,
Big with the joy which God and nature give.

NELL.

There's vigour in yer shapely lim's,
  Health in yer hazel e'e,
An' routh o' love in your young hert,
  An' a' for me;
My ain love, my plain love,
  My ain plump Nell,
I ne'er hae seen, nor wish tae see
  A *fairer* than yersel'.

There's broad-beam'd sense, there's force, there's fire,
My winsome lass in thee,
An' routh o' love in your young hert,
An' a' for me ;
My ain love, my plain love,
My ain plump Nell,
I ne'er hae seen, nor wish to see
A *wiser* than yoursel'.

There's hamely airts an' habits clean,
My trigsome lass in thee,
An' routh o' love in your young hert,
An' a' for me ;
My ain love, my plain love,
My ain plump Nell,
I ne'er hae seen, nor wish to see,
A *sweeter* than yersel'.

There's love o' hame, o' weans an' wark,
My couthie wife in thee,
An' routh o' love in your young hert,
For mine an' me ;
My ain wife, my fain wife,
My ain dear Nell,
I ne'er hae seen nor wish to see
A *better* than yersel'.

THOUGHT.

Waves of thought,
Waves of thought,
Go surging through my brain,
Now high, now low, they come, they go,
But come and go in vain.

Waves of thought,
Waves of thought,—
Some would ripples, say—
They bound, they sound, they flash, they dash,
And fade in foam away.

Waves of thought,
Waves of thought,
Broken waves and white,—
They moan, they groan, they fret, they foam
For ever, day and night.

Waves of thought,
Waves of thought,
Confound these waves of thought!
They come, they go, they go, they come,
Yet never come to aught!

J. C. HUTCHIESON.

JAMES CRUICKSHANK HUTCHIESON was born in Aberdeen in 1847. He is a son of the late John Hutchieson, who, when a very young man, had been precentor of the U.P. Church, George Street, and in 1844 was appointed precentor in the Free Trinity Church, Aberdeen, and of whom the following notice appeared in a sketch of "Precentors of Former Times":—"Mr Hutchieson, who will still be remembered by many, was a young man who could sing Scotch songs with much taste and effect, and had he lived would certainly have made a name to himself. He occasionally gave concerts in the city and district, which were very successful; indeed, people were taken much by surprise alike by his full manly voice, and his talent as a delineator of Scotch character. His singing of 'The Bonnie House o' Airlie,' and some Jacobite songs could scarcely have been surpassed. His death took place in the beginning of 1852, after he had held the office for about eight years."

During the school career of the subject of the present sketch, the prize lists showed him to have been a successful scholar. Being a "son of song" his poetic taste showed itself very early. When sixteen years of age he entered the counting-house of Messrs Alex. Pirie & Sons, Stoneywood Works. He employed much of his leisure, when residing at Stoneywood, in literary pursuits and the composition of poems, essays, and articles, which saw the light in several newspapers and magazines. Possessed of considerable talent as an elocutionist, he was amongst the first who, in 1864, introduced "Penny Readings" in the north of Scotland. He delivered several lectures in the locality on behalf of charitable and other laudable objects, and took an active part in any movement to promote the welfare of the community.

In 1877 he published a volume of poetry, under the title of "Village Voices, or Warbles from the Sprays of Stoneywood," which was well received and very rapidly sold out. In 1878 he published, in the Chandos Classics, "Fugitive Poetry, 1600-1878," a valuable collection of anonymous poetry, and has received great commendations from the press for the care, research, industry, and literary ability exhibited in preparing the compilation, by which he has done good service to literature. He is now manager of Messrs Pirie's Envelope Works, Aberdeen, which is a proof that he has also been diligent in business.

"Village Scenes" contain many sweet and pathetic pieces. These are not equal in point of merit, yet they never fail to show a wholesome moral; and, although occasionally lacking in vigour of expression, they are the serene and tender lessons of one who has thought much and felt deeply. The following selection from "New Brooms Sweep Clean," "The Bervie Braes," and "Sale of Pledges." will give a specimen of his muse:—

As ye begin continue on, if ye wish well to end;
These are the steps, my boy, by which the ladder you'll ascend.
Close application, earnest work, and strict sobriety:
Diligently persevere, deal just and honestly;
Be firm in purpose to be good, to do good, and to grow
In grace, and with God's favour then things will more sweetly flow.
You will not rise at once, you know; work slowly up and on;
I'd have you, since no moss is gathered by the rolling stone,
To prize your place, stand by your post, let none step in between,
For bear in mind the proverb says—*New Brooms Sweep Clean.*

We'll to romantic glens retire
An' see cliffs that wad awe inspire:
We scenes o' wonder will admire,
Aside the Braes o' Bervie.
Oh, come ye where fond lovers go
An' where the bonnie harebells grow!
Oh, come ye where wild roses blow,
Upon the Braes o' Bervie!

Oh, come ye to the Bervie Braes,
The Bervie Braes, the Bervie Braes!
Oh, come ye to the Bervie Braes,
The Bonnie Braes o' Bervie!

I've seen the bairnies, blythe and gay,
Weave cowslip wreaths in bonnie May,
An' happily they spent the day
Upon the Braes o' Bervie;
There bonnie bairnies mak' their plays,
There bonnie lassies spread their claes,
There auld folks sing o' youthfu' days,
Upon the Braes o' Bervie.
Oh, come ye to, etc.

Sale of Pledges! Tales of sorrow,
Hardships, heart-throes, bitter grief;
Sad extremity to borrow
On your goods to gain relief.

. . . . . .

Sale of Pledges! "Clocks and Watches"
Gone from want of tick to chime;
Ere time golden moments snatches,
Time your watch and watch your time.

Sale of Pledges! "Jewellery." Many
Keepsake vows have here been broken,
Many sighs breathed, deep as any,
Ere the parting with love's token.

Sale of Pledges! "Sundry other
Articles," I doubt it not;
Sundry sorrows sad to smother,
"Too numerous to name," I wot.

THE KING MAY COME THE CADGER'S WAY.

"The King may come the cadger's way!"
Ah, weel-a-wyte it's true!
For mony a King's been in a plicht,
Frae field or palace forced to flicht,
An' glad to house him for the nicht,
When roun' him shadows grew;
Richt thankfu' too for bread and whey—
The King may come the cadger's way,
Ah, weel-a-wyte it's true!

"The King may come the cadger's way!"
Ah, weel-a-wyte it's true!
Nae easy seat aneth a crown,
Intrigue may hirsl't till't fa' doon;

There's naething siccar to surroun'
Kings mair than me or you :
Aids in unlikely parts aft lie,
The King may come the cadger's way,
Ah, weel-a-wyte it's true !

"The King may come the cadger's way !"
Ah, weel-a-wyte it's true !
It matters nae, gowd, gear, or lan',
Kings, cadgers, maun work han' to han',
We're a' dove-tailed in ae great plan,
Keep this aye in yer view ;
Hae leal hearts a', for certainly
The King may come the cadger's way,
Ah, weel-a-wyte it's true !

"The King may come the cadger's way !"
Ah, weel-a-wyte it's true !
Though siller show wha's rich, wha's puir,
Nae heich heads we sud carry here,
Baith King an' cadger maun appear
On that Great Day's Review !
What's rank when i' the grave we lie ?
The King may come the cadger's way,
Ah, weel-a-wyte it's true !

AN OLD MAN'S LAMENT.

A fifty years' servant out in the cold, out in the cold,
Because I am now grown feeble and old, feeble and old ;
Recovered an illness only to find, only to find,
The service of old age not to the mind, not to the mind ;
New masters, 'tis well said, maketh new laws, maketh new laws,
And I am dismissed now, and for this cause, and for this cause :—
I am over in years, feeble and old, feeble and old,
Though fifty years servant out in the cold, out in the cold !
I may too much partake of the old school, of the old school,
And perhaps slow to learn up the new rule, up the new rule :
Elastic was my step, once light as any, once light as any,
Once could have taken my part with the many, part with the many.
I pray you, young men, an example take, example take.
Provide for the winter ere old age shake, ere old age shake,
Else you may be found out in the cold, out in the cold,
When you have, like me, grown feeble and old, feeble and old.
Truly is old age labour and sorrow, labour and sorrow ;
To me may sweet rest come, come on the morrow, come on the morrow.
Now, that I'm turned from an earthly gate, an earthly gate,
The Master's "Well done" I patiently wait, patiently wait.

COLIN SIEVWRIGHT

HAILS from Forfar. He was born in Brechin in January, 1819. His father was a hand-loom weaver, and Colin being the eldest of a large family, at a tender age was utilized in the way of earning a penny to help the house. "When little more than eight," our poet tells us in a brief note. "I entered the service of the East Mill Company, where for the work of 72 hours I was paid the magnificent sum of 1s. Before I was eleven years old I was sent to the herdin', and from that day to this I have 'paddled my own canoe.' When about thirteen I was smitten with the disease known as 'caufie love,' and as a natural consequence began to dabble in rhyme—my first attempt being 'Annie was my dearie, O.'"

In 1866 he published "The Sough o' the Shuttle"—a volume containing several pathetic and melodious pieces, together with several of a somewhat rugged and stiff nature; while his "Rhymes for the Children of the Church" (published in 1879) contains many thoughtful and pleasing verses, exhibiting simplicity of style and graceful clearness. But it is in his "Love Lilts" where he is seen to be most natural and happy. Of these he has published several small collections, and many of them are now well-known and popular. However, his strong and unconcealed Prelatic, Jacobite, and Tory leanings have rendered him much less popular than he might otherwise have been.

ANNIE WAS MY DEARIE, O!

On Rossie Muir when first I strayed,
The warld seemed licht and cheerie, O!
My heart was careless, blythe, and glad,
An' Annie was my dearie, O!
'Twas summer time when first we met
Upon the banks sae briery, O!
I think I see the lammies yet
Sport round me an' my dearie, O!

A peerless brow, a sunny smile,
Twa blue e'en saft an' bonnie, O!
A lovin' heart that kent nae guile
Had my sweet dearie, Annie, O!
The knowe ahent the corn yard,
The plantin' dark an' shady, O!
Where love's young dream first filled my heart,
And Annie filled my plaidie, O!

These scenes o' love, to memory sweet,
That form sae licht an' airy, O!
Those happy days I'll ne'er forget,
When Annie was my dearie, O!
But now she's gane across the burn,
An' through the glen sae eerie, O!
An' I am left behind to mourn
My heart's first dearest dearie, O!

ARCHIE AN' EPPIE.

On the banks o' the burnie there stands a wee toon,
For Ozanburg weaving has gained some renown,
An' there live in that toon a puir man and his wife
Wha lead, I can tell ye, an unco queer life.

. . . . . .

He wirks like a nigger, an' fills his ain pirns,
An' flytes a' day lang at the twa duddie bairns;
Eppie, too, keeps an Ozanburg aye upon hand,
Tho' sometimes a month i' the loom it'll stand;
But that is nae wonder when ane recollects
That household affairs she never neglects.

. . . . . .

Their furniture's scanty, an' covered wi' stoor,
An' the caddis in tangles hings doon to the floor;
For want o' a fender the ase spreads ootower,
An' keps ye whene'er ye look in at the door.
Like a craw i' the mist Eppie sits i' the reek,
Wi' a cool on as black's the black pipe in her cheek;
What gar'd Archie tak' her wad beat ye to ken,
But sad useless tawpies will sometimes get men,
An' strange things an' unco will e'en come to pass,
For Eppie M'Dougal was ance a braw lass,
A braw lass an' bonnie, as ye wad hae seen,
An' a'thing about her sae trig an' sae clean;
That she's sae sair altered I'm sorra tae tell;
But she disna seem to be sorra hersel'.
An' Archie, the body, seems pleased wi' his lot,
Tho' like to be scumfussed wi' caddis an' soot—

A proof were it wanted, that we needna care,
Whether we hae or haena a penny to spare,
That tho' the last plack o' oor siller be spent,
It signifies naething, if we be content.
(O sad were the world, an' sad were my fate,
If love were confined to the homes o' the great;
But love and contentment can live amon' stoor
As weel's in a room wi' a carpeted floor,
An' shed on the puirest their comfortin' ray,
To lichten the sorras an toils o' the day.)

BONNIE BAIRNIES.

Bonnie bairnies, how they rin,
Toddlin' oot, an' toddlin' in,
A' the day wi' gladsome din—
Bonnie little bairnies!

O, it mak's me blythe to see
Innocence, an' mirth an' glee,
Blinkin' bricht in ilka e'e—
Bonnie little bairnies!

Up an' doon the doors they chase,
Strivin' wha will win the race;
Hoot awa! a broken face!
Bonnie little bairnies!

But a mither's hand is near,
An' a mither's kiss will cheer
The sabbin' heart, an' dry the tear—
Bonnie little bairnies!

Gudeness guide ye! bonnie flowers!
Through this frosty warld o' oors,
To his ain sunsheenie bowers,
Bonnie little bairnies!

Oh! it mak's me wae to ken
That a warld o' grief an' pain
Yet may claim ye for its ain—
Bonnie little bairnies!

Ay, if spared, in after life
Ye will hae to dree the strife—
Dule an' sorrow, rank an' rife!
Bonnie little bairnies!

An' the cauldrife hand o' Death
Sune may come to stap yer breath ;
Mither's heart will then be laith !
Bonnie little bairnies !

But in yon fair land, abune
Earth an' sky, an' sun, an' mune,
Ye will sing a happy tune !
Bonnie little bairnies !

Sorrow there will never sigh,
For the Father's Hand will dry
Ilka tear that dims the eye,
Bonnie little bairnies !

Ilka bairnie's voice will sing
Glory, glory to the KING
Who, to draw fae death the sting,
Made Himsel' a Bairnie.

JAMES DAVIDSON.

KNOWN as the "Buchan Poet," is a native of the parish of Logie Buchan, Aberdeenshire, having been born at Leys of Auchmacoy in 1829. His father was an operative mason. When the subject of our sketch was an infant, the family removed to Peterhead, where he was sent to a "dame school," and taught to read the Shorter Catechism and the Proverbs of Solomon. Before he was six years of age, he and another boy set out to sea one morning in a small boat. A storm arising, they had much difficulty in pulling back again, and only reached home after an absence of twelve hours, very much exhausted and hungry — having had no food all day. When he was seven his mother died, and his grandmother came to keep house for his father. The family soon afterwards re-

moved to Aberdeen. Here the father died, and Davidson was left an orphan at the tender age of nine years. He was taken in charge by his uncle, who is at present Inspector of Poor for the parish of Tyrie, and Gas Manager at New Pitsligo, where he formerly resided. At this place young Davidson first showed his possession of poetic faculties. When herding near a suicide's grave, he wrote a thoughtful epitaph on "Soutar Johnnie," whose remains sleep in a march-ditch between "twa laird's lands"—no suicides being then interred in consecrated ground. After remaining some time as an apprentice at a grocery, drapery, and druggist establishment in New Pitsligo, he acted for eighteen years as shopkeeper to his uncle, who had started the business of a "general merchant." Having learnt shorthand writing, he was engaged as a reporter by the *Banffshire Journal*. He was only two years connected with the press, when he went back to his uncle, bought the stock and trade, and entered on the business, which he still carries on.

Many of his productions becoming known through the medium of the Aberdeen newspapers, the poet met with warm support and encouragement from the late Sir Charles Forbes, Bart., of Newe; and, in 1861, he published his "Poems, chiefly in the Buchan Dialect." This volume was well received, although its contents are of decidedly unequal merit. His more recent pieces are much superior in point of thought and expression. The book was very favourably reviewed, and was used as a text-book for Buchan Scotch in various Highland schools.

He has a taste for antiquarian research, and in his younger years thought nothing of walking fifty or sixty miles a-day, in order to visit old castles and places of historic interest. Although his diction is occasionally far from neat or appropriate, yet he is pure and warm in sentiment, with an ever-present glow of earnest and affectionate charity. In

proof of this "Grannie an' her Oy," "Who are Christians?" "The Ha'," and many others, might be quoted.

AN ORPHAN'S DIRGE.

ADDRESSED TO THE AUTUMN WIND.

Sing, sing, ye fitful autumn winds the dirge of summer dead,
And strew the leaves that yet remain to tell that summer's fled!
And make a cheerless doleful moan o'er fields where lately grain
In golden glory richly waved, and sang a gladsome strain.
But here be sad the requiem ye chant above the dead,
For here in death my mother sleeps—this is her lowly bed.

'Twas summer, and the lark sang clear, high in the sunny sky,
That afternoon when I, alone, a child, beheld her die.
Ah! well I mind how she fell back upon her bed and sighed,
Upraised her hands, then looked at me, gave one faint sigh, and died!
She died, and ere spring twice again had filled the land with joy
My father died, and I was left a friendless orphan boy.
'Twas heaven's will to call them hence, and I must not repine,
But rather learn to follow them while life and youth are mine;
But oh! since then what lonesome hours in grief I've had to pine!
Since then what blighted hopes, what cares and sorrows have been mine!
And yet since then, tho' unkind words have dimmed my eyes with tears,
I've met with many a friendly bark on the stormy sea of years.
But none save heaven aright can know the woes poor orphans feel,
And few, alas! too few, delight our wounded hearts to heal.
Till now I never saw this spot where she was lowly laid,
To mix again with mother earth among her kindred dead.
Sing, sing, ye fitful autumn winds, and strip the woodlands bare!
Those leaves ye strew upon this grave seem bidding me prepare.
And like those leaves, and like that rain that's gushing forth amain,
My tears shall fall upon this grave—I may not see't again.

WILT THOU COME?

The whins are a' in bloom, love:
The laverock charms the sky:
The burnie in the den, love,
To Care sings lullaby;
The buds are growing leaves, love,
Upon the branches a';
They laugh an' dance wi' glee, love,
For saftest zephyrs blaw.

The cushat to its mate, love,
In adoration coos;
Each chaffinch, thrush, an' blackbird,
In song tells how it lo'es;
The lintie, too, sings here love—
Love fills each heart with glee;
O wilt thou, wilt thou come, love,
And welcome Spring with me?

The sunny laughin' sky, love,
So like thy cheering smile,
Is fu' o' love, is free o' clouds,
As thou art free o' guile.
The voice of jocund Spring,
Like thine, tho' dear to me,
Would sweeter seem if thou wert near—
O wilt thou roam with me?

JOHN BETHUNE,

BORN in 1812, died in 1839. His short life was spent in the home of his parents, in the parish of Abdie, near Newburgh, Fifeshire, and consisted, with brief intervals of literary work, in hard, grinding toil for the means of subsistence—working in the quarry, in the woods, and on the roads—seldom earning above one shilling a-day. He was entirely self-educated, having been only one day at school; nevertheless, he managed, amidst unspeakable hardships, to cultivate a taste for literature, and never failed to show a warm appreciation of all that is good and elevated.

The literary work produced and published by John Bethune, in conjunction with his only brother, Alexander, who was some years his senior, created much amazement and admiration at the time, gaining for both of them the notice and friendship of many eminent men, including George Combe, and the brothers Chambers, of Edinburgh. Their most admired

writings were "Tales and Sketches of the Scottish Peasantry" (2 vols.), and "Lectures on Political and Social Economy." To *Chambers's Journal*, the *Tales of the Borders*, and other periodicals, they contributed occasionally with much appreciation. The two men wrought together both in the field and in their literary labours, which latter occupied their time in winter, and during such weather as put a stop to out-door work.

It was not till after John's death that the world became aware of his poetical vocation, through the publication by Alexander of a selection of his brother's pieces, with a memoir attached — his object being to gain as much money by the sale as would enable him to raise a tombstone to the deceased. The whole of the impresssion of 700 copies was speedily bought up, and another edition was published in England during the following year. Both are out of print, and should be reprinted. A monument, suitably inscribed, was erected in Abdie Churchyard, and now marks the graves of the whole family. "This spot, and the house they built," Charles Kingsley says, "will become a pilgrim's station, only second to Burns's grave, whenever the meaning of worth and worship shall become rightly understood among us."

The two selections below will serve to convey the gentle sweetness, and also the pleasant, dry humour of our author.

NATIVE SCENES.

Alas! to loftier minds than mine
The innate gift of noble song,
And noble energies divine,
Of stirring eloquence belong.

Be then my theme a homely theme,
Yet not unmeet for lady's eyes,
Whose spirit can enjoy the dream
Of flowery fields and glowing skies.

. . . . . .

The gentle hills, which round enclose
A rural amphitheatre sweet,
Seem calmly watching the repose
Of the green landscape at their feet.

And whatsoe'er on earth is fair,
Of sylvan shades, or waters pure,
Or flowery fields, collected there,
Appears in beauteous miniature.

There blossoms many a lovely tree,
Whose shade the pensive spirit calms,
More pleasing far, I ween, to me
Than all the pride of Indian palms.

At eventide I there may range
Through silent walks in thoughtful strain—
Through solitudes I would not change
For myrtle groves or Grecian plain.

Let those who have no homes to leave—
No hearts their dwellings to endear—
No friends their absence would bereave,
To distant lands for pleasure steer.

Where nature's fairest features shine,
In quest of beauty let them go,
To wander by the banks of Rhine,
Or gaze upon the Alpine snow;

Or on Lake Leman's glassy breast,
On summer days embark and glide,
Where mightiest bards have soothed to rest
Their troubled thoughts and wounded pride.

But still let my enchanted eye
Behold the lake I love the best:
Still in the woods which round it lie,
Contented let me toil, or rest.

More dear to me the meanest stream
Which winds my native plains among,
Than Hermus or Meander seem
In all the pomp of classic song.

. . . . . .

Oh! not on earth's extended sphere
Can fairer fields or waters gleam,
Than those which fancy renders dear,
When brightened by affection's beam.

Amid these scenes I fain would spend
Life's short'ning and uncertain lease,
And bless'd with hope, await its end,
When He who conquer'd Death may please.

But if it be my destined lot,
In future years of toil, to roam
Far from each fair familiar spot,
Which smiles around my cottage home,

May Heaven this boon vouchsafe to me,
With joyful footsteps to return,
Once more my native fields to see,
Ere life's faint taper cease to burn;

And in some love endear'd abode,
While those sweet scenes around me lie,
Breathe forth my soul in sighs to God,
And 'mid the prayers of friendship die!

SELFISHNESS.

Since first I set a fit on earth—
And mony a ane I've paidled,
Between auld Cupar toun and Perth,
Unbridled and unsaddled—

Whare'er I set my waefu' face
Upon the land that bore me,
The sisters, Greed and Selfishness,
Were trottin' aye before me.

Trig active maidens baith appear'd,
And aften I hae seen them
Wi' Justice, an' auld cripple carle,
Jog, joggin' on between them.

His breeks were threadbare, and the knees
Were worn to perfect tatters;
His coat was plaistered ower wi' grease,
And dow'd as ony hatter's.

His shoon were weighty wooden clogs,
Through mony a mire they'd trodden—
He lost his sword, his dirk, his brogues,
As far back as Culloden;

And bits o' paper ca'd "The Laws,"
Were now his last protection,
And aft he quoted verse and clause,
And chapter, page, and section;

His bannet braid hung ower his neck,
Sair sloutch'd, and scuff'd, and cloutit;
His back was bow'd, and like to break,
And low the body loutit.

He stagger'd on between them twa,
And sair the limmers jogg'd him—

And aye when he was like to fa',
They elbow'd him and flogg'd him ;

And then the weigh-bauk in his hand—
On week-day, or on Sunday,
Which ne'er a minute still did stand—
Jow'd sair at ilka jundy.

But though they kept him on his feet,
Yet nae gudewill they bore him ;
And aye when they desired to meet,
They reakit round before him :

And though they were so near a-kin
In their refined embraces,
They aften clutch'd and peel'd the skin
Frae ane anither's faces.

Nor did the carle 'scape frae scaith
In the familiar grapple ;
For aft the head-strong limmers baith
Were rivin' at his thrapple.

And ilka ane, baith man and wife,
Whae'er has heard or seen them,
Declares he leads an awfu' life
O' tear an' wear between them.

JOHN MACDONALD,

A WORKING bookbinder, was born in Glasgow in 1860. As yet he has not published a volume, but he has written several poems of considerable merit—his "Lay of Time" being awarded a prize by a local paper as the best sentimental song in the competition. We quote the following from

TIME.

Onward with silent step I march
Along the changeful path of years,
And no one yet, however arch,
Can bid me stay with sighs and tears.
The old clock marks my rapid flight,
As it peals forth in solemn tone.

Hour after hour, both day and night,
It tells of time forever gone.

The boy led by Ambition's flame,
In life's race, fired by hopeful dreams,
He longs to reach the shrine of Fame,
And drink of Fancy's crystal streams;
But, as he dreams, onward I pass,
He wakes to realise the truth,
And views the beaten track, alas!
He sighs for misspent days of youth.

Sweetly the fragrant flowers bloom,
Laved by the sparkling summer dew,
Fond Nature's bosom they illume,
With their bright crests of varied hue;
And yet those pretty little flow'rs
In brilliant sunshine bright array'd,
That gild with beauty summer hours,
At my call quickly droop and fade.

D. YOUNG

WAS born at the farm of Smediton, in the parish of Carmyllie, in 1852. He was trained for a reporter's vocation, but eventually settled down on the farm to assist his aged parents. From an early age he attempted poetry, but we learn that he had the good sense to destroy most of his early productions. Besides writing in verse, he now writes excellently in prose, and has contributed articles on agricultural subjects to the *Scotsman* and other newspapers. His tributary verses to Alex. Brown, LL.D., astronomer, Arbroath, to Dr Bell, of "Reaper" fame, to Dr Guthrie, of Ragged School celebrity, and to others, are pleasing efforts. Young is about to publish a collection of his pieces, which have appeared in the *Arbroath Guide* and other

papers. One of the most important in the volume will be a poem of some 600 lines, entitled "The Bridge of Lives," in which he discusses some of the leading controversies of the day. Of this poem several authorities speak in the highest terms.

THE WARDEN OF THE BAY.

Where old Redcastle guards the bay,
And Lunan joins the sea;
Where now the lambs and children play
In innocence and glee,
And warblers chant on every spray
And flowers begem the lea,—

Yet here in hoary days of eld
Another sight was seen,
When Mars his gory revels held
Upon the spreading green,
And stern invasion was repell'd
By braves of Spartan mien.

How changed the scene 'twixt furious then,
And flowery jocund now!
'Twixt heavy tramp of armed men
Upon the rocks' high brow,
And laverock-notes of ploughboys when
They whistle at the plough!

Fair Peace! with all her smiling train,
With fruits and blossoms crown'd,
With flocks and herds on hill and plain,
Where pastures rich abound;
While waving seas of golden grain
Spread smiling all around!

Fierce War! with all its hideous show,
And pageantry so grim,
That clothes the world in weeds of woe,
And makes its glory dim,
And lays the strength of nations low
To please a magnate's whim.

Well may it be the People's prayer—
The prayer of every zone—
That henceforth never anywhere
May War's fell blast be blown,
But Peace may rule and Freedom fair
Maintain her rightful throne.

ALEX. M. SOUTAR

WAS born in June, 1846, at Muirdrum, in the parish of Panbride, in Forfarshire. His father, Simon Soutar, held a small pendicle, and worked as a farm labourer. Alexander attended school during winter, and worked with the farmers in summer, till he reached the age of fourteen, when he was apprenticed to a joiner. It was at this time that he began verse-writing. As his mind expanded he became anxious to see a little more of the world. At the age of sixteen he enlisted in the army, and shortly afterwards was sent out to India, where he served nine years. Returning with his regiment to Scotland in 1873, he obtained his discharge, and since then has been employed as a joiner at Claverhouse Bleachfield.

In 1880 he published an interesting volume, bearing the appropriate title of "Hearth Rhymes"—most of them having been composed and sung in the evening at his "ain fireside," after his day's work at the bench was over. Many of these have been warmly welcomed in the poets' corner of our newspapers and magazines, and several have been set to music. His pieces are characterised by a healthful Scottish sentiment, and not a little pleasant humour. He sings feelingly of home and wedded love; goes quietly forth to nature, with an eye open to the loveliness of familiar scenes, and a heart responsive to the humblest voices of life. We quote the following from

A SUMMER EVENING SOLILOQUY.

The thrush has sought the highest twig
To pour aloft his evening song;
While Jenny Wren's sweet lullaby
I hear yon fern leaves among.

And so with men; some soar aloft,
While some the lowly path must plod,
But high or low we may enjoy
A song to cheer us on the road.

A spider on yon bush of broom,
With neatness spreads his airy net,
And waits till some deluded fly
Falls in the trap that he has set.

And so with poor deluded man,
Around him Satan sets his snares,
And lures him on with pleasing baits,
Until he catch him unawares.

Yon May-fly, sporting out its day,
Tips lightly o'er the crystal pool,
A splash—a flash, and all is o'er—
A trout has caught the gaudy fool.

By Death devoured! Oh, let us pause;
We've food for deep reflection here:
Let us while in the midst of life,
Still bear in mind that Death is near.

. . . . . .

The more we study Nature's moods,
The clearer we behold the road
That leads the longing soul of man
"From Nature up to Nature's God."

AYE BEST AT HAME.

We're hame again my dearie,
The nicht we've spent fu' cheerie,
An' yet hoo sune we wearie
When we're awa' frae hame.
Hame!
There's pleasure in the name,
'Tis gude owre a', luve,
But aye best at hame.

Hame! O it sounds fu' rarely,
It bids a welcome fairly;
Puir things they suffer sairly
Wha dinna hae a hame—
Hame!
There's gladness in the name;
'Tis gude owre a', luve,
But aye best at hame.

Weary frae wark returning,
You never think of mourning,
When luve's bricht lowe is burning
Within your hoose at hame—
Hame!
Love lingers in the name;
'Tis gude owre a', luve,
But aye best at hame.

When by your hearth sae cosy,
Your wife wi' cheeks sae rosy,
Will press you to her bosie
The moment you come hame—
Hame!
Joy sparkles in the name;
'Tis gude owre a', luve,
But aye best at hame.

At hame I never weary,
The nicht I spend fu' cheerie;
My ain kind-hearted dearie,
You mak' a happy hame—
Hame!
A halo's round the name,
'Tis gude owre a', luve,
But aye best at hame.

TO A SNOWDROP.

Herald of coming bloom,
Sweet little flower;
Nobly thy tiny stem
Braves winter's power.

Emblem of diligence,
Springing from bed;
Earth's face to beautify
Ere winter has fled.

. . . . . .

Picture of modesty—
Head carried low;
Pattern to mankind, while
Onward they go.

Teaching this lesson,
Vices to cure—
"Ever be diligent,
Modest, and pure."

COME BACK, MY DEARIE.

Fareweel noo to sadness, I've reason for gladness;
'Tis joy, only joy, brings the tear to my e'e;
I've got a love letter, an' what mak's it better,
The writer is swiftly returning to me.

O come back, my dearie, sae blythesome an' cheery.
You're welcome, aye welcome, dear laddie, to me;
Come back to your Mary, awa' dinna tarry—
The joys o' my life are a' centred in thee.

Your absence has grieved me; O, why did you leave me
To droop like a sun-flower bereft of the sun;
To greet your returning, noo sweetly is burning
The bricht lowe o' love in the heart you hae won.
O come back, my dearie, &c.

When love you're pursuing, O cauld is the wooing
If ilka sweet word has to drap frae a pen;
But soon you'll be near me, to comfort an' cheer me,
An', love-fraught epistles, adieu to ye then.
O come back, my dearie, &c.

The main thing is wanting to mak' love enchanting
If wooers at e'en canna meet for a-wee,
For love's greatest blessing a' lies in the kissing—
A kiss upon paper is cauld to the pree.
Sae come back, my dearie &c.

THE EARL OF SOUTHESK, K.T.

THE lot of this poet has been to sing in a noble home, but he has a heart deeply imbued with the gentle influence of love and affection for all classes, having frequently employed his powerful pen in pourtraying the joys and sorrows of humble life, which he is well qualified to do from his mixing with the poor and needy.

James, ninth Earl of Southesk, is the eldest son of the late Sir James Carnegie, Bt. His Lordship was born in Edinburgh on the 10th November 1827, was educated at the Edinburgh Academy, and at the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, where he passed examinations entitling him to a commission without purchase. He served as an ensign for a short time in the 92nd Highlanders, and afterwards obtained a commission in the Grenadier Guards. In 1849 he succeeded his father in the Baronetcy, and in 1855 he was restored, with the original precedency, to the old Scottish Earldom, created in 1633, through the reversal of the attainder which affected it. In 1869 he was created a Baron of the United Kingdom, and a Knight of the Order of the Thistle. His Lordship has been twice married —first to Lady Catherine Hamilton Noel (daughter of the first Earl of Gainsborough), who died in 1855; and secondly, in 1860, to Lady Susan Catherine Mary Murray, eldest daughter of Alexander Edward, sixth Earl of Dunmore.

It might be interesting to note that our noble poet spends a great portion of his time in quiet retirement at Kinnaird Castle, a princely residence, and a place of much interest, about three miles from Brechin. It is considered one of the finest seats in Scotland, and stands within a park of above 1300 acres in extent, which shelters numerous herds of deer. The general appearance of the castle is that of a French chateau

of the olden time, with quaintly-carved coats of arms showing the alliances of its owners since the days of Duthac of Carnegie and Mariota of Kinnaird, nearly five centuries ago. In front lies the deer park, stretching in one level sweep, with its many extensive woods and plantations; and immediately around the castle are large flower-gardens within richly balustraded terrace walls. Surely such a residence can be called a

"Meet nurse for a poetic child."

Lord Southesk loves this quiet retreat, and we cannot but think that he has often felt inspired, when raising his head from his manuscript to meditate over a more harmonious arrangement of a line, his eye would catch such a scene as this, which he has graphically described in a poem as yet unpublished:—

FADED GLORY.

'Tis in the winter of the year,
A silent, sad November day;
The beech is brown, the oak is sere,
The ash is sallow gray.

The blackbird on the balustrade
Beside the golden-olive moss,
His morning feast has yonder made
Where crimson berries cross.

The shaggy cattle in the park*
Move gently on like mystic dreams,
And o'er the herbage dun and dark
Their silvery softness gleams.

And, through the orange fern, the deer
Among the fir-trees idly stray:
The beech is brown, the oak is sere,
The fir is green alway.

* Grey Highland cattle.

Since resigning the Lord-Lieutenancy of Kincardineshire, in 1856, Lord Southesk has not taken much part in public affairs; and it is only in recent years

that he has proved himself to the world to be a man of literature, and a poet in the true sense of the word. He has also distinguished himself as a traveller; for, during the year 1859 he journeyed in the Far West of America, and in 1875 published a most interesting account of his adventures and experiences in a large volume, entitled "Saskatchewan, and the Rocky Mountains; a Narrative of Travel through the Hudson's Bay Territories." Attached to this volume we find several very refined and enlightened critical articles on Shakespere. Being spoken of as a reverential student of Shakespere, and an enlightened liberal patron of the drama and fine arts, he is considered an authority in literary and artistic circles.

In 1862 he published a romance bearing the title of "Herminius," which was written in his early youth. "Britain's Art Paradise" appeared in 1871, being notes on pictures exhibited in the Royal Academy for that year. In rapid succession we have, in 1875, "Jonas Fisher; a Poem in Brown and White," which soon went into a second edition, and, in 1876, "Greenwood's Farewell, and other Poems." In 1877 his Lordship gave to the world "The Meda Maiden, and other Poems." The latter is the last published of his Lordship's works.

The first edition of "Jonas Fisher" being published anonymously, its authorship provoked a good deal of speculation. Some had a notion it was the work of a Scotch clergyman, others that of an English layman. Robert Buchanan was very generally offered the honour, and a few ascribed the work to George Macdonald or George Elliot. But the author's secret was soon divulged, and his name appeared on the title-page of the second edition.

Jonas Fisher is a work of considerable length, written entirely in the simplest ballad measure. Its plan may be viewed as two-fold:—first, through a series of short narratives to describe the condition of

the poor in the neglected parts of our larger cities; secondly, to enumerate under the guise of homely, and sometimes even grotesque, language, many unusually bold and speculative opinions on religious, social, and semi-political subjects.

The design is mostly carried out through two interlocutors—Jonas Fisher, shopman and missionary in a great Scottish city (presumably Edinburgh), a good, but simple and half-educated young man of evangelical views, and a certain Mr Augustus Grace, one of Jonas's wealthy friends and fellow-labourers in the field of charity, a gentleman of philanthropic dispositions and kindly though somewhat eccentric character, a hater of conventionality and shams, and a free speculator in many realms of thought. Jonas himself is the assumed writer of the poem, and the narrator of most of the humourous or terrible incidents in which the volume abounds.

Listen to this description of an adventure in a foul and dangerous locality, chiefly inhabited by Irish of the lowest class: Jonas speaks:

> One house, however, I confess
> I did not like to visit late,
> A man might there be snugly killed
> And no one know about his fate.
>
> Indeed, not far from that same place,
> Two resurrectionists of old
> Pursued their trade of strangling boys,
> Whose bodies afterwards they sold.
>
> Such narrow stairs with twists and turns,
> Such long dark winding passages,—
> Such sudden howls from dreadful holes,
> That made one's very life-blood freeze!
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "But are they safe to go among?"
> Says I, quite low; "Now would they rob
> A missionary?" "Sir," says he,
> "Them same's the boys to do that job."
>
> "Well, well," says I and plucked up heart,
> "Though 'bonds and death await me,' I
> Must take example from St. Paul:
> So for the present—friend, good-bye."

Then off I went, and made my way
To that mysterious further room ;
The place was dark, I scarce could see,
So thick was the tobacco fume

Proceeding from the short clay-pipes
Of several savage-looking roughs,
Who sat beside a fire and smoked.
They stared at me between their puffs,

And to my civil "How-dye-do"
Not one word said they, good or bad,
But sat and stared with sullen eyes.
I left them, feeling rather glad

To come no worse off ! as I turned
I saw a woman all alone
Crouched on the floor, quite far away,
As if some sorrow of her own

Filled her whole heart and kept her there,
As solitary in her woe
As if upon a mountain top
Amidst a wilderness of snow.

I went to her and touched her hand ;
She raised her face, and looked at me
With a strange frozen sort of look,
Which might have seemed stupidity

But for a ghastly light that glowed
Deep in her eyes. "Poor thing, poor thing,"
I said, "Why do you look so strange ?"
She moved not, to my questioning

Made no reply, but turned her gaze
Tow'rds a far corner, where a ray
Fell from a skylight through the gloom
Upon a table : there there lay

A small dead babe, its little face
White as pure wax,—with all around
So foul, its fairness seemed to me
Like a laid lily on the ground.

Its eyes were closed ; not as in sleep,
But in a glad, angelic rest ;
Coarse linen wrapt its body close,
A cup of salt was on its breast.

Its pretty lips were just apart,
As though they sought the bosom rife -
Sweet babe ! no sucker now of milk,
But sucker of the Tree of Life.

And there its haggard mother crouched
With swollen breast, and seemed to bear
Unutterable pangs of soul,
Half deadly rage, and half despair.

A tigress near her murdered cub
Might look so—ah! the beast, with moans,
Would gape her yellow throat, and howl
Her fury to the desert stones—

This was a woman. She kept still,
And nature sent no genial flood
Of tears, nor voice to ease her grief:
She silent crouched, and dreamed of blood.

What could I do to help? what say
To one in desolation laid
So terrible. I went my way,
And as I went I prayed and prayed.

We now come to notice "Greenwood's Farewell, and other Poems." This volume consists of four or five poems of moderate length, and a large collection of shorter pieces on very various subjects. The poem from which the volume takes its name tells the story of the dying moments of an old Squire, who has lived well, and done what he conceived to be his duty to society, and all those around him. He has made no enemies, and his children love him. But his heart dwells on remembrances of past pleasures, and clings too fondly to this present world, to the exclusion of distinctly religious thought: his state thus offers a problem to the reflective reader.

"Ben Dixie" is a piece of vigorous autobiography, describing in old-fashioned rustic English verse the reformation of a well-meaning young farmer, who has been saved from drunkenness through the love of a good and beautiful woman:—

As a rose was her sweetness, and Rose was her name,
And in loveliness she and the flow'r were the same.

Neither slim in her figure nor grand in her height,
She was graceful and dignified, tender and bright;
And her dark hazel eyes had the gleam and the glow
Of a crisp sunny pool that is quiet below.

"Pigworm and Dixie" is the companion piece, in which the author strives to hold up to pity and abhorrence the squalid wretchedness of a godless, ill-ordered life. In "The Anchorite" we have a grim and mournful tale concerning the fate of certain Christian converts in the days of Nero. "Fatherly Counsel" is a didactic poem, in which an aged father earnestly warns his young son against the snares of vice, and encourages him to strive for the highest heavenly rewards. The other principal poem of the volume, "The Wanderer of Clova," we have chosen for extract, followed by a specimen of the shorter pieces.

THE WANDERER OF CLOVA.

A TRUE STORY OF 1859.

Far from the stir of men
Lies Clova's lonely glen,
Tracked by the grey South Esk meandering tow'rds the seas;
On either hand are seen
Vast walls of living green,
Spotted with crags that mar their verdant harmonies.

And where the winter sun,
His short day's journey done,
Behind Tombüie's mass betakes him to the night,—
Thence started on its course,
White-Water bring its force
To meet the half-grown Esk in rivalry of might.

Adown the deep Glen Dole,
Its foamy torrents roll,
With speed that scarce will grant a moment's breathing pause,—
Still writhing at the stir
Of terror's urgent spur,
Escaping from the gripe of Luncart's rock-fanged jaws.

But ere the river raves
Through those terrific graves,
It walks with gentler step down lengths of silent vale:
A place most desolate,
High, bare, flat, formless, straight,—
All black and pallid green, hued like a dragon's mail.

Is there one earthly spot
Wherein existeth not
Some charm to win the love of things with life endued?
E'en o'er this upland grim
Aye floats Wild Nature's hymn—
That joy which praises God for solemn solitude.

'Twas in the month of June—
Sweet month that flies too soon!
When light the longest lies on this dark land of ours;
When redolent of glee
Are earth and air and sea,
And all Creation's force expands itself in flowers.

It was that season fair:
Behold, with pondering air,
Two foresters regard the lonesome upland glen—
Hearts without guile or fear,
The guardians of the deer
'Gainst hurt from stealthy act of lawless graceless men.

Silent they sat, and eyed
Tombuie's sallow side,
And scanned the Corrie's rocks, in many a splinter thrown:
When sudden, in surprise,
One to the other cries:—
"What, what is that I see, beside yon great grey stone!"

'Twas a mere strip of rag
That fluttered like a flag,
As, with unwonted swirl, there blew a passing breeze.
But whence came human dress
Amidst that loneliness?
None cast away their garb amidst such wilds as these.

With lingering steps and slow,
To the great stone they go;
Oppressed with anxious thought,—for well their souls divined
That, though the granite bore
All peaceful as of yore
Its front to face the light, dark mystery hid behind.

They looked: and there they viewed
A sight to chill the blood.
Stretched flat upon its back beside that great grey stone,
A woman's body lay,—
Part with'ring in decay,
Part wasted of its flesh down to the naked bone.

Her clothes about her spread
Torn rags. Upon her head
The jetty silken hair was defty coiled and tied.
One small white tender hand
Was raised, as in command,
Pure from all taint or spot as if she ne'er had died.

But on that hand no ring.
Nor found they anything
That might her name, or rank, or aught of her declare;
And naught of her is known:
Beside the great grey stone
She died. It thus befell about her coming there:—

Beyond the heights that rise
Above Glen Clova, lies
A neighbouring mountain glen where Prosen's waters roam;
Far up the river stood
A worthy man's abode,—
A humble place, yet blest, a peaceful Scottish home.

One early April noon,
When sunshine brought its boon
To trick the hopeful hearts of those expecting Spring,
A woman stopped before
That quiet cottage door,
And craved to rest a while from weary wandering.

Noble her countenance,
Although the troubled glance
Of her dark eyes bespake her spirit much distraught;
Tall, stately, cold, and proud,
Her presence disallowed
The poorness of her dress, in plain town-fashion wrought.

Right welcome was she made.
Soon on the board was laid
The best of fare—milk, cakes, heath-honey sweetly strong.
She stayed but little space;
Then with a haughty grace,
She rose, and said,—"Farewell. Steep is my path and long:

"It lies o'er yonder hill."
Said the good-wife,—"It's ill
At any time to cross, unless the road is known.
I wish that you would stay.
Pray do not go away
Till my good-man returns—you must not go alone.

"Oh! woman, do not go:
The clouds are full of snow"—
In vain she spoke to one who scorned to make reply;
The wanderer went forth
To brave the bitter North,
The majesty of doom resplendent in her eye.

Forth up the glen she went;
Her aim, or vague intent,
No mortal tongue hath told, and none will ever tell;
Perchance she went to seek—
Beyond the mountains bleak
And o'er the Isla's stream—some lost one loved too well.

Still onward does she keep.
She climbs Drumfolla's steep,
And panting gains the ridge; but as she left the lee,
Around her tempests broke,
While, like a cloud of smoke,
The mist came rolling up from cragged Corrie Fee.

No thought has she to turn :
The fever-flames that burn
In her bewildered brain a maddening impulse send
Through all her frame. She speeds
Impetuous on, nor heeds
Or risk, or pain, or toil, so she but reach her end.

More thick the mist-clouds rise,
Obscuring earth and skies.
Alas ! poor wanderer, most sorely dost thou lack
A strong and friendly hand,
To help thee to withstand
The fury of the blast, and keep thee to the track.

She struggles on and on.
The last faint light is gone :
Full in her tender face come blinding clouds of sleet :
Stunned, stupified, and dazed,
Her whole perception mazed,
No more can she control the strayings of her feet :

And—ever making press
Against the tempest's stress,
Instinctively impelled by stubbornness of pride.—
She quits the narrow path,
And staggers straight for death,
Nearing the awful rocks that bound Craig Rennet's side.

Not yet her hour has tolled—
Some secret voice cries, Hold !
And guides her faltering steps along the Dounatt's height,
Above the great rock-rifts,
To where Craig Mawd uplifts
His scarped, tremendous form—black as the shades of night.

Hark to that piercing shriek !
The eagle's ravening beak
Throws to the gale that cry : wild screams his answering mate.
Smitten with sudden fears,
The wanderer flees : she nears
Fialzioch's splash and glide o'er the smooth walls of slate.

Safely she passes : then
Descends unto the den
Where lawless men of old would oft in secret dwell :
There, plunging o'er the steep,
White-Water shapes his leap
Like to Death's courser's tail emergent from black Hell.

She feels her strength abate.
And now, to ease the weight
That clogs her tender limbs, their covering off she throws :
Then—by some mystic force
Impelled to keep her course,
And aided with new powers—barefooted on she goes.

On, on,—but not for far.
Ah! did some Heavenly star
Shine comfort, through the clouds, on that poor wanderer's breast?
And, through the furious storms,
Reveal bright angel-forms
Sent by the gracious Lord to bear her soul to rest?

Forward—a little space.
Her end comes on apace.
The frost-fang bites more keen, the fierce winds fiercer blow.
She fails:—then, fainting thrown
Beside the great grey stone,
She yields herself to God amidst the ice and snow.

The eagle's distant yell
Pealed out her funeral knell—
A boding voice 'twixt earth and mist-enshrouded sky;
The ptarmigan's hoarse croak
Her parting requiem spoke:
The ghostly wild-cat screamed her last lone lullaby.

BONNIE BIRD.

Roaming through the yellow wild
Before the trees were bare,
I met a pretty little child
With wavy yellow hair.

The sunset shed a yellow hue
And gilt the autumn gold,
And filled the pool with yellow too,
As full as it could hold.

Says I—"My bonnie little maid,
You are most heavenly fair!
From what sweet country have you strayed,
To walk in yellow air?"

Says she—"I'm only passing through
To lands of summer gold:
As all the pretty birdies do
That cannot bear the cold."

"The Meda Maiden and other Poems" is the title of the third volume of poems published by our author. "The Meda Maiden," as the name shows, relates to the American Indian people, to the same tribe, in fact, and nearly to the same place as Longfellow's "Hiawatha." The story is taken from Mr Schoolcraft's "Report on the Indian Tribes," and

details the fasts and wondrous visions and subsequent conversion to Christianity of a celebrated seeress of the great Ojibway race. The unusual and rather difficult measure has been chosen for the sake of its flowing monotony, which seems consonant with the calm vastness of the prairies and forests, of the lakes and smooth-gliding rivers amidst which the scene is laid. The poem opens thus:—

THE MEDA MAIDEN.

Woods among, when all was golden,
Autumnly and soft and olden,
  In the pleasant Autumn time,—
Near the margin of a river,
Near the tawny ripplets' quiver,
  Resting in her dreamy prime

Sat a little Indian maiden,
Little rosebud, sweetness laden,
  Bright with dewy blooms of day;
Sat and sighed, and sadly pondered
O'er the hours so fast out-wandered,
  Hours of childhood passed away;

Past and vanished like the breezes
Through a leafy wood—that seizes
  Hard their fleeting skirts, but holds
Nothing of them, saving greenness
From their softness, from their keenness
  Nought but deathly Autumn golds.

As she rested, vaguely musing,
In a childish dream confusing
  Thoughts of future, present, past,
Half her fancy backward turning,
Half outflown in anxious yearning
  Into realms of mystery cast;

As she sat in sunset splendour,
Near her sounded footsteps tender:
  Soon her kindly mother came,—
Came to her with fond caressing,
All her being breathing blessing,
  Breathing love's ethereal flame.

. . . . . .

Woods among, when all was dreary,
Winterly, and whitely weary,
  In the cruel Winter time,—
Where the snow lay smoothest, sleekest,
Where the wind was whistling bleakest,—
  All her tresses flecked with rime,

Sat the little Indian maiden,
Soul and body over-shaden,
  Wrapt in ghastly airs of gloom
Close and closer o'er her falling,—
Muffled voices round her calling,
  "Nerve thyself to meet thy doom."

For the Undying Ones, preparing
Mortal frames for meetly bearing
  Sights and sounds of mystic day,
Move them first with dread o'erpowering,
Make them as the partridge cowering
  Shadowed by a bird of prey.

But, as sunshine enters, lighting
Darksome dells that fogs are blighting,
  Came the mother to her child;
Led her back with soft compelling,
Till they neared the homely dwelling
  Whence she fled by fears beguiled.

'Neath the pine-trees old she stayed her;
There a tiny lodge she made her,
  Bowered with branches closely pressed,
From the fragrant spruce-tree cloven,
Fixed and bound and interwoven,—
  Built her little one a nest.

"Here," said she, "my child, abide thou:
Here from every mortal hide thou:
  Earthly sustenance forego:
Hunger pangs, thou must endure them;
Pains of thirst, thou must not cure them
  E'en by taste of purest snow.

"Guard thy soul from thoughts perplexing,
Fancies vagrant, terrors vexing,
  Wild impatience, chilling qualm;
Souls perturbed by throng of notions
Loom too dense for heavenly motions—
  Heavenly Spirits move in calm."

"Frankie" is a simple story relating to the adventures of two poor Irish boys,—a gentle cripple named Frankie, and his companion "Jim," a street-Arab subsequently reclaimed,—

. . . A great unlucky lad,
  A silent sullen fellow;
No sort of training had he had
  To make his nature mellow.

. . . . . .

A savage, sulky lad was Jim,
A hog all tusk and bristle,
A nettle in the stinging trim,
An Ishmael of a thistle.

Rough weed! for thee there wept no showers,
No sunshine on thee smiled:
But God delights in all His flowers,
Both garden plants and wild.

"The Chamorra" tells at some length a weird and terrible peasant legend. The opening verses will give an idea of its prevailing measure, which however is frequently varied:

Among the hills of Portugal
Whose waters hasten from their caves,
As at some proud enchanter's call,
To join the Minho's sweep and fall
Impatient for the Western waves,—

Among these hills of sunny glow
A farm is pleasantly confined,
Its terraced slopes in verdure blow,
With emerald maize bedecked below,
With oaks above and chestnuts twined.

THE MOUNTAIN FIR.

They sat beneath the mountain fir,
Beneath the evening sun;
With all his soul he looked at her—
And so was love begun.

The tit-mice blue in fluttering flocks
Caressed the fir-tree spray;
And far below, thro' rifted rocks,
The river went its way.

As stars in heavenly waters swim
Her eyes of azure shone;
With all her soul she looked at him—
And so was love led on.

The squirrel sported on the bough
And chuckled in his play;
Above the distant mountain's brow
A golden glory lay.

The fir-tree breathed its balsam balm,
With heather scents united,
The happy skies were hushed in calm—
And so the troth was plighted.

NOVEMBER'S CADENCE.

The bees about the Linden-tree,
When blithely summer blooms were springing,
Would hum a heartsome melody,
The simple baby-soul of singing:
And thus my spirit sang to me
When youth its wanton way was winging;
"Be glad, be sad—thou hast the choice—
But mingle music with thy voice."

The linnets on the Linden-tree,
Among the leaves in autumn dying,
Are making gentle melody,
A mild, mysterious, mournful sighing:
And thus my spirit sings to me
While years are flying, flying, flying;
"Be sad, be sad—thou hast no choice—
But mourn with music in thy voice."

Besides his published works, Lord Southesk has printed several small volumes for private circulation. With the author's consent, we have already given a specimen from one of these ("Various Verses," printed 1879), and we shall now conclude with another extract from the same collection, a little poem of which an incomplete version appeared in "Greenwood's Farewell."

HIDDEN NOT STOLEN.

Dearest, Death could have no terror
Either for myself or you,
Save for this our simple error,
That his coming parts us two.
Whether you or I be taken,
Wherefore should the other sigh?
One—blind-folded, not forsaken;
One—unseen, but not less nigh.
True-loving souls each other close enfold,
For aye, 'mid earthly gray or heavenly gold.

As the bud that blooms to petal,
Blossom souls in heaven above:
But, as magnet draws the metal,
Love will draw its fellow-love;
Even so when sense is shrouded,
Tombed in trance or slumber's night,
Soul draws soul in realms unclouded,
Loving there in limpid light.
Our faithful souls no destiny shall sever,
For fast they cling, at last to join for ever.

The Earl of Southesk will be remembered as a man of beautiful and gentle spirit, full of tenderness, and singularly imbued both with sweetness and light. Familiar with every aspect of Nature, he sees in her the expression of that love which is infinite as it is divine; and while reverence, purity, and affection breathes around the mild and eloquent poet, he gives expression to his feelings in golden utterances. That he has also deeply studied human nature is distinctly shown in "Jonas Fisher," especially where he so graphically describes the scenes common to the low slums of a great city. In the words of one of his reviewers, he is entitled to be called not only "a poet among lords, but a lord among poets."

MARY GRANT

IS a native of Fraserburgh, but in her babyhood her parents removed to Aberdeen. On her father's side she is descended from a family of the old Scotch nobility; while her maternal grandfather belonged to an Italian family of respectability and good standing. She received an education fitting her to become a governess, and it was while waiting for a situation, after leaving school, that she began to write tales and poems.

In her preface to her "Lays of the Affections," she writes:—"With lessons and needle-work, yet in their schoolroom freshness; living away in the cold, breezy north, waiting hopefully, yet wearily, for the teacher's place so often promised me, but never obtained for me, I drifted into authorship. At first I had no other aim than merely to while away those melancholy days till that teacher's place should come. By and bye when I wrote a column for a newspaper and got praised and paid for it, and when a little story appeared, (anonymously) here and there, even though there were long intervals between, and the remuneration was slender, thoughts of following the whims of naughty pupils became very distasteful to me, and I ceased to regret what appeared the carelessness and heartlessness of *interested friends*. If I am spared, I intend to issue my tales, essays, and poems, in successive volumes." For the past ten years she has contributed poems, tales, essays, and dramas to the magazines and newspapers. Although she has experienced a few of the difficulties common to a young and struggling author, she has always had the comfort and protection of the parental roof, and has never endured those extremes of poverty peculiar to many of her vocation.

In 1871 she published her first literary production, "Eva, and other Poems"—the leading piece

being a dramatic poem marked by much clearness of outline and distinctness of plot—a tale of woman's devotion, which appeals, not in vain, to the gentle and the good. In 1877 she published "Lays of the Affections," a volume which at once stamped the authoress as possessed of gifts far above mediocrity, and which was in a very short time out of print. "This Awful Age," a comedy in three acts, appeared in 1880. It showed so much feeling and power that we should not be surprised soon to hear of Miss Grant's recognition as a popular dramatic author.

Miss Grant is a poetess, worthy of unfeigned regard. Her works have the genuine ring of poetry, and show a heart full of truth, candour, and honesty. She writes with a finish and strength not very common in our modern poetry. She shows a deep sympathy for suffering, while her sweet utterances glide into the heart and memory, and calm the restless and troubled mind. Some of her lyrics are gems of quiet beauty; frequently pensive and mournful. "To Heaven wi' me," and "Baby Allie," are touching little poems, and it is pleasing to read such carefully-worded and smooth-running verses. They refresh us like cooling breezes in summer. We quote the following, which we think tenderly simple and natural:—

THE SUMMER'S SUN.

I would the Summer's sun was bright,
As Summer's sun was wont to be;
I would the flowers were half as fair
As those that used to grace the lea;
I would the moon would sink to rest
As soft behind the pathless sea;
And that the little birds I love
Would sing as sweet a song to me.

I would that brook that wanders now
So sadly down the faded dell,
Would charm mine ear with gladsome sound,
Like chimings of a silver bell.
I would the stars—Heaven's beauteous eyes—
Would look on me with gaze as true;

Or that the veil 'twixt heaven and earth
Would beam as softly, sweetly blue.

I know not why fair summer time
Appears so sadly changed to be ;
The snow-clad hills are quite as fair,
And Robin's song as sweet to me.
Yet, looking back, I can recall
One fair and blooming Summer's day,
When lying 'mang the flowers, I wept
To think that earth should pass away.

It was so fair, so softly grand,
That virgin month of perfumed May,
So simple in her girlish bloom,
So sweetly, chastely, purely gay.
And now methinks I'd little care
Though time and earth had passed away ;
So cheerless beams the Summer's sun,
So winter-like the Summer's day.

Oh ! foolish heart, the Summer's sun,
Stars, moon, and flowers, and birds, and sea,
Are pure, and fair, and sweet, and grand,
As long ago they used to be ;
'Tis thou hast lost thy hope and joy,
They faded with thy youth's bright day,
When all the year was Summer time,
And every month was gentle May.

BABY ALIE.

LINES ON A POSTHUMOUS CHILD.

Baby Alie, sweet and tender,
Eyes so blue and form so slender,
Oh ! how dear thou art to me,
Whom thy father ne'er did'st see.

Thou art like him, little Alie,
Thou has many of his ways,
And without thee, Oh ! my darling,
Dark indeed would be my days.

Alie came when days were darkest,
Like a sunbeam straight from heaven,
Clinging to my bleeding bosom,
When my weary heart was riven.

Born half-orphaned, Oh ! my Alie
All my heart goes out to thee,
All unconscious, ever smiling,
Thus upon thy mother's knee.

Oh! my heart seems breaking, darling,
When I think upon the past,
Was my happiness too perfect,
That 'twas doomed so short to last?

Let me love thee, Oh! my darling,
Never from thy side depart,
Twine thy arms about me Alie,
Sunshine of my widow'd heart.

SEVEN YEARS OLD TO-DAY.

Seven years old, with curls of gold,
Seven years old to-day,
With sweet brown eyes, a ruby mouth,
And a laugh so light and gay.

Seven years old, such a fragile thing,
Seven years old to-day;
A sweet little girl whose sole life-dream
Is to laugh, to sing, and to play.

Seven years old, and she knows no sin,
Ah! 'tis there where her beauty lies;
Pure as an angel, mild as a dove,
Just as she came from the skies.

Seven years old, and she lisps her prayers,
Seven years old to-day;
Her path all flowers, her sky all blue,
Without one tinge of gray.

O! I almost wish she would never grow old,
Because of the cares she must know,
For the stream of life which we all must brave
Is so seldom smooth in its flow.

TO HEAVEN WI' ME.

The keen eastern win' howl'd doon the dark alley
As it answered the wail o' the dark moanin' sea,
It sighed up the stairie an' sobb'd through the roomie,
Whar wee Willie Morgan had lain doon to dee.
He awoke fae his sleep wi' the smile o' an Angel,
An' said, wi' a tear in his dark hazel e'e,
"Are ye greetin'? Has daddie been drinkin' an' swearin'?
Oh! come awa' mammie to heaven wi' me."

"Ye see yon wee starrie that blinks through my window,
The brightest 'mang a' the wee starries I see,
Aye through it the angels keep beckonin' an' smilin',
I ken they are wishin' an' waitin' for me.
But hoo can I lea' ye sae sad an' sae lonely,
Without yer wee Willie I ken ye wid dee;
Lea' daddie, his drinkin', his cursin' an' swearin',
An' come awa' mammie to heaven wi' me."

"No, no." cried a voice as straicht fae the doorway
His father fell down by his bed on his knee,
"Ye are pure little Willie, an angel a' ready,
Oh lea' yer puir mammie a whilie wi' me,
To lead me again to the path o' the virtuous,
To mak' me ance mair a' that I should be,
An' then little darlin', when God sees I'm ready,
We'll meet ye in heaven, yer mammie and me."

"Weel min'," whispered Willie, as fast the death glamour
Was chasin' the licht fae his dark hazel e'e,
"I'll watch through yon starrie an' gin ye're nae faithfu',
I'll come an' tak' mammie to heaven wi' me."

Oh! hard is the path fae black vice to virtue,
Be thankfu' ye a' wha hinna't to dee,
Gin a moment o' weakness comes ower the puir father,
Gin again to the droppie he's tempted to flee,
He looks to yon starrie, an' hears little Willie
Say,—"Come awa' mammie to heaven wi' me."

ROBERT FORD.

ROBERT FORD was born in 1846, in the village of Wolfhill, Cargill parish, Perthshire. At the age of seventeen he migrated to Dundee, and found employment in the manufacturing establishment of the Messrs Baxter there. Eleven years amidst the unmusical clatter of heddles and treadles more than sufficiently tired him of manufacturing pursuits, and in 1874 he removed to Glasgow, where he still remains, employed as a clerk in one of the largest warehouses of that city. In a letter we received while arranging this work the poet says:—"Scientists affirm that there is no effort without a cause, and if I have found life more enjoyable than the general crowd have, the extra happiness has issued from my rustic harping on the old Doric lyre—music sweetens life and toil, however rude the strain."

In 1878 he published a volume of his poetical lucubrations under the title of "Hame-Spun Lays

and Lyrics." The book was well received by the Scottish press, and sold out in a few weeks. A careful perusal of these hamely lays shows that there is more to be found within the volume than the modest and brief note to the reader would lead one to expect. Although the subjects are mostly unambitious, without any attempt at elaboration, the language is occasionally elegant and refined, showing that he possesses considerable poetic vigour, and the presence of more of the "divine essence" than he takes the credit of. Robert Ford writes with a keen appreciation of the humorous and ludicrous, and shows a very extensive knowledge of "auld-farrant" Scotch words. Every page of his volume bears unmistakable marks of ability. He displays an originality and a humour in his character-sketches that irresistibly remind us of Burns. This is specially observable in "Robin Affleck and the Phrenologist," "The Cadger an' his Cuddy," and "Ne'er-do-Weel Jock," wha

> Cam' to oor clachan a wee raggit callan',
> To herd the auld Doddie o' Kirsty M'Millan.
>
> To tell his complexion wid baffle yer power;
> His face was ne'er washed excep' wi' a shower;
> He ne'er kent the lux'ry o' stockin' or sock,
> And nae sooter e'er misfittit ne'er-do-weel Jock.
>
> An' wow! sic a herd surely never was born—
> Doddie fed as she will'd 'mang the neeps or the corn;
> While miles east or wast, on the tap o' an oak,
> At a nest o' young spurdies sat ne'er-do-weel Jock.
>
> Kirsty's eggs gaed amissin', her cat tint the tail,
> Strange things were aft fun' i' the pat 'mang the kail;
> The hens a' gat crippled, an' sae did the cock,
> An' the cause o' the de'ilry was ne'er-do-weel Jock.

Many of his smoothly-running, merry little songs —several of which have been set to appropriate music by Mr A. Stewart of the *People's Friend* and others—give wholesome advice. The following poem has several fine tender touches, and breathes a beautiful spirit:

GRANNIE'S WA'-GAUN.

I'm wearin' awa', bairns, wearin' awa',
Ere the sun's in the lift I'll be far frae ye a';
Noo the cauld han' o' Death grips chill roun' my heart,
An' redds me fu' surely, an' sune we maun pairt.

I'm wearin' awa', bairns, e'en's ye may see.
There's a rime on my broo, an' a haze on my e'e:
There's a grip on my breath, an' a cheenge owre me a' —
I'm wearin' awa', bairns, wearin' awa'.

I'm wearin' awa', bairns—greetna, for me,
I've lived for this oor, and I fearna' to dee:
Nay! I weary to gang; frae a' sin to resile,
An' bask in the bliss o' a Saviour's sweet smile.

In yon braw land abune, bairns, your faither is there,
An' wee sister Effie that left us sae ear';
They ken I am comin', and wait near the shore
To welcome the craft that sall ferry me o'er.

I'm wearin' awa', bairns, leavin' the few,
To join wi' the mony—the guid an' the true;
Leavin' a warl' o' sorrow an' sin,
To dwall aye whaur dule getsna' entrance in.

I'm wearin' awa', bairns; wha may be neist?
Aiblins the ane wha's a-thinkin' o't least;
For Death comes, we ken, like a thief in the nicht,
Nor plucks *but* the ripe—nor wiles *but* the richt.

He's wiled roun' me lang, bairns; ane here, ane there;
Some ripe an' ready—some scarcely, I fear:
It's braw to be ready, bairns, come whaun may the ca',
To ha'e peace in your bosom when wearin' awa'.

I'm wearin' awa', bairns, I'll no be lang noo,
An angel o' licht comes cleavin' the blue,
To carry my saul to the Maister on hie,
Wha'll greet me, I ken, wi' a smile in his e'e.

What bliss 'twill be there, bairns, the Savour to meet,
To bask in His smile, and to sing at His feet:
To join in the myriad-voiced anthem for aye,
An' live wi' Jehovah the braw nichtless day.

Saw ye that licht, bairns? heard ye that cheer?
Wha could ha' dreamt, bairns, heaven is so near?
There—there's your faither see; grand, bairns, grand —
See whaur wee Effie comes wavin' her hand!

I'm gaun, bairns—gaun, bairns—kiss me again,
Say you will follow me every ane:
That you'll join me abune, whaur Death downa' ca',
Whaur loves are unshatter'd—nae wearin' awa'!

HURRAH, FOR AULD SCOTLAND, HURRAH!

Hurrah for auld Scotland, hurrah!
Her heather-clad mountains sae hie;
Her hills and her dells:
Her lochs and her fells;
Her rivers that row to the sea;
Her burnies that dance in their glee,
An' lauchin', ower ilka linn fa':
Aff bannet, ilk ane,
An' wave the refrain—
Hurrah for auld Scotland, hurrah!

Hurrah for auld Scotland, hurrah!
The birth-grund o' freedom an' might,
Where Wallace of old,
And Bruce, ever bold,
Undauntedly fought for the right;
Where Bruce and the brave Wallace wight
Drave tyranny thowless awa';
Aff bannets again,
An' wave the refrain—
Hurrah for auld Scotland, hurrah!

Hurrah for auld Scotland, hurrah!
Where Knox (ever blest be the name)!
Smote wrong with the Word,
Mair fell than with sword,
An' lent her a heaven-lo'ed fame;
Ay! lent her a heaven-lo'ed fame,
Weel kent ower the warld wide a';
Aff bannets again,
An' wave the refrain—
Hurrah for auld Scotland, hurrah!

Hurrah for auld Scotland, hurrah!
Dame Nature's ain darlin', I trew;
Her lasses are fair,
A' modest an' rare,
Her sons are a' buirdly an' true,
Her sons are a' buirdly an' true,
Her lasses a' bonnie an' braw;
Aff bannets again,
An' wave the refrain—
Hurrah for auld Scotland, hurrah!

Hurrah for auld Scotland, hurrah!
An' lang may she still bear the gree;
As green be her dells,
Her muirs, an' her fells,

Her sons aye as gallant an' free ;
An' meet they on land or on sea,
On bauld mountain broo or in ha'—
Aff bannets ilk ane,
An' wave the refrain—
Hurrah for auld Scotland, hurrah !

OOR AULD WIFE.

In Scotian' owre an' owre, an' Englan' a' at-oure,
Ye haena heard o' ainee an' far less seen,
Sic a rare an' dear auld wife as is oor guid auld wife,
An' I ferlie if her marrow's ever been.
She is dear unto the auld, the young folk an' the yauld,
An' she's mair unto us a' than is oor life :
We could share wi' a' oor wealth, we could barter wi' oor health,
Bnt never wi' oor dear auld wife.
She's a dear auld wife, she's a feir auld wife,
She's a fine auld wife, she's a kin' auld wife,
A lichtsome, lithesome, leesome, blythesome,
Freegaun, hearty body, oor auld wife.

At dancin's on the green, in the bonnie simmer's e'en,
She is there aye, wi' the speerit o' us a'
Gaily linkin' through the reels, an' shakin' o' her heels,
Like a lassie on the laich o' twenty-twa ;
If ye fain wad hae a joke, just try her wi' a poke,
An' she'll cut yer gab as gleg as ony knife ;
When there's shots o' wit agaun, there's no ane in a' the lan'
Can haud his ain wi' oor auld wife.
She's a slee auld wife, she's a spree auld wife,
She's a smart auld wife, she's a tart auld wife,
A lichtsome, lithesome, leesome, blythesome,
Free-gaun, hearty body, oor auld wife.

Whar sickness dulls a ha' she daurna be awa',
She's sae lucky ! sae skilly ! an' sae kind !
There's no ane can row a sair wi' ae-half her eanny care ;
No, nor speak sic words o' eomfort to the mind ;
Doctor Dozem, he declares, she's trick'd him o' his fares ;
An' oor minister is leavin' us for Fife,
For he says, "I canna see ony need ye hae for me,
While ye hae sic a rare auld wife."
She's a rare auld wife she's a fair auld wife,
She's a grave auld wife, she's a brave auld wife,
A lichtsome, lithesome, leesome, blythesome,
Free-gaun, hearty body, oor auld wife.

At comin' hame o' bairns, an' at marriages an' kirns,
She is head billie-dawkus aye, be sure;
For the bairnies wadna live, an' the waddin's wadna thrive,
If she werena there the drappikie to pour—
Na! she winna pree hersel', binna just the hansel-smell,
Nor will gi'e o't whar it micht breed ony strife,
An' she kens what a' can stan', to a dribble ilka man—
A skilly body's oor auld wife.
She's a leal auld wife, she's a hale auld wife,
She's a grand auld wife, she's a bland auld wife.
A lichtsome, lithesome, leesome, blythesome,
Free-gaun, hearty body, oor auld wife.

A treasure to the auld, a terror to the bauld,
An' the brag an' joy o' a' that wad do weel.
For leal o' heart is she, an' fu' o' furthy glee,
As the miller's ain big girnal's fu' o' meal;
Ye will read o' heroines that flourished in langsynes,
But would you see their better in the life?
Come atowre some orra day to oor clachan on the Tay,
An' get a glisk o' oor auld wife.
She's a dear auld wife, she's a queer auld wife,
She's a fine auld wife, she's a kin' auld wife,
A lichtsome, lithsome, leesome, blythesome,
Free-gaun, hearty body, oor auld wife.

A. B. TODD,

AUTHOR of several volumes of poems, essays, and lectures, tells us that he "was born near the close of the first quarter of the century, at the farmhouse of Craighall, parish of Mauchline, Ayrshire." Of a large family of eight sons and seven daughters, he was the fourteenth child and seventh son. His father was never able to see them all before him at one time. He remembers on two occasions of fourteen being gathered under the parental roof, but something always prevented one or more from being present. Of this large family six still survive,

but nine have now passed away to the silent land. Before he went to school he had learned to read a little, and could repeat several psalms and nearly all the "Mother's Catechism." Having even then an excellent memory, which has always stood him in good stead, these had become fixed in his mind more from hearing his elder brothers and sisters repeat them, than from his own reading of them. He was very early engaged in herding his father's cows; and when not much entered into his *teens* he had to go out to service with the neighbouring farmers. While with one of these, he had the liberty of a collection of standard books, which with bad taste had been placed in a disused and out of the way loft. This, "at stolen hours when labour done," was his abode. In summer he read until a "cat could hardly have seen a mouse;" and in winter, at a dim coal fire, jeered and laughed at by the other servants, he turned over every page of Hume and Smollett's "History of England," "Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Johnson's "Rambler," and Ralph Erskine's "Gospel Sonnets."

His father removing to another farm near the town of Galston, our youthful poet went to labour in a tilework, at which he remained for over twenty years.

At this time he had thoughtfully studied the poets —more particularly Pope, Cowper, Young, Goldsmith, Beattie, and others of less note, and had commenced to spin a verse or two. Though still young he had moralised on the flight of time, "the days of other years," and had written a poem entitled "Retrospection." For the next eighteen years he carried on a brick and tile work on his own account, and had also a farm. In 1846 he published a volume of poems containing "The Hermit of Westmoreland," "The Covenanter's Revenge," and other lengthy pieces. After writing and publishing several small volumes, he wrote, in 1858, a novel entitled

"A Lord for a Rival"—the large edition of 1,200 copies going off in a very short time. Meeting with heavy reverses of fortune, he gave up his farm and tile work, went to reside in Old Cumnock, and commenced business as an accountant. "The fickle jade" again smiled, and he now spends his declining years in a comfortable home near the banks of the classic Lugar. In 1876 he published a volume of "Poems, Lectures, and Miscellanies." which called forth the warm praise of the late George Gilfillan. In the same year he edited and wrote an introductory chapter and biographical sketch to a volume containing a lengthy poem on Lord Nelson, by John Johnston, a Trafalgar hero, who entered on his hundredth year in August, 1880.

Mr Todd's latest volume is the "Circling Year and other Poems," which shows matured thought, and feelings controlled by educated taste. Born, as we have seen, in the country, and reared to agricultural and pastoral pursuits, amid scenes of picturesque beauty, and of stirring and often hallowed historical associations; and trained by a noble, pious, and poetic mother, his heart was early captivated by the loveliness and the sublimities of Nature, and moved and fired in no ordinary degree by gazing upon the battle scenes of bygone ages, where our forefathers bravely fought for their civil liberty, and for their religious faith. Though far from being insensible to the charms of music, yet no concert of human voices ever thrilled him half so much as the morning or the evening piping of the thrush, in some greenwood glen, where the living waters of some gushing stream mingled its voice in the melody, or the lark warbling his song of love and gladness far up on the great glowing arch of the rainbow. In the dedication to this work he says:—"The grandest picture-gallery has always been the ever-changing clouds of heaven, and especially those around the morning chambers of the sun; and in among the glowing curtains

which he gathers around his burning brow, as he rolls down the western sky on a calm summer night."

In the varied and boundless field of Nature, his heart has overflowed in beautiful song, and had space permitted we would have shown, by several extracts, how admirably he has succeeded in thirteen legitimate, though difficult measures, in singing "The Circling Year"—

How April brings the glad glints of the Spring ;
How budding May comes in her garments green,
When streams make music, and the small birds sing,
How June with rose and daisy decks the scene,
Weaving her garlands like a fairy screen ;
How July brings the fertilising shower,
Lading the leafy trees with silver sheen ;
How bounteous August, in the thunder's power,
Speaks to the earth from heav'n, and gilds the midnight hour.

. . How Ceres' horn, high fill'd, runs o'er,
As rich September swells all hearts with joy ;
Heaping with golden grain the threshing-floor,
Brought from the field by brown-faced farmer's boy,
To whom October suns bring small alloy,
Though pale they glimmer on the yellow trees :
And merry larks morn's hours no more employ,
To pour their music on the mountain breeze,
Nor heard at gloamin' now, the hum of home-bound bees.

. . . . When comes November dun,
How storms assail the fast expiring year,
And sullen clouds obscure the wan cold sun ;
And midnight meteors awe mankind with fear,
As blood-red streamers their battalions rear
High in the air, where shot-stars madly rush,
Flaming through heav'n, and to the earth draw near,
As if man and his boasted works to crush,
And in dark chaos' realms, his voice for ever hush.

December, dull and drear, will close the scene—
Cheerless these days which see its sun-blinks short ;
Fast fly the seasons, and the years I ween,
Are shorter now than when, at playful sport,
I tripp'd the green in life's gay opening court.
What days of light and shadow pass'd away
Since then, when now, with quiet sober port,
I pace the road to where light's every ray
Is quench'd by death, till dawns the everlasting day.

In his writings he has shown that he possesses a pure and well-cultivated mind, as well as an intimate and thorough acquaintance with poetic and general literature. His sketches and poems on the genius of Burns, Campbell, and Thomas Aird—(the latter of whom was his warm friend)—are graphic and appreciative. Several of his pieces on biblical subjects are written in a style of considerable eloquence, and they are evidently the production of a mind deeply imbued with the importance and grandeur of the subject.

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

. . . . . .

Can nought, O Time! resist thy steady force,
Must dark oblivion follow still thy course;
Must man for ever leave the earth, and go
To sleep forgotten in the dust below?

Hail, genius, hail! Thou light of heaven appear,
Come from on high the gloomy earth to cheer;
Thy beams still blaze far back the track which Time
Has hurried over in his march sublime;
Thy voice still rises from the shadowy sea
Of vanished years, which time has heaped on thee:
Yes, thou can'st nobly brave Time's furious shock,
And at the sweep of circling ages mock;
Can'st strip oblivion of its sable crown,
And to the dust dash its dark sceptre down.

. . . . . .

Wordsworth! O, if thy spirit leans to hear
This plaintive song, and mark the trickling tear:
Well dost thou know sincere the heavy moans,
The Muse now utters o'er thy mouldering bones.

Last of that band whose genius blazed abroad,
Proving mankind the product of a God!
As o'er thy tomb the Muse now showers her tears,
Our thoughts in grief revert to bygone years,
Ere Time's swift river, sweeping still along,
Into the grave had swept those sons of song,
Whose strains celestial, wondering echoes caught;
Wide earth resounding with these gems of thought.

No more shall Crabbe of poor men's ills complain,
Nor Coleridge chant his all-unearthly strain.
No more shall Scott, far in some dusky dell,
Wake other strains like those we love so well.
Southey no more shall strike the world with awe,
Telling the wonders that *Kehama* saw.
Byron no more shall sing "The Isles of Greece;"
And Shelley's burning brain is now at peace.
Dull death has stricken tuneless every tongue,
And all those bards their farewell songs have sung.

And thou, too, Wordsworth, following in the rear,
Hast poured thy last song on each listening ear;
No more shalt thou "revisit" Yarrow braes,
And add new beauty by thy living lays;
No more by lone St. Mary's lake shalt stray,
And mark the swan "float double" on her way;
No more a wanderer o'er the mountains go,
To see the first and latest flow'rets blow;
Upon thine ear the babbling brook no more,
That song shall pour it learned so long before,
Death's pale seal sits securely on those eyes,
That gazed enraptured on the starry skies.

. . . . . .

Now, o'er the land, Time's noiseless chariot sweeps,
The spring returns, the pure, pale snowdrop peeps
Through the cold earth, and smiles unto the day,
Which, lengthening, tells that winter hastes away.
Sweet Rydal! soon thy storm-tossed waves shall fall,
And sink to silence at spring's joyous call;
On all thy banks fair flow'rets shall appear,
And small birds sing to the advancing year.
But now thy Bard marks not thy wild flowers blow,
Nor hears his ear thy waters' tuneful flow.

. . . . . .

ELIZABETH CAMPBELL.

MRS CAMPBELL, the Lochee Poetess, was presented, in 1875, by the Rev. George Gilfillan to the literary world as a "phenomenon." It was thus, as Carlyle says, that Burns came on the public, and it was thus that all self-taught men and women of merit have come. "Anything more simply

graphic and unostentatiously beautiful," says Gilfillan in his criticism of her autobiography prefixed to her volume of poems—"Songs of my Pilgrimage"—"we have seldom if ever read."

She was born in 1804, in a "cottar" house near the ruins of the old Castle Vane, belonging to the Lindsays of Edzell. Her mother died when our poetess was three years old, and the elder sisters had to "keep their father's house six months by turn." The little ones wandered from morn till night, weeping as motherless children do. She went to service at the age of seven. Her master was a ploughman, and her work was to bring the cow from the field, shear grass to her on the river bank, gather whins, wash the dishes, attend to two children, and spin six cuts of linen yarn daily. Her wages were six shillings in the half-year, and her stepmother washed her clothes. After serving at various farm houses, she got into higher situations, went with a family to France, and instructed herself in that language in the evening to fit her to "do the marketing."

She married a heckler in Brechin, and afterwards removed to Arbroath. As she had learned to work at the handloom after her marriage, she "filled pirns" to four weavers, and was thus able to help her small income, and to keep want from the door during the long illness of her husband, which ended in death.

She had four sons and four daughters. Two of her sons died in early life; one a soldier in the Scots Greys, died from the effects of a fall from a horse, while the fourth, who also served in the army and was one of the first to enter Sebastopol after the Russians had left it, was killed in Aberdeen. Mrs Campbell died at Lochee in December 1878. A competent authority, who has read her life and autobiography, says:—"Her life is a wonderful life! The insight into character which she shows is great; her analysis of her own mind is a study; her just

appraisement of others also. And as an evidence of the high principles which actuate our best humbler classes, it is above price to show upon what solid foundations of hidden worth and pious resignation our noble old country rests."

Her poetry is simple and sincere as the songs with which the grove salutes the morning sun, and not the least remarkable feature of her verses is the spirit of piety which pervades them—"many of them," says George Gilfillan, "as they close, rising upwards, like the flames on an altar, to heaven." The following, from "The Death of Willie," is truly touching, and shows heart-rending grief—

The bless'd sun veiled his brightness, the clouds their radiant hue,
The moon trailed bloody shadows across the azure blue;
The planets paled their lustre, and hid in darkness deep,
When sudden death in silence hushed my dear son asleep!

No sound came from his sealed lips when death dealt him the blow,
I wept and kissed his gory brow—nigh bloodless as the snow—
I tucked him in his white shroud and hid him in the ground,
I saw how deep in earth he'll sleep with many a gory wound!

Oh! never a stone will mark the spot where wild flowers o'er him wave,
To tell the name or mournful lot of my son in his lowly grave;
Cold, cold and still in earth he'll lie till Time's last sands are run,
The winds will sigh and wild birds fly o'er the dust of my dear son.

The glorious sun in brightness for him no more shall shine,
And never more heart-lightness on earth will e'er be mine;
Hard pressed on fields of battle, thrice shipwrecked on the sea,
Oh, lo! from many a distant isle he wandered home to me.

WILLIE MILL'S BURN.

Roll away, you shining rill,
Offspring of a heath-clad hill,
Through the moors and mossy bogs,
Turn the mills and fill the cogs.

Roll among your sunny braes,
'Mid hazel buds and blooming slaes;
Where the housewife's linens bleach,
By the bits of silver beach.

Roll away through moss and moor,
Where the rains in torrents pour ;
Then the crowflower's gentle bell
Floats upon your muddy swell.

Mountain thyme and heather grow,
Bending o'er your gleesome flow ;
Moorland trout, in rainbow sheen,
In your amber floods are seen.

. . . . . .

Dancing down the rushy glen,
Flowing on through field and fen ;
Piping to the clouds and stars,
Overleaping rocky bars.

Sighing 'mong the sand and stones,
In the meadows green it moans ;
Murmuring in silent shades,
Whistling through the forest glades.

Flash and flow where roses throng,
Where birds lengthen out their song ;
Pipe you time into their ears,
As you shed your crystal tears.

THREE SCORE AND TEN.

I sit in the shade of a lilac tree,
Dreaming of days that are gone :
The lilies and roses are nodding to me,
And warblers sing merrily on.

The sunbeams blink on my silvery hair—
Now its auburn hue has fled ;
And midges dance in the balmy air,
While clouds are creeping o'erhead.

And music's sweet strains fall soft on my ear—
Now swelling, now dying away ;
From the magical voices to me so dear,
That bless my declining day.

Though roses may blush and fair lilies smile,
And music in torrents be gushed,
The rose has its thorn, the lilies will fade,
The strains of the singers be hushed.

I long to be free from sin's weary load,
That long my soul oppressed ;
May I through His Lamb be welcomed by God
Up to the eternal rest !

WILLIAM SHELLEY.

THIS versatile poet is a policeman, and has written by snatches between the rough interruptions, which are of daily occurrence in a police office.

Born in Marylebone, London, in January, 1815, in the cruel cold, and under the bitter curse of illegitimacy, he never received a father's aid and guidance. Before he had acquired more knowledge of letters than what enabled him to spell his way slowly through the easier chapters of the Bible, he was doomed to hard labour. Alone—homeless, friendless, and aimless—at the age of fourteen, he toiled incessantly for his daily bread. Now working in coal pits, quarries, woods, and fields, sometimes at sea, he came to Scotland while yet a lad, engaged himself sometimes for herring-fishing, sometimes for harvest work, or as hammerman, and at length married a fair, frank, and merry-hearted Scotch lassie. His two first-born children faded away together at the age of one and three years. Afterwards three boys were called away within two weeks. The heart of the mother became stricken and sorrowful.

> Nae bairn calls me "mither," Willie ;
> Nae bairn calls me "mither :"
> Oh ! the toom, toom, aching heart
> Of a bairnless mither !
> Dinna' try to gar me whisht :
> Let us greet thegither ;
> While our hearts' het showers fa',
> Death can never wither, Willie,
> Them wha called me "mither."

Other two lads are now gone also—one went down in the Baltic Sea, and the other lies beneath the turf at South Africa, while a daughter is buried beside her mother in Holyland, Aberdeen. He has been twenty-one years office sergeant in the Aberdeen City Police, has served under four chiefs, and has ever been found "without fear and without reproach."

Poetry has been the never-failing solace of all his trouble, and almost every little lyric in his book is a passage from his history. He still sings occasionally —"my mind," as he himself expresses, is "in some degree still toned by the sweetness of the company I keep. Those friends taught me to love the beauty of Nature, so that, by hearkening to the wondrous harmony that still prevails in all her moods, and by giving a child-like interpretation to her looks and her language, I might endeavour to make my living and my labouring as a song of gratitude to Him"

> Who writes 'Almighty' in a world of stars,
> And 'Tender Father' in a tuft of flowers!"

In 1868 Shelley published a volume of over 300 pages, entitled "Flowers by the Wayside." Since then many of his poems have appeared in the columns of the Aberdeen newspapers—one in particular, "The Prince of Pilgrims," being extremely thoughtful. It would have appeared here had its length not exceeded our limits. We claim for his pictures of nature thorough truthfulness, and pure and intense feeling. He has sung of the beauties of the wild flowers of the glens, of the tender green of spring, and the wanings of autumn, and the loves and the joys of those in his own social rank, and has pathetically sketched the aspect of tearless sorrow in a manner only attainable by one full of the warmest and truest human sympathies.

THE BURN.

Oh! could I win back to the bonnie wee burn
That I lo'ed in my schule-gaen days;
Where aften my fancy gies by-ganes a turn
When lassies are bleachin' their claise;
How kindly the burnie laiped roun' my het feet
While paidlin' through short diet-hours!
How heartsome the gowdspinks chirmed, "Sweet, laddie,
I' the hawthorn buss laden wi' flowers! [sweet,"

'Mang rashes, and breckans, and rose-tappit briers,
Aneth roden tree, hazel, and slae,
The burnie gaed rowin' sae shortsome to hear,
And it aye kept the tune o' our play:
Whence it cam', where it wandered, we couldna' mak' out,
But we kend that ilk shady bit pool
Atween the boss banks was a hame for the trout,
Though they jinkit the scalin' o' schule.

There are hamel cot-houses aside the wee burn,
Wi' black-thackit roofs and laigh wa's;
An' aye when my fancy gi'es by-ganes a turn,
'Tis there in the gloamin' she ca's:
We dinna' stand chappin', but just l ft the sneck,
For the soul-warmth o' love draws us ben;
And syne we get Beauty's white arms roun' our neck,
And ilk heart's like a laverock again.

Dear grannie sits weavin' her shank i' the nuik;
And mither clouts auld corderoys;
While faither is feastin' on some borrowed buik,
The carritch wee Willie employs:
The lasses are buskin' their bonnets ance mair,
Or darnin' their light Sabbath hose,
Or sortin' braw ribbons for bonnie brown hair,
And whisperin' whyles o' their joes.

Now kind neebor lasses drap in twa in twa,
Their faces a' smudgin' wi' glee;
And nane o' the darlin's seem aulder ava
Than when they wared kisses on me:
O, bless them! they come to my arms wi' delicht;
Fresh peats to the fire are brought ben:
Mirth skirls up the lum i' the face o' grim nicht;
And love trims the crusie again.

Oh! fancy is fair as the sunshine that pours
Frae the west on our ain bonnie burn;
But ah! she is changefu' and frail as the flowers
That twit us wi' bairnhood's return.
The loon she leads captive, awa' frae the man,
To his first and maist beautiful hame:
She gars brave resolve tak' a grip o' his han',
And lead him to fortune and fame.

Oh! whisht, bonnie gowdspinks, yer "Sweet, dawtie,
Is nevermair music to me; [sweet"
It sounds like the wail o' the waesome that greet
For the darlings laid low on the lea!
But sing ye wi' virr when I lay down my load,
Till bairnies lilt out at ilk turn;
"The mourner that trachled sae lang down the road
Sleeps calmly aside our wee burn!"

SHORTSYNE I HAD A BONNIE BIRD.

Shortsyne I had a bonnie bird
That sweetly chirmed the lee-lang day,
And croodled neist my heart at nicht,
As gin it kend my heart was wae :
The while I felt my darlin' there
In dream's delicht cam' back to me,
The warl' was gay wi' flowers again,
And love seemed what it used to be.

When winter raired through Poortith's bield,
And drifted snaw lay on the land,
The bonnie bird I held so dear
Was smitten by a fearsome hand :
It made a waesome mane awhile,
And pleaded sair wi' wistfu' e'e :
It dwined awa'—and now there's nane
In this cauld warl' to comfort me.

A' nicht I toss in troubled dreams,
The morn to me nae comfort brings ;
A' day I sit in sorrow's fur',
A mateless bird wi' broken wings.
My achin' heart will ne'er refrain
Frae fondlin' what it's tortured wi' :
Love's left me steeped in grief and shame,
And spite tak's pride in lessenin' me.

Alas ! that fraud should smile like love,
To wile the wee bird frae the grun',
Then drive the cauld stoon through her heart
As she gaes singin' to'ards the sun !
My e'en wi' greetin' are sae dim,
Through mercy's gates I canna see ;
Hope lies face-downwards 'tween twa graves,
And winna speak a word to me.

PRETTY PATTER ON THE FLOOR.

Pretty patter on the floor,
Sweet wee trottie but-and-ben,
Chirpin' like a canty cricket,
Clockin' like a bantam hen.
Blessings fa' like rain about ye,
Love, like sunshine, licht ye'r path,
And may Goodness guide and 'fend ye
Clear of a' that leads to wrath !
Coup the creepie, cauk the floor,
Rattle on the window pane,
Mak' a fiddle o' the fender,
Dabble in the stoup amain.

Canty comely, mamma's pet,
Smirkin' smout, aye kissin' keen,
Chubby-cheekit, dawtit darlin',
Bonniest taidie e'er was seen:
May ye flourish like a gowan;
Bonnie, blythe, and hale at heart;
Meek to bear ilk gloomy on-come;
Mensfu' still to play yer part.
Dinsome dirler on the door,
Sleekie creepie down the stair,
Skirlin' randie on the greenie,
When the weather's aught like fair.

Pretty patter on the floor,
Tricksie trottie but-and-ben,
Makin' dolls wi' duds and mutches,
Mither's bonnie bantam hen:
May ye tak' our kindness kindly,
May ye haud our care in mind,
May ye ever trust in heaven,
And be trusted by mankind!
Croodlin' doo sae crouse and couthie,
Friskin' kittlin' daft wi' glee,
Cheerie chirmer by the ingle,
Sleekin' in for dad-da's knee.

Pretty patter on the floor,
Makin' mirth wi' sticks and strings;
While I read ye'r life's hereafter,
Fancy wins the laverock's wings.
O, my bonnie browdent darling,
May sweet Mercy hear my prayer:
Haud ye weel, and mak' ye worthy
O' the guardian angel's care!
Mither's hand-tie a' the day;
Faither's glee at gloamin' hour;
Brithers', sisters' sweet wee lambie,
Pretty patter on the floor.

EDWARD CATTO.

EDWARD CATTO was born in Aberdeen in 1849. When he was only two and a-half years old his father died at the early age of twenty-nine, leaving a wife and two children to struggle with the world. The young mother found employment in a wool mill near Aberdeen; but the few shillings she was able to earn weekly were not sufficient to support herself and family, and she removed to Blairgowrie. Here Edward was put to school, where he made rapid progress, got a Bible from the "mistress" as a reward for his diligence, and was sent to work at the age of eight as a "half-timer." During his evenings he read all the books he could procure, and with his first earnings bought an English Dictionary, which he frequently consulted. His first poetical effort was "The Orphan Laddie," and being recommended to forward it for insertion in the *Weekly News*, he had the unspeakable joy, which, doubtless, all experience who for the first time see their thoughts in print. Catto resides in Lochee, and is employed in the Calendering Department of the Camperdown Linen Works. He is a frequent contributor to the newspapers. Although not manifesting a vigorous and comprehensive imagination, he evidently possesses considerable poetic perception. His muse is domestic, and he shows fine sympathy with all that is natural and homely.

MY CHILDHOOD.

I sat me down beneath two sister trees,
That fling their shadows o'er a crystal stream;
Their friendly branches waving with the breeze
Lulled me to sleep, and lo! I had a dream.

Methought I was again a little child,
And fondly watched with all a mother's care;
In the same cot among the mountains wild,
Where in my childhood I first lisped a prayer.

The low sweet murmur of the limpid brook,
The mavis, with its wonted soothing strain,
The old grey church within the churchyard nook—
Scenes of my childhood wafted back again.

. . . . . .

THE CRIPPLE ORPHAN LOON.

The wintry wind wi' eerie sough,
Blaws through the leafless trees;
The auld an' stately oaks an' elms
Are bendin' wi' the breeze;
While through the dark deserted streets
Gangs hirplin' up an' doon—
Nae cosie bield to shelter him—
The cripple orphan loon.

The tears doon frae his bonnie e'en
Are drappin' fast an' thick;
While wearily he leans upon
His little oxter stick.
He's thinkin' o' the happy days
That vanished a' sae sune,
An' left him dowie, mitherless,—
A cripple orphan loon.

His gowden locks, ance bricht an' fair,
Are sair neglected noo;
Nae mair a mither's gentle hand
Will deck his sunny broo.
Ah she wha made his beddie saft,
An' kissed him sleepin' soun',
His a'e best frien', his mither's gane—
Puir cripple orphan loon.

Oh speak nae roughly, puir wee man,
It mak's his heartie sair;
He'll never tell his waefu' tale
To's mither ony mair.
A'e kindly word will cheer him up,
An' he wha dwells abune,
Records a' deeds o' kindness shown
E'en till an orphan loon.

OOR WAG-AT-THE-WA'.

I hae an auld relic I love fu' weel,
It hings near the riggin' o' oor cosy ha',
An' aften it cheers me when dowie I feel,
For sweet is the sound o' oor wag-at-the-wa'.

I mind weel the first day it cam' to oor cot,
Its bonnie roun' face had nae blemish or flaw:
My mither declared 'twas the best could be got,
An' greatly she praised her new wag-at-the-wa'.

But times hae brocht mony great changes since then;
There's new-fangled clocks noo, an' timepieces braw.
Yet 'mang a' the time-tellin' clocks that I ken,
There's nane can compete wi' oor wag-at-the-wa'.

Oor neeboor wife Jean says she's had a clock lang,
An' aft o' its time-keepin' merits wad blaw;
But aye when her wee German clockie gangs wrang,
She comes an' consults oor auld wag-at-the-wa'.

My auld mither aye wound it up wi' great care—
She ne'er wad let ane o' us touch it ava;
An' woe to the ane wha should slicht it, an' dare
To question the time on her wag-at-the-wa'.

But noo my auld mither lies cauld in her grave,
An' lonely I'm left in oor ance cosy ha';
Still, whatever may happen, I'll aye try an' save
Her sweet-tickin', time-chappin' wag-at-the-wa'.

JAMES FERGUSON,

("NISBET NOBLE,")

A NATIVE of Stanley, was born in 1842. He went to work in a mill at the age of ten, and four years afterwards he was apprenticed to a grocer in Dundee. Being of a bashful, retiring nature, when he arrived at the railway station, he felt as if his heart would sink, and that he was alone and helpless. Mustering courage, however, he went up to a street porter, and timidly asked what he would charge for taking his box to a certain address. His innocence was measured at a glance. "Four shillings," was the answer, and he got it. A cab would have carried both for one shilling. Although

he faithfully served out his time, he felt that he was not cut out for the counter: and going to Glasgow, and not finding an opening, he went to work in an engine shop as a labourer. He was soon promoted—first, to keep the engine, then to keep the time, and afterwards to the counting-house. Ferguson then removed to Perth, where he was employed at the Messrs Pullar's Dyeing Establishment for about twelve years. Since then he has been temporary clerk in the Inland Revenue, clerk in a lawyer's office, a surfaceman on the railway, and back to the dye-house again.

His early recollections are love for woods and waters in summer, and fireside reading during winter. He says:—"I remember well when first I came across the 'Lady of the Lake,' and Ayton's 'Death of Montrose.' I seemed to have entered a new world, and they may be said to have laid the bent of my mind, and given me a taste both for reading and writing heroic poetry. My 'first attempt' was in that line. It was entitled 'Lucknow,' and it had the honour of appearing in an early number of the *People's Journal*. Being literally and truly a first effort, you may fancy my feelings when I saw it in print. Earth seemed too small for me. I needed wings. But all fledgling poets have experienced this ecstatic feeling."

In 1880 he published a small volume of poems, entitled "Lays of Perthshire." In this work we find several lengthy pieces of a vigorous and patriotic nature, showing energy of conception and pathos, not of the deepest tone, yet not without a charm. The signature of "Nisbet Noble" attached to numerous short pieces is well and favourably known, and we hope soon to hear of his publishing these in a collected form. We never fail to find in his lines much that is not only humorous, but truly philosophic, and conveying healthy moral lessons—manly and full of common sense.

MY RESTING PLACE.

Oh, bury me where the daisies grow,
When my spirit flies—
Where lilies and roses blossom and blow
Beneath the sunny skies.
Let the rustling trees around me spread;
A dream I sometimes have,
That I'll feel the flowers above my head
With fragrance fill my grave.

The thought is sweet, though it may be vain,
And again the thought is mine,
That the world beyond this world of pain,
The world of life divine,
Is a world of flowers and rustling trees,
Where crystal streamlets play
Their rippling song to the harmonies
That gladden the endless day.

Then bury me where the daisies grow,
And croonin' burnies run,
Where lilies and roses o'er me blow
Beneath the smiling sun;
Let Nature in her fairest mood,
Tuned with her sweetest tones,
And the gentle spirit of solitude,
Keep watch above my bones.

OOR AIN WEE LAND.

It's a braw wee land, oor ain wee land,
As a' the warld maun say;
Its hills an' dells, its floods an' fells,
Its torrents white wi' spray;
Its lochs an' linns, its brooms an' whins,
Gae, match them whar ye may.
It's a braw wee land, oor ain wee land,
A bonnie wee land, oor ain wee land,
An' a grand wee land, oor ain wee land,
As a' the warld maun say.

It's a brave wee land, oor ain wee land,
As a' the warld maun say;
Whaur freemen foucht an' freedom boucht,
Wi' monie a battle day.
Their storied names are writ on fame's
Undying scroll for aye.
It's a brave wee land, oor ain wee land,
A bonnie wee land, oor ain we land;
An' a brave wee land, oor ain wee land,
As a' the warld maun say.

It's a staunch wee land, oor ain wee land,
As a' the warld maun say;
The leal Scotch heart nae tamely part
Can haud wi' friend or fae;
Aince prove it richt in its ain sicht,
An' wha daur say it nae?
It's a braw wee land, oor ain wee land,
A bonnie wee land, oor ain wee land,
An' a staunch wee land, oor ain wee land,
As a' the warld maun say.

Then oor ain wee land, oor braw wee land,
Oor bonnie wee land, hurray!
The thistle's jag ne'er needs a brag
To tell what it can dae;
Noo, as before, 'twill mak' its score
Whaurever it may gae.
It's a braw wee land, oor ain wee land,
A bonnie wee land, oor ain wee land,
An' a brave wee land, oor ain wee land,
As a' the warld maun say.

HURRAH FOR SCOTLAND'S NAMELESS DEAD.

Oh! what tho' mony a sang's been sung
Aroon' oor country's head;
Anither yet shall lae my tongue
For Scotland's nameless dead.
A thousand echoes seem to rise
Aroon' me at the words;
I hear the rousin' battle cries,
I hear the ringin' swords.
Hurrah for Scotland's nameless dead,
The dauntless and the brave;
The hero hearts wha foucht an' bled
Wi' Wallace an' the lave.

Their banes lie thick in ilka plain
Through which the ploughshares pass;
Fit coverin' theirs the wavin' grain,
An' floo'r-besprinkled grass.
For wi' their bluid they boucht the place
Whaur noo in peace we stand,
An' gaze wi' freemen's fearless face
Upon a freeman's land.
Hurrah for Scotland's nameless dead, &c.

Then gie them sang, oor fearless sires,
Those rude, rough-handed men;
The torch they lit at freedom's fires
Hath cheered the warld sin' then.

The mail-clad knights, wha bravely led,
Hae won their mead o' praise ;
Nae coward followed Scotland's tread
Those fear-forgotten days.
Hurrah for Scotland's nameless dead, &c.

AULD DADDY DARKNESS.

A Companion Song to "Wee Davie Daylicht."

Auld Daddy Darkness creeps frae his hole,
Black as a blackamoor, blin' as a mole ;
Stir the fire till it lowes, let the bairnie sit,
Auld Daddy Darkness is no wantit yet.

See him in the corners hidin' frae the licht,
See him at the windy gloomin' at the nicht :
Turn up the gas licht, close the shutters a',
An' Auld Daddy Darkness will flee far awa'.

Awa' to hide the birdie within its cosy nest.
Awa' to hap the wee floo'rs on their mither's breast ;
Awa' to loosen Gaffer Toil frae his daily ca',
For Auld Daddy Darkness is kindly to a'.

He comes when we're weary to wean's frae oor wacs,
He comes when the bairnies are gettin' aff their claes ;
To cover them cosily, an' bring bonnie dreams,
For Auld Daddy Darkness is better than he seems.

Shut yer een, my wee tot, ye'll see Daddy then :
He's in below the bed claes, to cuddle ye he's fain.
Noo nestle in's bosie, sleep an' dream yer fill,
Till Wee Davie Daylicht comes keekin' ower the hill.

ALEXANDER BROWN

COMES of a family engaged for generations in agricultural occupations. He was born in 1837 at Lochhead, a farm in the parish of Auchtertool, Fifeshire. The house was more remarkable for its picturesque situation, and the abundance of fresh air which circulated around it, than for its convenience or internal elegance; but the whinny braes, and sunny meadows in the neighbourhood afforded ample opportunity for his observing nature in some of its most interesting aspects, and he became early acquainted with the habits of birds, bees, and flowers. He went to school at Lochgelly; but his education was considerably interrupted through his having to herd the cattle in summer, or work in the fields. In 1851 he left home, very sad at heart, to enter upon a four years' apprenticeship with a cabinetmaker in Milnathort. After a few months he mastered his home-sickness, and being attentive to his duties, he soon picked up his trade, and worked with his first master a considerable time as a journeyman. He then removed to Edinburgh, where he has ever since been engaged in the same occupation, and acted as foreman for the last sixteen years.

Concerning the literary side of his life, we learn that although very fond of books when young, his opportunities for reading were limited. Works of theology, which he could not comprehend, and an occasional chap-book, or history of "Wallace and Bruce," comprised the bulk that was within his reach. When an apprentice he soon "devoured" the village library, and as he grew up, by rigid economy he was able to become possessor of the works of his favourite poets—Burns, Campbell, and Longfellow. He says:—"Courses of lectures which were delivered during the winter months also contributed to my

improvement, and the formation of companionships of kindred tastes, and literary subjects would often be discussed during pleasant walks in the the neighbourhood. After removing to Edinburgh the opportunities for literary culture were increased. My attention was also in a large measure given to drawing, both from a love of the art, and from the knowledge that it would be useful to me in my daily employment. I also became connected with a literary society, and commenced to cultivate the rhyming art, for although since my school days I had made several efforts they were rarely written down, a circumstance not to be regretted. I made but few attempts to appear in print till about the time that the *People's Friend* was established as a weekly miscellany."

He has on several occasions been "first prizeman" in the *People's Journal* competition—the successful poems, entitled "Full of Days," "Into Captivity," and "The Rover's Last Wish," being especially full of thought and fancy, and imbued with not a little poetic feeling. His estimate of his own efforts is very humble. He makes no claim to the title of poet in the true sense, but only considers himself "a writer of verses," and adds —"If my ability to write poetry equalled my love for it, I might then have some claim to the title."

Nature seems to have special charms for our poet —the lessons of the seasons; the world of light, colour, and form; the glow of the flower; the sheen of the leaf; and the sparkle of the stream. These he loves with all a poet's love, and draws from them inspiration and thoughts of an elevating nature. His poetry is eminently reflective, and many of his pieces have the finish and elegance which real acquaintance with the finest models only can bestow.

AN APRIL MOOD.

Now swelling buds on twig and bough
  Burst into tender leaf and bloom,
While orchards, blossomed white as snow,
  Delight the sense with sweet perfume ;

And catkins clothe the willow boughs
  That fringe the windings of the stream,
Alluring when the sunshine glows
  The wild bee from its winter's dream.

From uplands stretching bleak and bare,
  And where in dusk the meadows lie,
There rises through the gloaming air
  The timid lapwing's plaintive cry.

In all the old familiar fields
  There's not a flower in beauty set
But by association yields
  Some tender touch of sweet regret.

Not winter with its naked boughs,
  Nor summer with its leafy bowers—
Not all the glory autumn shows,
  So deeply move as April's flowers.

What crowding memories they wake
  Of days and joys too surely fled—
Memorials treasured for the sake
  Of those laid with the silent dead.

When all-reviving Nature spread
  To childhood's bright, inquiring eye
Of how the beauteous world was made,
  And curious of the reason why,

And loving lips would then unfold
  A realm of wonder strange and new,
Until it seemed the more was told
  That evermore the marvel grew.

Yet happiness hath not decayed,
  Though fancy will the present set
In varied forms of light and shade
  Against a background of regret.

And reckons oft as over-bright
  Those early days that seem so fair,
Forgetful, if the load was light,
  So also was the strength to bear.

Those teachings were not pondered well
If they did not their day outlast,
And all the light of manhood fell
Before the memory of the past.

Would that our days unsullied were,
And all the inward vision clear,
Life, fresh as April's beauty rare,
Though, like it, made of smile and tear.

That we might read with purer eyes
The lessons that the years disclose—
The grandeur that around us lies,
While evermore the marvel grows.

AN AUTUMN LEAF.

When autumn's first brown leaves were blown
Across the way, and o'er the land,
Orchard and field
Did tribute yield
To patient Labour's busy hand.

One mellow sunny afternoon
I wandered down a woodland path,
And through the trees
A rustling breeze
Blew fresh from fields of aftermath.

Among the purple clover tops,
Where droned the drowsy autumn bee,
With merry noise
A troop of boys
Were roaming, task and study free.

And one did strive, with meagre cord,
To guide within its narrow bound
A kite, that swayed,
And tossed, and played
In gusty eddies round and round.

While one essayed a bolder flight,
And watched it rise with vision keen
And high delight,
As calm and white
It dwindled in the blue serene.

So seems it in this life of ours—
Too earthward bound in hope and aim,
All passion-tossed
And trouble-crossed,
And wavering as the taper's flame.

To still the wild unrest that lies
Beyond the power of earthly balm,
Thy thoughts must rise .
To clearer skies,
And heaven's deep blue ethereal calm,

For in that pure and placid air
No warring currents sweep along—
No doubts perplex,
Nor passions vex—
No envy moves or does thee wrong.

UNKNOWN.

Heaven's chosen messengers ofttimes abide
In humble station, and in lowly guise
Of homely texture ; and we ne'er surmise
Celestial visitants are by our side,
Endowed with noble attributes, but void
Of regal splendour that doth strike surprise,
Into the gaze of listless, wandering eyes,
Until beyond our scope and ken they glide,
Oh ! joy, to see they light so large a part
Of life with blessing, while their place is filled,
Or know and feel the worth of one true heart,
Before its beating is for ever stilled,
Nor mourn the gracious presence from us gone,
Unconscious of the bliss of knowing it was known.

THE CHEQUERED WAY.

Above the budding April boughs,
That arching o'er the pathway close,
And cross the sky with crooked bars,
The full-orbed moon is shining bright,
Whose mellow ray subdues the light,
And veils the number of the stars.

And on the chequered path below,
Clasped hand in hand, two lovers go :
And where at noon the heart would fail,
Beneath the moonlight shadows, bold
To tell again the story old,
In ears that thrill to hear the tale.

So deep in love's sweet interchange,
They through a happy region range,
Where witching airs, light zephyrs play ;
In radiant light and loveliness,
They walk as in a dream of bliss ;
Nor see the shadows in the way.

O, sum of earthly joys complete,
When thus in sweet accordance meet,
The budding year, and life's bright May,
Each other's light in clear and dark,
They journey on, and scarcely mark
The shadows falling o'er their way.

THOMAS M'LAUCHLAN,

A NATIVE of Glasgow, was born in 1858. He is a brushmaker to trade, and has written many humorous sketches not devoid of originality.

BONNIE JEAN O' AUCHINHA'.

Nae doot ye've heard o' winsome Jeanie—
Jeanie wi' the licht blue e'en;
Nae doot ye've heard aboot her beauty,
Fair is she, my artless queen.
Cheeks unrivall'd by the roses,
Skin as white's the mountain snaw;
Sweet an' modest, neat an' robust—
Bonnie Jean o' Auchinha'.

Heard ye ocht aboot the cottage,
Whaur the leesome lassie dwells;
There, when evening's gently closin',
A voice so sweet with music swells;
Owned by her, fair virtue's treasure!
She wha's got my heart awa';
Serene an' bonnie, blythe as ony—
Peerless Jean o' Auchinha'.

Wealthy ladies, dressed in fashion,
Rub their faces owre wi' pent;
A printed short-gown, kilted coaties,
Wash wi' soap, an' Jean's content.
She's the lass that's worth a wooin',
Fairest ane amang them a';
Braw an' neat, a' complete—
Bonnie Jean o' Auchinha'.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

("SURFACEMAN.")

ALTHOUGH a rough-handed son of toil, there are few among the living Scottish poets who are entitled to a higher place than Alexander Anderson, author of "The Two Angels," "A Song of Labour," "Songs of the Rail," "Ballads and Sonnets," &c. He was born in 1854, at Kirkconnel, Dumfriesshire, but his boyhood was spent at Crocketford, a village at the lower end of Galloway. At a humble school he gained the rudiments of his early education. He was not remarkable for any particular aptitude for learning. In an "Introductory Sketch" to one of his volumes, published by Macmillan & Co., London, from the pen of "G. G."—George Gilfillan in all likelihood—we learn that he was a fair hand at drawing, and enjoyed a local fame for colouring. "He became a member of an improvised Academy of Youths, every one of whom was bound to provide, at short stated periods, a sketch, to be criticised by the rest. The result was neither pleasant nor profitable, for he tells us that 'our strictures were often of the most pungent kind, and violent disputes, that would last for days, were the invariable results of our love for Art.' 'Deep in colour, they were deficient in harmony.' 'Surfaceman' says—'I can still see myself trudging to school, satchel on back, and stopping now and then to see if my masterpiece was receiving any damage in its transit.' From these beginnings a great painter—a Harvey or a Wilkie—might have been looked for, but he soon turned from colours to word-painting. He indulged at this period in doggerel rhymes; every sentiment that he deemed worth recording he put into verse, and he blames this for the stiff prose which he says he writes now, as if head and hand, so early accustomed to rhyming,

disdained to descend to vulgar prose." "Surface-man," after writing a number of satires, epistles, and other poems, submitted them all to a fiery baptism.

He returned with his parents from Crocketford to his native village, and, coinciding with this in time was his entire abandonment, for a season, of poetry. One reason was his growing conviction of the worthlessness of what he had written; and he very naïvely adds another, that the nature of his employment (working in a quarry) was probably not conducive to that kind of study.

He now began to extend his reading, but at first in a wrong direction. He revelled in sensational literature—novels, plays, &c. "The fountain of song," says "G. G.," "was sealed, and slumbered under Circulating Library mud mountains, till at last 'Strong Death' removed the incubus. A beloved brother, not older than twenty-six, was taken away, and 'To One in Eternity' was the result. Thus the spring was opened, and has never since been shut. Along with a love of poetry re-awakened, there arose in his mind a desire for studying languages." With a French Grammar in his pocket as he trudged to and from his work on the line, or sat by the side of the iron pathway waiting while "the monster passed along," or during the spare moments of the diet hours, did Mr Anderson manage to read that language, and, elated at the new world of letters thus opened to him, plunged at once into the comedies of Moliére and the dramas of Voltaire. His taste of foreign tongues but whetted his appetite for more, and in succession German, Spanish, and Italian were taken up. His acquaintance with the great poetic minds of these countries is of the most intimate nature; while, having also some knowledge of both Latin and Greek, he seems to have had particular friends among the heathen deities, so familiarly does he discourse and rhyme about the

heroes of Homer, and the titular divinities of old Rome.

His connection with the *People's Friend*—a journal which has occupied well a field which had been long unoccupied in Scotland, since, at least, the days of *Hogg's Instructor*, and been an outlet to the overflowing young intellect and genius of our country, particularly amongst the uneducated but aspiring classes—began in 1870. Previous to this he had written a copy of verses in the *People's Journal* on Mr Ferguson's famous but now forgotten and forgiven escapade against Robert Burns. The first poem in the *Friend* was on John Keats. After this he became a regular contributor, and was very highly appreciated by its readers, till at last, in the autumn of 1873, he was encouraged to publish his "Song of Labour, and other Poems." This was followed in 1875 by "Two Angels, and other Poems" (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.), and "Songs of the Rail," all of which met with an instant and most generous reception both from the press and the public These volumes are distinguished by great variety of subject and modes of treatment. We meet with numerous sweet Scottish verses, plaintive or pawky, such as "Jenny wi' the Airn Teeth," "Cuddle Doon," and "Jamie's Wee Chair;" strains of a higher mood, and richer imagination, such as "Alexis" and the "Two Angels"; poems written in what may be called peculiarly his own style, and befitting his trade—a style of iron and fire—as "Blood on the Wheel," and several others; and, what is generally allowed to be his most successful efforts, his series of "Sonnets," entitled, "In Rome." These have been pronounced as "a production of great genius." The productions of his prolific brain appear also occasionally with much acceptance in the London magazines, such as *Good Words*, *Cassell's Magazine*, and *The Quiver*; while he also found leisure to enter as a knight of the pen in the poetic tournaments held annually in con-

nection with the *People's Journal*, where twice in succession, against nearly 400 competitors each time, has the first prize fallen to his lot.

A surfaceman Mr Anderson still contentedly continues, residing with his aged parents in a humble cot. He says he wishes for no more, and adds—"I have the great rush and whirl of the world going past me in trains through the day when at my work, and at night the cool healthy calm of my native village." We believe a purer-minded man does not exist. He sends on his passions rushing with the trains, and retains in his own bosom and home the peace which passeth all understanding. His aims are high and noble, his sympathies are wide, and his thoughts have an elevating effect on the mind; while he shows a culture of intellect, a nobility of mind and heart, and a command of language and imagery which would have been astonishing even if the highest training had been received in college halls or classes. He finds poetry in all created existence —in man, and in every object around him; in the hallowed influences of Nature; in every leaf, bud, and flower; in the gentle influence of love and affection; in the loud tone of the thunder, and the soft cadence of the brook. He sings in pure language of the light ray that comes down upon the stream or hill; of the birds in the summer valleys; and in a low and mournful dirge he sings over the perishing flowers of summer.

Although his songs of labour manifest occasionally "sledge hammer" power, and artistic poetic expression — their whole scope being to ennoble labour, and to sing the triumphs of science—we think his popularity will rest more enduringly on his poems on the affections. These touch the better feelings of our nature; and callous, indeed, must be the heart from which such poems cannot draw a tear. As a delineator of human nature through all the gradations of babyhood and boyhood, Mr Anderson's

reputation is secure. He is particularly happy when speaking to or of "the bairns," and gives some exquisite peeps into the domestic hearth.

With a modesty and backwardness which are to some extent blameworthy, he has been content to plod and work on from day to day, without ever sinking into despondency or despair as poets are too apt to do. In the quiet seclusion of the hamlet of his birth, with, as we have seen, his aged parents, for whose comfort perhaps he has been mainly content to curb his ambition, which might have led him out to fight and battle with the world, he has lived with his books, and keenly observed human nature. The purity and elevation of sentiment in his poetry is a feature deserving of commendation in this age. A mild, unobtrusive air of piety breathes through almost every page—a piety that struggles in the midst of sorrow and suffering, when the cloud of affliction is darkest and the most appalling, to realise that there is "an unseen finger in the heavens pointing through," and that all things are working together for wise ends.

Raising his cheery voice among his fellow-workers with an honest pride, he thus throws the fullness of his heart into the spirit of his song:—

Let us sing, my toiling brothers, with our rough, rude voice a song
That shall live behind, nor do us in the after ages wrong,
But for ever throb and whisper strength to nerve our fellow kind
As they rise to fill our footsteps and the space we leave behind.
What though hand and form be rugged? better then for labour's mart—
I have never heard that Nature changed the colour of the heart—
The God above hath made us one in flesh and blood with kings,
But the lower use is ours, and all the force of rougher things.
Then, my brother, sing to Labour, as the sun-browned giant stands,
Like an Atlas with the world shaking in his mighty hands;
Brawny armed and broad and swarthy, keeping in with shout and groan,
In the arch of life the keystone, that the world may thunder on.
As the silent sage at midnight shapes his cunning thoughts to soothe
Pathways through the world's jungle for the steady tramp of truth;

As the pioneer that fells the sounding forest tree by tree,
With a mighty thought that trembles to the settlement to be;
As the sentinel who slowly paces as the night hours fly,
With the lives of breathing thousands hanging on his watchful eye;
As within the field of Sempach, in the bleeding Swiss's breast,
Freedom found her purple dwelling, giving to a nation rest;
As the coral insect, toiling in the ocean's mighty vast,
Rears a gaint's labour upwards through the swaying surge at last;
So the specks that dot existence, seeming blind and aimless, still,
Knit in one, are levers waiting for the touch of thought and will.

. . . . . .

Thus the mighty who have laboured in the ages sunk behind,
Link their spirit to that purpose which they left among their kind;
And for ever, as the groaning world tramples under foot
Hydras born of sleeping Wisdom when it pleased her to be mute;
And wherever slow Improvement wanders with a laggard's pace—
Like the cynic with his lantern roaming in the market-place—
There their power of brain is busy, bringing with its potent rod
Genii from all points of heaven, and sets them working with a nod.
In the swirl and sweep of traffic, in the long and restless street,
Multitudinous with echoes ringing from a thousand feet;
In the clash and clank of hammers, in the anvil's busy sound;
In the belt that like a serpent whirls in hot pursuit around;
In the crash of tooth and pinion slowly forming linkéd rounds;
In the mighty beam that labours like a Hercules set in bonds;
In the slightest puff of steam that specks the ocean far away;
In the sail that casts a shadow hanging in the lucent bay;
In the furnace darting upwards glowing gleams to greet the skies,
Till they start at such a welcome with a flush of red surprise;
In whatever rises up for myraid use with loud acclaim;
In whatever sets for Progress stepping-stones to reach her aim.

. . . . . .

What though Science fills her nectar lavishly in golden cups,
And the earth, like a Bachante, all unwitting reels and sups;
She is yet a village maiden, Nature touching not her life,
Girt in dreams of busy childhood, knowing not the aim of wife;
Wearing simple vesture loose in fold that open to disclose
Breasts that nurse a wish to blossom like the twin buds of a rose.
Then what wonders will they suckle when the juices in her blood
Slowly swell their balmy outline to the round of womanhood?

. . . . . .

Shame on all the later devil's whisper, crying in our ear—
"We are apes of broader forehead, with the miracle of speech;
Rather nineteenth century men, that have a thought who sent us here:
Higher faiths are ours, my fellows, low enough for us to reach.

IN ROME—SONNET—XXVI.

I left the crowd to its own will, and mused
Upon thy village life, that scarcely opes
One pathway for the liberal thought, nor copes
With the result that broadens; but suffused
With straiten'd range of thought, keeps on, nor sees
The world with proper vision. Creeds and sects
Are here, still seeing within each defects,
And men will battle to the last for these.
It will be so. Yet think, ere we condemn,
What our faith is to us is theirs to them;
And so grow broad with sympathy, nor sink
Into the barren pasture of old saws,
But think that God will open up His laws
And tell us we are safer than we think.

OOR FIRST WEE GRAVES.

They were a' roun' aboot us, their hearts licht wi' glee,
An' the pride an' the talk o' their faither an' me;
We had nae broken link when we lookit aroun',
To sen' through oor hearts sorrow's canker an stoun'.
The shadow afore hadna come on the hearth
To dull wi' its gloom their bit prattle an' mirth,
An' ilka bit joy in the heart o' ilk wean
Sent the same happy pride an' sweet thrill through oor ain.

But it wasna to last; for this strange life o' oors
Is made up o' blinks o' dull sunshine an' shooers;
Sae the shadow at last cam' an' fell on the een
O' Jenny, my ain sweet wee dawtie an' queen.
Saft, saft did it fa', like a clud on the hill,
An' wee paidlin' feet an' a sweet voice grew still,
While a gap on the hearth as I turn'd roun' my e'e,
Dumbly spoke o' the sweet link noo broken to me.

There was weicht at my heart I could ne'er get abune,
When I saw a' the rest when the forenicht set in
Gather roun' wi' their stules, to think ae weel ken'd face
Couldna come to my side an' tak' up its auld place;

An', oh ! when I heard them speak lown their bit say,
I thocht on a voice that was noo far away ;
But I keepit the tears back for sake o' the lave,
An' the kirkyaird doon-by had oor first wee reid grave.

But waes me, the shadow cam' back wi' its wing,
An' wee Jeanie sank doon like a leaf struck in spring,
Sair, sair was my wark nicht an' day wi' the wean,
Yet what will a mither no dae for her ain ?
But oor wark was in vain, for the saft breathin' nicht
Saw the angel that faulded our bairn frae oor sicht :
Sae anither wee grave in the kirkyaird was made,
An' in't oor sweet bud by the ither was laid.

'Twas oor first close acquaintance wi' ocht o' the kin' ;
An' deeply it sunk baith on heart an' on min' :
It micht be that something no far frae dispair
Fell doon on oor hearts an' lay unco cauld there.
For when grief comes it aye brings the shadows that hide
A' the gude we micht see if we flung them aside ;
But a wee grave, ye ken, when it haps what we lo'e,
Tak's mithers an unco lang time to see through.

Sae I grew unco wae, at odd times, wi' the thocht,
That keepit me back frae the gude that I socht ;
But the rest o' my bairns were aboot me to cheer,
An' I lichten'd mysel' as things lookit mair clear ;
While a voice, heard to nane but mysel', in my breist,
Said in saft soothin' whispers, when sorrow had ceased,
"Ye ne'er wad hae ken'd what sair hearts can contain
If the finger of God hadna lain on your ain."

But ae nicht a dream cam', an' sweet, sweet to me
Was its truth that I grew maist as licht as could be.
I thocht a white angel frae heaven cam' doon,
An' stood on the hearth wi' lang wings faulded roun'
An' oh ! but the smile on his lips was fu' sweet,
As he boo'd, an' laid twa gowden links at his feet.
Then I thocht tae mysel', for the meanin' was plain,
God has sent him doon here wi' a link for ilk wean.

Then he flew to the kirkyaird, still leavin' ahin'
The en' o' the links he had brocht frae abune.
An' he stood on the graves o' the twa bairns o' mine,
Lookin' up to his hame he had left but short syne.
But juist for a moment, then saftly an' licht
He rase on braid wings an' soar'd oot o' my sicht ;
But aye, frae the hearth to the kirkyaird doon-by,
The links streekit oot an' gaed up to the sky.

There was bliss in my heart when I wauken'd an' faun'
That the nicht roun' aboot had been stirr'd by God's han',
An' I ken'd He had sent, frae His shadowless day,
That Angel to teach me His ain wondrous way.
For, when sorrow blin's up a' this life to our view,
He aye leaves a place for His han' to come through;
Sae oor wee graves, we ken, are gowd links nocht can dim
Slippit into the chain that leads upward to Him.

BLOOD ON THE WHEEL.

"Bless her dear little heart!" said my mate, and he pointed out to me,
Fifty yards to the right, in the darkness, a light burning steady and clear.
"That's her signal in answer to me, when I whistle, to 'let me see
She is at her place by the window the time I am passing here."

I turn'd to look at the light, and I saw the tear on his cheek—
He was tender of heart, and I knew that his love was lasting and strong—
But he dash'd it off with his hand, and I did not think fit to speak,
But look'd right ahead through the dark, as we clank'd and thunder'd along.

They had been at the school, the two, and had run, like a single life,
Through the mazes of childhood up to the sweeter and firmer prime,
And often he told me, smiling, he had promised to make her his wife,
In the rambles they had for nuts in the woods in the golden autumn time.

. . . . . .

Well, the marriage was settled at last, and I was to stand by his side,
Take a part in the happy rite, and pull from his hand the glove;
And still as we joked between ourselves, he would say, in his manly pride,
That the very ring of the engine-wheels had something in them of love.

At length we had just one run to make before the bridal took place,
And it happen'd to be in the night, yet merry in heart we went on;
But long ere he came to the house, he was turning each moment his face
To catch the light by the window, placed as a beacon for him alone.

"Now then, Joe," he said, with his hand on my arm, "keep a steady look out ahead
While I whistle for the last time;" and he whistled sharply and clear;
But no light rose up at the sound; and he look'd with something like dread
On the white-wash'd walls of the cot, through the gloom looking dull, and misty, and drear.

But lo! as he turn'd to whistle again, there rose on the night a scream,
And I rush'd to the side in time to catch the flutter of something white;
Then a hitch through the engine ran like a thrill, and in haste he shut off the steam,
While we stood looking over at each with our hearts beating wild with affright.

The station was half a mile ahead, but an age seem'd to pass away
Ere we came to a stand, and my mate, as a drunken man will reel,
Rush'd on to the front with his lamp, but to bend and come back and say,
In a whisper faint with its terror—"Joe, come and look at this blood on the wheel."

Great heaven! a thought went through my heart like the sudden stab of a knife,
While the same dread thought seem'd to settle on him and palsy his heart and mind,
For he went up the line with the haste of one who is rushing to save a life,
And with the dread shadow of what was to be I follow'd closely behind.

What came next is indistinct, like the mist on the mountain side—
Gleam of lights and awe-struck faces, but one thing can never grow dim:
My mate, kneeling down in his grief like a child by the side of his mangled bride,
Kill'd, with the letter still in her hand she had wished to send to him.

Some little token was in it, perhaps to tell of her love and her truth,
Some little love-errand to do ere the happy bridal drew nigh;
So in haste she had taken the line, but to meet, in the flush of her fair sweet youth,
The terrible death that could only be seen with a horror in heart and eye.

Speak not of human sorrow—it cannot be spoken in words ;
Let us veil it as God veil'd His at the sight of His Son on the cross.
For who could reach to the height or the depth of those infinite yearning chords
Whose tones reach the very centre of heaven when swept by the fingers of loss ?

. . . . . .

A' HIS LANE.

Pit his back against a chair,
Let us see if he can gang,
But be ready wi' your han'
If he sways or ocht gaes wrang ;
Mammy wadna like to see
Ony ill come to her wean ;
There noo, leave him to himsel',
Mammy's bairnie's a' his lane.

What a thrawin' o' his mou',
What a rowin' o' his e'en,
Then a steady look at me,
An' the space that lies between ;
Noo, ae fittie's oot a bit,
Look at him, he's unco fain,
Straicht himsel' up like a man,
Mammy's bairnie's a' his lane.

There, he's left the chair at last,
Lauchin' in his merry glee—
Haudin' oot a wee, plump han',
As if to say, "Tak' haud o' me."
Juist anither step, an' then—
Gudesake, what a thraw he's ta'en !
There, he's fairly ow'er at last—
Coupit when he's left his lane.

Did he hurt his curly heid ?
Let his mammy clap the place,
Pay the stule, an' kiss his croon
Till the tears are aff his face.
Their noo ; lean him to the chair—
Let us try the bairn again ;
Half-a-dozen fa's are nocht,
If he learns to gang his lane.

Steady this time wi' his feet—
Dinna keep his legs sae wide.
See, I hae my han' to kep
If he sways to ony side.

Mercy! what a solemn face
Lookin' up to meet my ain;
There, he's in my lap at last;
Here's a bairn can gang his lane.

Mither life has unco wark,
Settin' up her weans to gang;
Some pit oot ae fit, then stop,
Ithers step oot an' fa' wrang;
Very few can keep their feet
As they stot ow'r clod or stane;
Angels greet abune to see
Hoo we fa' when left oor lane.

ROBERT TENNANT,

POSTMAN, was born in Airdrie in 1830. At the early age of ten he was left an orphan. An uncle took him to his home, and employed him as a message boy for three years, when this relation also died. An old man then engaged him as an apprentice to learn the hand-loom, and he continued at the weaving until he was twenty years of age, when he got into the post office. After acting as "rural messenger" at Rothesay for some time, he was removed to Glasgow, where he for more than twenty years, and up to his death, which took place in January, 1879, was employed in the postal service. What education he received was mainly through his own efforts.

In a letter we had from our poet shortly before his death, he says:—"I have had many *ups* and *downs* during my life; for I have been tramping up and down stairs in this great city every working day for about twenty-three years. While I was a rural post-messenger my wages were very small, but I enjoyed what was dear to my heart, and sweet to my

eye—the sight of the woods and fields, and hills and vales; and was delighted with the song of the lark, and the sweet warblings of the woodland birds. Since I came to this great place I seldom see the face of nature, or hear the song of a bird, unless it be a caged bird, who like myself sings although shut up in the city." We remember meeting him in Glasgow in company with many brother bards, and can well recall the pleasure in his face, and the trembling tear-drop in his eye, as he listened to his song, "Wee Davy Daylicht," being sung. He was a man of a gentle, guileless nature, who gained and retained the friendship of all that were privileged to know him.

In 1874 he issued a modest little volume of sweet verse, entitled "Wayside Musings." In this volume there was a great deal of pure and genuine feeling, and much quiet homely humour, which got a warm welcom at many of those Scottish firesides of which the poet sang so cantily. He contributed regularly to the Glasgow newspapers and the *People's Friend*. In a short sketch of his career, which appeared in the latter miscellany at the time of his death, it is stated that "his muse was homely, but it was true to nature in the sphere in which he was content to sing, and never did he strike a truer chord than in his exquisite little nursery song, 'Wee Davy Daylicht.' It is a song that will live in company with Miller's 'Willie Winkie,' Anderson's "Jenny wi' the Airn Teeth,' and Ballantine's 'Castles in the Air.'"

He was essentially one of those simple lyrical poets to whom Scotland is indebted for some of her finest songs and ballads; and as many a poet is remembered for one song they have sung, so long as Robert Tennant's name is associated with the following little gem, will Scottish mothers owe him a debt of gratitude for the felicity with which he has sketched one phase of child life.

WEE DAVIE DA'YLICHT.

Wee Davie Daylicht
Keeks o'er the sea
Early in the morning
Wi' a clear e'e;
Waukens a' the birdies
That were sleepin' soun'—
Wee Davie Daylicht
Is nae lazy loon.

Wee Davie Daylicht
Glowers o'er the hill—
Glints through the greenwood,
Dances on the rill;
Smiles on the wee cot,
Shines on the ha'—
Wee Davie Daylicht
Cheers the hearts o' a'.

Come, bonnie bairnie—
Come awa to me;
Cuddle in my bosie,
Sleep upon my knee;—
Wee Davie Daylicht
Noo has closed his e'e
In among the rosy clouds
Far ayont the sea.

A CLEAN FIRESIDE.

There is nae place half sae cheery
As a clean fireside,
And a body needna weary
At a clean fireside.
Wi' a bairnie on my knee,
I can sing wi' canty glee,
And gar discontentment flee
Frae a clean fireside.

O, a wee bit canty sang
At a clean fireside
Maks the nichts seem no sae lang
At a clean fireside;
And sometimes I sit an' croon
To the bairnies dancin' roun'—
Weel I lo'e their mirthfu' soun'—
At a clean fireside.

In a muckle gaucy chair,
At a clean fireside,
Ye may bar the door on care
At a clean fireside.

And when winds o' winter blaw
Blythe and crousely ye may craw,
Wi' your wife and bairnies a',
At a clean fireside.

In a wee bit cosy nook
At a clean fireside,
Wi' the papers or a book
At a clean fireside,
Unco happy ye may sit
Learnin' wisdom, sense, and wit,
While your hearts get firmer knit
To a clean fireside.

WINTER.

The darksome winter's coming on,
The chilly winds are blawin',
And in the drowsy, dreepin' woods
The withered leaves are fa'in'.
Time slips awa'; it seems a blink
Since Summer, in her splendour,
Was singing through the flowery fields,
And noo comes dark November.

The mist creeps owre the lonely hills,
The burns are big an' roarin',
The weary clouds are black aboon,
Nae lav'rocks noo are soarin';
The wee wild flowers are in the dust,
The birds hae ceased their chantin',
The eerie winds are wailing loud
Through ev'ry withered plantin'.

Wee robin in the Summer time
Was unco shy, the roguie,
But noo he's happin' near the door,
And pickin' frae the cogie.
When day is short, and cauld, and dull,
And nicht is lang and dreary,
How thankfu' folk should be wha hae
A fireside warm and cheery.

JAMES KELLY,

AUTHOR of numerous smoothly-running love songs, and several thoughtful descriptive pieces, was born in Airdrie in 1856. On leaving school he was entered as office-boy in one of the public works of his native town. Afterwards he removed to Glasgow, and was employed there as book-keeper in the counting-house of a manufacturer. Failing health compelled him to leave the city, and after a visit to Holland, where he regained his strength, he returned to Airdrie, where he now holds a responsible position in the manufactory owned by Messrs Thomas Goldie & Co. When this volume was in preparation he was engaged arranging a selection of his pieces with a view to being published in book form.

BY CRYSTAL STREAMS.

By crystal streams we wander,
And cull the wild wood flowers;
On childhood scenes we ponder,
Amid the leafy bowers.
Our hearts are light and cheery—
Dull care is far away;—
With nought to make us weary,
We spend the Summer day.

The sun is brightly beaming
In majesty divine;
The glen with song is teeming,
And harmony sublime.
The rippling stream is laving
Its banks of pebbled white,
And stately pines are waving,
So gracefully and light.

Here joy and mirth have entered—
They came in hand and hand,—
And sadness has not ventured
To join our happy band.
Rejoicing in our pleasure,
Our footsteps homeward stray,
When day has filled her measure,
And slowly fades away.

PETER STILL, Jun.,

WAS born in 1835, at Blackhills, parish of Cruden, where his father, author of "The Cottar's Sunday," &c., was temporarily engaged in farm service. Twelve years had only passed over his head when the necessities of the family compelled the future poet to forego his dearly-loved home-life, and go to farm service. This step he had only just taken when his father's death occurred. After two years of farm work—every leisure moment of which had been devoted by the fatherless little hind to study—an unexpected circumstance occurred, which enabled him at once to enter on the career of scholar and poet, for which he had so keenly and so eagerly sighed. The chief agent in affecting this change of fortune was the late Principal Jack, of King's College, Aberdeen. In explanation of how such a generous project came to be suggested to the worthy Principal, it has been said that the late Earl of Seafield being on a visit to the Principal's house, the subject of the poet's widow and family was brought up, and his Lordship being asked whether he could not do something for some of the children, it occurred to him that he could get one of them admitted to the Fordyce Academy, and Peter, being the most promising, was selected for this honour. In terms of the presentation to a Redhythe Bursary, he was entitled to free tuition in the institution for five years; but such was his application and general aptitude that, before the expiry of *three* years—and that, too, notwithstanding all the disadvantages under which he laboured of want of well-directed early training, and of any fixed purpose beyond the mere desire to show himself not unworthy of his benefactor's bounty—he was certified as being qualified for the University. Application was accordingly made for a presentation to King's College. After leaving college, and engaging for

some time longer in private teaching, he went for a short time to the Divinity Hall, with a view to entering the ministry. Signs of weak health, however, becoming apparent, he was advised to give up this idea; and that counsel—though not without considerable reluctance—he eventually followed. We next find him engaged as private tutor in a gentleman's family on Deeside, a situation which, though remunerative and tolerably comfortable, was not particularly to his taste, and which he soon relinquished for the more congenial charge of a small school at Invercanny, and the responsibilities and cares at once of authorship and of house-keeping. In 1861, the rectorship of the Peterhead Academy falling vacant, the appointment was conferred on our poet, unanimously, and almost without solicitation. In the clasical department, on the first day of his assumption of duty there were only six pupils. Such was his aptitude for work, however, and such the energy and well-directed enthusiasm with which he *prosecuted* that work, that the institution rapidly increased in vitality and popularity, until, at his death, it was one of the most important and flourishing high-class seminaries in the North. Such a routine of hard study soon began to tell upon his, at no time robust, health. And, it was only when it became absolutely impossible for him, from failing strength, to respond any longer to that call of duty which had stirred his noble energies all those years of toil and trial that he resigned his office, and after some years of painful sufferings he was taken to his rest.

As a poet, he cultivated the muse at the pure fountain of nature, and his poems breathe all the freshness of their source. They exhibit a keen eye to the analogies of nature, and a faculty of clothing the ideas so suggested in sweet-flowing verse. His volume of "Lays and Lyrics" is said to have met with a cold reception. An enthusiast in learning him-

self, he possessed the rare gift of being able to excite the same enthusiasm in his scholars. Unlike too many teachers, who seem to think that boys' brains can only be reached through their skulls, he believed that there was a way of getting at them through their hearts; and in this belief he was amply confirmed by the results of his seven years' rectorship.

He cultivated to some extent narrative literature, and wrote numerous short, but vigorous and happy sketches of Scottish character. He also wrote largely on historical, philosophical, and philological subjects. Of these we might particularly note an exhaustive article on the "Song Writers of Scotland," and the "Origin of the Language of Scotland."

BIRD IN THE GARDEN.

Bird in the garden, to-day your song
  Is merry and sweet to hear;
It quivers and trebles, it thrills and swells,
  Till it ravishes heart and ear;
Ringing it comes from the topmost boughs—
  It pierces the welkin through;
Its melody seems like a living thing—
  Oh, tell me the reason—do!

Bird in the garden, up on the boughs,
  Listen, I pray you, to me;—
Why is thy song so cheerful to-day,
  Thrilling from tree to tree?
Is there a pretty bird fluttering near,
  Listening, perhaps, to you?
If he should slight you, and love you not,
  Little bird, what would you do?

Bury thy bill beneath thy wing
  And shiver and pine away?
Is *this* the end of a slighted love,
  Bird in the garden, pray?
Forever my heart, since last he came—
  I'll tell you the secret true—
Flutters whenever his name I hear;
  O, little bird what shall I do?

A small bird sings all day in my thoughts—
  All night it sings in my dreams,—
Ravishing songs of a handsome youth,
  I cannot tell what it means.

But ever and aye it sings he's fair,
It sings he's noble and true;
If *thy* heart were breaking for love, bird,
Oh, tell me what you would do?

Bird in the garden, singing so sweet,
Sing me the song I'll tell,
Warble it loudly that he may hear,
Warble it loudly and well;
"Love is not to be bought nor sold,
Sir Knight, 'tis a saying true;
But love is not to be given away
To one who will not woo.

"But oh, Sir Knight, you are comely and tall,
And brave, and you know no fears;
But your heart is tender as woman's is,
When pity is claimed by tears.
Then come to the gate of the garden; come
When the roses are dipt in dew;
Oh, come with a heart prepared to love
A maiden that loveth you."

THE WEE, WEE FLOWER.

In a green, green bower, grew a wee, wee flower,
And oh, how it modestly grew
From human ken in the deep, deep glen,
Where it drank of the evening dew.
And oft would I lie where the stream sang by
And danc'd in the sunny light,
To watch my wee flower in the woodland bower
Till the stars twinkl'd out thro' the night.

Each soft summer eve the world would I leave,
And away to the deep wood shade,
To watch my wee flower in its sweet, sweet bower,
Where it bloom'd in the deep, deep glade.
How I lov'd the wee thing! And it fast did cling
Around my loving heart;
But I never deem'd, it so fair, fair seem'd,
That my wee flower could depart:—
That my wee, wee flower from its green, green bower,
Could wither away and depart!

For it twin'd in the strings of my heart and clings—
Still clings to my heart so sore;
And it bloom'd and grew of the loveliest hue
That wee, wee flower e'er wore;
Till alas! one night, 'neath the cold moonlight,
It drooped its head and died;
And I mourn'd my flower in its desolate bower,
And wept by the wee thing's side.

And I thought in my grief, o'er its stricken leaf,
While I gather'd the wee flower there,—
That the cold, cold death would stop my breath
As the bloom of the flowret fair.
It will still my heart—will it quell the smart?
Will it chase away all pain?
Will it bid me lie with a tearless eye,
Ah, never to weep again?

And over my tomb will she weep my doom,
As I my wee flower wild;—
As I weep my flower in its desolate bower,
As bitterly as a child?

ALEXANDER G. MURDOCH,

OF whom it has been said that he has no cause to "blush to hear his name mentioned alongside of Robert Burns," is a native of Glasgow, having been born there in April, 1844. His early education was limited, and he was a backward scholar, and very fond of the playground. We are told by Mr David Macrae, in his thoughtful little book, "The Poets of Labour," that "at the age of eleven he began the struggle of life by becoming a shop-boy, and was thus proud to be able to add three shillings to the weekly income of the family." He was apprenticed to the engineering trade in his sixteenth year, completed his term of engagement, and continued a working mechanic until 1878. He is now exclusively pursuing literary avocations.

The accidental perusal, we are told, of the "Trials of Margaret Lindsay," developed a taste for books at the age of fifteen, and he "tried verses" as early as his twelfth year. Before this he had read very little poetry; but he now became ambitious to possess a paper-covered copy of Burns' poems which he had seen offered for sale at half-price, and by saving a penny each day from the coppers which ought to

have gone for his dinner he soon became possessed of the coveted book. "Up till this time," he says, "I had not read through a single poem or lyric of Burns, and I can well remember the avidity with which I read that book. It flashed in upon me as a revelation of humour, beauty, melody, and passion, asserting at once a mental supremacy over me that dominated the tone of my mind for years. I by and bye perceived, however, that Burns' writings, taken as a whole, were not perhaps fitted for exclusive idolatry, and I am free to confess that his supremacy over my mind has of late years been completely challenged by the addition to my little library of the poets of the works of a writer of equally great genius and of the grandest moral value—John G. Whittier, the noble old American Quaker poet, whose 'Voices of Freedom' are perhaps the boldest and most inspiriting little poems of the century."

For a number of years he gave up writing poetry, but, in 1870, began weekly contributions to the *Glasgow Mail* of Scottish poems of humour and character, which were received with such marked favour as induced him, in 1873, to issue these in a collected form, under the title of "Lilts on the Doric Lyre." This volume was followed, in 1874, by "Sandy Mactartan's Hogmanay Haggis," a series of humorous sketches, which showed that the author was equally at home with vigorous and happy prose, as when "blawin' the Doric reed." Our poet seems to have made his mark from the first, and had not long to wait before he was acknowledged to be a very distinguished member of that happily increasing class of young men, who, while striving to toil for their daily bread, are striving to mentally help themselves, with the laudable aim of being not only noted for their acquirements, but likewise for the productions of their mind. We are told he never allowed his favourite avocation to interfere with the important duties of life, he having early perceived that the

common-sense which enables a man to fulfil, as far as he can, the humbler duties of his daily calling is, after all, a higher accomplishment than the ability to shine as a poet.

A second, and greatly augmented edition of his first volume, entitled the Laird's Lykewake, and other Poems" (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co., London), appeared in 1877, and was in a very short time out of print. He published, in 1879, a volume of "Rhymes and Lyrics," which has also been warmly welcomed. On the 9th of August, same year, he gained the Prize Medal for the best poem on Burns at the inauguration of the Kilmarnock Burns Monument, against sixty-five competitors; and since then he has written several very graphic Scottish tales for a number of newspapers, with an occasional poem or lyric.

In considering Alexander Murdoch as a poet, one of the first thoughts that strikes us is that he never makes his consciousness of superior powers of mind an excuse for neglecting any relative or social duty, and that he does not think it beneath him to work. He rather takes the proper view of the word, and looks upon work as the great motto of life. His vigorous and already well-known poem, "Breeks o' Hodden Grey," illustrates clearly what we mean:—

These are the men of skill and craft, and roughly moral'd worth,
Who melt and make, and build and break, the mighty things of earth;
Who stand the flaming forge before, and on the shivering air
Let loose the flashing tiger—steam—from out his burning lair.
O, never to the vaulted heavens arose a grander song
Than bare-armed Labour smiting deep his thunder-throated gong.
No triumphs born of bood we claim; but ours the nobler fray
Of manly toil—the men who wear the breeks o' hodden grey.

Ho! strain your eyes, and far behold, as in wild dreams of wine,
The steel-ribb'd engine flash and leap and roar along the line,
God! What impassion'd power is this, that, blotched with fire and grime,
Beats down the hills of labour, and contests the flight of Time?
And who are they who shape its course, through rock-embattled shires,

Who wrought and built its ribs of steel, and feed its throbbing fires,
Who loose lts panting lungs of steam, and urge and guide its way ?
Who, but the rough-spun men who wear the breeks o' hodden grey.

Also in the following, which has been pronounced by an eminent brother poet, as a verse than which Burns never wrote a nobler:—

When Nature stamps a man a king,
Nae crown has she to gie him ;
She clasps the trade mark on his brow,
And sends her patent wi' him.

And again in the noble poem on "Robert Burns :"—

A brawny peasant—mired with clay, and rough with honest toil ;
A ploughman—striding manfully across the furrow'd soil ;
The sunlight on his bare, bold brow, and in his burning breast
The lion leap and flash of song, that robb'd him of his rest.

These "labour poems" are equally sustained in power of thought and loftiness of diction. He frankly accepts the destiny of toil as an honourable and enviable privilege, and repudiates the "effervescing gingerbeer oratory" of the paid agent of Trades Unionism, who enlarges on the wrongs and grievances affecting the social condition of the working man—which abuses, by the way, he says, "press so lightly on our senses that we have to be periodically reminded of their existence." A noteworthy characteristic of the effusions of Murdoch is also intense earnestness—earnest in friendship, love, honour, and patriotism—which subjects he depicts with heartfelt fervour and irresistible fascination. What he feels he expresses in the pithy language of real emotion, and he is not the less effective when he makes use of couthy Doric. His tenderness is manly, and his wit is always genial and genuine. In his works we find only a few pictures of rural life, little streams or mountain slopes, and other objects in Nature, yet he has painted several poetical landscapes with very pleasing colours, full of charm and vivid reality. As

already hinted, he makes good use of his "mither tongue." His minor Scottish pieces have an easy grace, and a thorough heartiness about them which is not so apparent in his smaller English pieces. His more lengthy English poems show high poetic power, and many points of poetic genius. "The Poet's Mission" and "The Battle of Drumclog" belong to this class. The latter—especially in the holy calm of the conventicle, the stir and bustle of the surprise, and the rapid and varied action of the conflict—presents a finely-drawn picture of that historical episode. We would fain have given at least quotations from the first-mentioned piece, and also from "Behold the Man," "The Drawn Blinds," and several others, but we could not think of mutilating them. We cannot refrain, however, from giving an extract from

THE BATTLE OF DRUMCLOG.

Break, veil of clouds! Ho! there it shines—the splendid sun of June—
Above Drumclog's unplough'd morass, an hour before the noon;
And gathered on the heather-brae, rough-booted there they stand—
A stout sword girded on each thigh, a Bible in each hand—
A handful of heroic men—God's covenanted few—
Who dare, in face of fire and death, to hold their conscience true.
And see, each stalwart form is bow'd, each honest brow is bare,
While, soft as dew, falls on their ears the preacher's voice of prayer.
God bless that reverend head of his! those humbly lifted hands!
Fulfilling on the wild hills thus the Master's high commands!
A boulder stone his Bible-board; the hill-pool, deap and clear,
God's cup of sacramental wine o'erflowing year by year;
And proudly throbs that parent's heart whose first-born gift is laid
On some bare alter of the glen, by the white linn o'erspray'd.

But list! the solemn voice of praise uprising through the calm—
Auld Scotland sending up to God her highest faith in psalm.
Ah! there it swells and shakes the air—a hymn of holy words,
Mixed with the music of the winds, the wild cries of the birds.
No consecrations need they there—no mummeries of Rome—
The pillar'd rocks their temple vast, the heavens their boundless dome.
The awful silence of the hills lies round them far and wide,
And God they feel is with them there conversing side by side.

They see His templed majesty high set among the hills,
His organ voice of cataracts the wilds with thunder fills,
And deep within the still ravines they hear the chant of streams,
Where, all the noon, the antler'd stag untroubl'd drinks and dreams.
The Bible, with its grand old forms, and word of blessed power,
Their prayer-book and their psalm-book still, an all-sufficient dower;
The heather-brae, the altar floor, receives their kneeling knees.
God bless auld Scotland's sturdy breast that suckles bairns like these!

The solemn song of praise is o'er, the far-off echo dies,
And once again the larks are loud within the summer skies;
And now the preacher's lifted voice has stirr'd the air with power,
The gates of heaven are open flung for one ecstatic hour;
Their faith, wild as the hills, takes wing, and men with bearded face,
See white hands reaching down from heaven the promised gift of grace.
Then sweetlier blows each heather stalk, with all its bells of blue,
And every wind is psalm'd with praise, that sweeps the breckans thro';
The very hills, whose giant arms enclose them like a dream,
Transfigur'd in the light of faith, heaven's high-thron'd altars seem.

But stay! the signal-shot is fired upon the neighbouring height.
Now, veil awhile, thou brilliant sun, thy mockery of light!
Loud on the clear, still air the throb of nearing hoofs is heard,
And Bibles in God's name are kissed, and swords are grasp'd and bared,
And brief and hurried words of prayer and firm resolve are cast—
The offerings of a simple faith—on the unconscious blast.

Now, lads, put past your Bibles all, the sword must do the rest.
And lo! God's book is button'd up within each sturdy breast;
Steady there, men; stand fast and sure. Ha! there the vaunter comes—
Bold Claver'se—with his heavy horse and roll of kettledrums.

. . . . . .

THE MIDNIGHT FORGE.

. . . . . .

Bring out the molten monster, men! he's ready, he's aglow!—
And force his sides to battle with the steam-god's crushing blow.
Hang on the cranes! heave taut the chains!—the white mass swings in air—
Heavens! what a scorching heat he casts, and what a blinding glare;

As white as seething foam he glows, and every bursting pore
Throbs with the fever'd blood of fire and spouts the molten gore ;
O ! in the sturdy olden days of foray and of fight,
When frequent on our Scottish hills arose the beacon light,
Had such another molten mass as this been lifted high,
Its gleaming terrors would have scared the white stars from the sky,
Flash'd down a grey and angry glare on startled crag and lawn,
Disturbing the wild eagle's sleep with dreams of early dawn,
Aroused the burgher of the town, the shepherd of the glen,
And put the sword-hilts in the grasp of roughly honest men.

Now trim him well, and rasp the scales from off his burning hide,
Throw over him the grappling-rods, and drag him swift aside
To where the mighty hammer waits with wide, distended jaws,
And let the well-match'd monster meet the wild gripe of its paws.
Steady, men, steady ! ground him well, and let him broadly rest
Within the hammer's open jaws, that churn the fire-food best.
A signal hand is raised, and swift the crushing stroke descends,
Again ! again ! and stunn'd and spread the wrung mass writhes and bends ;
Ho ! what a rushing shower of sparks gem every thunder stroke,
As if a starlight in the heavens of night had burst and broke,
As if a sudden gust of wind had swept a burning street,
And gathered in its whirling trail a rush of fiery sleet.

. . . . . .

That strong bar, born of fire and toil, where will he hasten now ?
Will he some vessel's rudder bind, or line her rearing prow ;
Or will he help to clothe the sides of some proud ship of war,
And with his strength the thundered wrath of Britain's foeman mar ?
Or will he drive, with gleaming arms, the engine's plunging cranks,
Roaring beneath the arch'd roadways that span the flying banks ?
Or sink his splendid length of limb in iron bridge or tower,
Buttressing giant forces with his Samson back of power ?
Where'er he goes, and to whatever use his strength he lends,
May fortune speed the valiant cause to which his usage bends !
And blessings on the toiling men who drew him from the fire,
Amid the noise of Labour's hoarse and thunder-sounding lyre !
The hands that gave him shape within the hammer's plunging jaws,
We'll pledge their skill with honest will, and give them three huzzas !

THE WA'-GAUN O' WEE NELL.

It was a sunny simmer morn, an' oor wee Nell for hours
Had been awa' to Kenmuir Woods to gether babs o' flow'rs ;
But when the sun his golden broo had dippit in the sea,
Oor lassie wander'd hame bedeen, an' socht her mither's knee.

"Noo, whaur hae ye been a' the day, my bonnie, bonnie bairn?
Your broo is like the lowin' coal, your feet as cauld as airn;
A waukrife licht is in your e'e, my lassie you're to blame—
Ye shouldna roam the eerie woods, nor stray sae far frae hame."

The lassie she was put to bed, an' aye her raivell'd words
Were babblin' o' the streams an' flow'rs, an' chirp o' bonnie birds;
An' frae her sunny lips we learn'd o' some sweet lady's care,
Wha laid her on the lap o' dreams, an' kaim'd her yellow hair.
Quo' oor guidwife, wi' sairie voice, "Guidman, I houp I'm wrang,
But, waes! I fear oor bonnie bairn will no' be wi' us lang;
For do ye mind auld grannie's words?—when bairns see orra dreams,
An angel han' has touch'd their eyes, and this is what it seems."

When twa-three weeks had cruppen roun' the rose-licht left her face,
The marvel o' her lips was gane, but no the sinless grace;
An' aye when dowie oot I gaed, to work the weary lume,
The threads I threw seem'd raivell'd like the tassels o' the brume;
Till ae e'enin', in the gloamin' as I wander'd dowie hame,
A sweet vision like a sun-gleam, for a moment o'er me came,
An' I saw my sainted lassie gangin' to the land o' rest,
Wi' an angel airm o' sunshine lying roun' her neck an' breast.

Ere I had cuist my hodden coat, or owre the door-stap gaed,
A tremblin' hand, wi' waefu' touch, was on my shoulders laid,
An' wi' the tears on either cheek, like blauds o' wintry rain,
"Our bairnie," sigh'd my greetin' wife, "*is jist this moment gane.*"
"I knew it weel, guidwife," quo' I, "for as I hameward cam'
I beheld an angel lady leading hame oor dautit lamb;
An' tho' the wa'-gaun o' the bairn may cost us many a pang.
To wish her frae the airms o' God wad do the lassie wrang."

Mr Murdoch has recently written several very vigorous prose sketches and tales. With perseverance and unabated vigour he will yet make his mark in this department of literature. As a poet he has not yet exhausted himself. He still shows growth, and that still higher achievements may reasonably be expected of his muse. In the words of a well-known writer—"long may he be spared to blaw the Doric reed, and thereby make our Scottish homes and Scottish hearts more musical and happy."

WILLIAM COWPER,

AUTHOR of a volume of poems, entitled "The Book and the Stars," is a native of Laurencekirk, having been born there in 1812. All the primary education he received was from his mother at home. At the age of twelve years he was sent to learn the handloom, but to him this was irksome labour. His mind soared above "heddles and treadles;" and as a result of diligent and hard application, we find him in course of time teaching a navigation class in Montrose, and afterwards parish schoolmaster of Craigo. He was a most painstaking and successful teacher, and trained numerous scholars, who have made their mark in the world. After thirty years' hard work as a schoolmaster, he now enjoys a well-earned repose at the pretty little village of Hillside, Montrose.

His smaller productions are somewhat unequal, but his poem in blank verse, "At Midnight with the Book and the Stars," has a wholesome manliness in its tone, breathes a genuine poetic spirit, and is evidently the effusion of a true-hearted and pious nature. Here are a few of his opening thoughts:—

It is the midnight hour—calm, solemn hour.
The glad, bright stars awake rejoice in night's
Eclipse, and walk heaven's dark and azure plains,
In constellations marshalled now just as
They were when old antiquity was young,
And time a fledgeling scarce had learned to fly.

. . . . . .

It is the midnight hour—sweet, lonely hour!
The world's asleep, society is dissolved,
The throbbing of its big tired heart is still.

. . . . . .

The world's asleep, save where the sleepless tears
Of bruisèd hearts at life's last parting weep.
. . . The world's asleep; yet some
Sleep not who need it most. Sleep flies the lone,
Dark pillow, where misfortune and remorse

Have met to plant their thorns, and shame and scorn
And slighted love, like hungry vultures prey
Upon the vitals of young heart's life.
Sleep flies the chamber of the slandered man,
Who, robbed of all the treasure that he had—
His character—lies pining on his couch,
His honour tossed into the mire and stabbed—
Stabbed by a slanderer—the foulest thing
That crawls the earth outside perdition's gate;
Nor is within a fouler ever found.

. . . . . .

I knew one once, a beggar old and blind,
From door to door led by a little dog,
Homeless and friendless in a cold, dark world.
He had a wife, and sons, and daughters once;
But they were dead;—sister and brother—all
He ever had of kin, had long been dead,
And he was left alone, with none to care
For here, nor care for him; and nought to do,
Save when the mandate came, truck his cares
And trembling limbs, and shunt into the grave's
Dark siding—there, to wait the "goods" for Zion.

Many long years and dark he wandered here.
Poor man! his all on earth—his faithful dog—
His rags—a crust of bread, dropped from the hand
Of gentle charity,—and when he died,
A beggar's grave, and strangers buried him.
Yet, he had wealth, and feared not losing it:
All that had worth was his—the gift of Heaven.
His life's fount welled not from the earth's cold breast,—
The balm that soothed his ailments grew not here.
His full, glad heart no room could spare to set
An idol in,—no time dust cumbered it,
Nor shared its love. Its love was all for God,—
Its pity for the world; and oft at eve
Upon the village street, or highway side,
Where'er he came, the toil-worn peasant heard
The story of the Cross. The wiser sort,
The beggar preacher mocked; yet, many poor
Ones heard the simple tale, believed, and rose
With him to life. Where'er his wanderings led,
Nightly, in some lone shed or barn, he found,
In loving converse with his Saviour God,
Life's happiest hours. In sight of Glory's gate,
Clad in his rags, but not ashamed of them,
He sat in presence of all eyes in Heaven.
A tear-drop channeled down his withered cheek,
But not of sorrow—'twas a tear of joy
That welled up from his heart's o'erflowing love.
O, happy man! How dwindles into nought
The flaunting pride of earth's poor vanity?
Grandeur is but the elements of dust,—

Back into hollow sockets must retire
The proudest eyes, and fairest beauty wrap
Itself in clay. Behold the beauty here
That rags deform not, freshening in the bloom
Of life unquenched, in very sight of death
And the grave's mouth! 'Tis grandeur needs
No scribe to tell posterity, 'twas grand;—
It moulders not to dust;—it scales high Heaven,
And it is grandeur still.—Give me that poor
Man's heart, with all its hope, and love, and calm
Of sweet forgiveness, and I'll take his rags.

WILLIAM SIEVWRIGHT

IS a native of Brechin, having been born in that city in 1823. After obtaining the barest elements of education, he began to work at the age of eleven. Even then he had a thirst for knowledge, and by dint of hard and constant application in his few spare hours he learned something of Latin and Greek. At the age of twenty-eight he entered on city mission work in Edinburgh. Here he remained for eight years, during which period he enjoyed the privilege of attending courses of theological lectures. For the past twenty-one years he has been labouring for the spiritual good of the criminal class in the General Prison of Perth. We know that he does not consider himself gifted with the genius of poetry. He expresses himself as "loving poetry, and having a deep sympathy with all that is true, tender, and beautiful, both in Nature and in life," and hence with all poetic forms of truth, whether produced by the imagination and fancy, or from the concrete forms of veritable experience. He has contributed numerous verses to magazines and newspapers, as well as occasional articles on political, social, religious, and literary questions. Many of

his pieces have taken the form of hymns, or have been begotten of domestic sorrow, and are either elegies or monodies. These show goodness of soul, and great tenderness of feeling—being full of holy breathings and genuine piety.

THE HYMNS SHE LOVED.

Now take my pale, thin hand in thine,
I soon shall be at rest;
O speak to me of Christ, and sing
The hymns I love the best.

The shades of eve are gath'ring in,
But I have seen the light;
And soon on me a day shall dawn
For ever calm and bright.

O sweetly sing—"Abide with me,
Fast falls the eventide,"
That I may feel His presence near,
And in His love abide.

And softly sing—"Father, I know,"
'Twill soothe my troubled heart,
Teach sweet submission to His will,
And strength divine impart.

I weaker grow, and know full well
This strife will soon be past;
Sit by my side; still clasp my hand;
Stay with me to the last.

This burning brow shall soon be cold,
And still this throbbing breast;
But I'll soar upwards to the skies,
And be for ever blest.

O sing to me that hymn I love—
"My soul looks up to Thee,"
And I will gaze on that dear Lamb
Who shed His blood for me.

I long have known His blessed name,
And trusted in His grace,
And hope, when o'er the dark cold stream,
To see His lovely face.

Sing—"Rock of Ages cleft for me,"
Then 'neath His cross I'll hide,
And neither fear death's deep'ning gloom,
Nor Jordan's swelling tide.

O that I could but once again
The comely, kind face see
Of that lov'd one—my more than friend,
More dear than life to me.

May God give strength, and whisper peace
Unto his anguished heart,
Until we meet in deathless climes,
Where lov'd ones never part.

Sing—"Jesus, lover of my soul,"
In whose sweet love there's life,
And while ye sing He'll strength afford,
And help me through death's strife.

Good-bye—heaven's anthems catch my ear,
Mixed with the Jordan's swell,
And dear familiar voices sing
The songs I love so well.

And when we meet in yon bright land,
That soon shall be my rest,
We'll sing again in sweeter strains,
The hymns I love the best.

DAVID CARNEGIE,

FACTORY-WORKER, Arbroath, was born in 1826. After receiving a fair elementary education, he for some time was employed as a message-boy to a bookseller. He then learned the handloom. With the exception of a two years' residence in England, and serving a short time in the army, he has spent the most of his life in his native town, and within the shadow of the venerable Abbey. It is nearly thirty years since he began to contribute to the local press, and several of his pieces have appeared in literary journals with a more extended circulation. In 1879 he published a volume, entitled "Lays and Lyrics from the Factory," which met with a welcome reception. The patriotic spirit is

strong in this poet, and some of his best pieces are of that nature. He shows much tenderness of feeling when treating of domestic subjects, and these are all marked by a sincerity which goes straight to the hearts of homely people.

YOUTH'S DREAMS.

When life is young, and hearts are fresh,
Time slowly glides away ;
With longing eyes we forward look
To manhood's coming day,
But when we reach the wished-for goal,
Youth's dreams begin to wane,
And many a gallant bark goes down
In life's tempestuous main.

The gleams that shone like beacons bright.
Or starlights in the sky,
Fade one by one, as gloomy clouds
Of sorrow round us fly.
Our fondest hopes oft fade and fall,
Just like the tender flower
That fades and dies when plucked from out
Its native sheltering bower.

We clutch at earth, unmindful all
That there's a world above,
Till Death, with iron grip lays low
The dear ones that we love.
And then we know our youthful dreams,
So lofty and sublime,
Are fairy visions that will melt
When touched by ruthless Time.

Yet though our earth-born dreams may die,
One Heaven-born dream may bloom,
And lead us to that land whose joys
Are never marred by gloom.

TO A WITHERED FLOWER.

How fair thou bloomst, little flower,
How sweet the fragrance thou hast shed !
But thou art pale and withered grown,
Thy charms for evermore are fled.

How brightly shone thy crimson leaves,
And gladly hailed the morning sun ;
But ere he's touched yon western sky
Thy beauty and thy worth are gone.

Poor idol of a fleeting hour !
'Tis gone ; alas, thy transient fame !
It cost thee life,—'twere better far
Thou'dst lived unloved on "parent stem."

There sweetly bloom, while Summer smiles,
Amidst thy kindred flowerets blest ;
And when chill Autumn onward comes
Then seek thy quiet, peaceful rest.

Poor, luckless flower ! thy hapless fate
Is oft the fate of mortal flower ;
The dark-souled villain's treacherous art
Oft lures her from her native bower.

And soon, when Virtue's lost its sway,
And sin and shame have marked her brow,
The faded beauty's cast away—
A withered thing—as thou art now.

JAMES SMITH,

WHO is known as a writer of poems and songs under the *nom-de-plume* of "Vinney," was born at Forfar in 1813. His early education was very imperfect, for he was taken from school before his twelfth year and apprenticed to the loom. When about fourteen years of age he first saw a dictionary and learned its use from a shopmate. This same party taught him the rudiments of English and Latin Grammar. To lighten the tedium of the weary spool he composed little poems and songs, which he committed to paper after the labours of the day. One of these, entitled "We ne'er shall Meet Again," he extracted from his scrap-book and sent to the *Montrose Review*, but it was never seen or heard of more. In disgust at its fate he took all the others and committed them to the flames. On an apparatus fixed to his loom lay his book, and thus he learned Latin and French,

and likewise the first six books of Euclid; and by private instruction, and attending evening classes, prepared himself for a teacher. In 1837 he bade adieu to the loom, being appointed to the by no means lucrative office of schoolmaster at Kingsmuir, about a mile from Forfar. He continued there for two years, after which he opened an adventure school in his native place. In this he was most successful; so much so that when the Forfar East Burgh School was opened in 1845 he was appointed its first master, and there he has remained with the character of a most successful teacher.

He has contributed poetical compositions at intervals to the newspapers for many years, and in 1874 appeared weekly a series of pieces in the Dundee *Weekly News*, under the title of the "Forfar Bouquet." These consist of eighty poems, with a number of original notes. Many of his writings are of a pensive cast, and all are tender in tone and neat in expression. His domestic songs breathe deep affection, and inculcate the principles of goodness and truth.

MY DOGGIE.

Now Summer breathes on budding flowers
  Amang the bowers o' Logie,
While blythely I on bonny braes
  Am herdin' wi' my doggie.
A-field, at hame, he's near me still,
  And aye is brisk and vogie;
And seems to guess my ev'ry wish—
  My curious, carefu' doggie.

Nae fit can come across the knowe,
  Though night be e'er so foggie,
But soon I ken its whereabouts
  A' through my faithfu' doggie;
He whines, he starts, he forward rins,
  To see if friend or roguie;
And ne'er a fit dare be advanced
  Till I ca' in my doggie.

But Jeanie's step, O weel he kens,
As she comes through the boggie;
For nó ae bark or growl he gies—
Sae wily is my doggie.
And when she cuddles me beside,
To crack and keep me vogie,
He rins and tends the sheep alane—
Sae knowing is my doggie.

Some ceaseless hunt for warld's gear,
Through paths baith steep and scroggie,
But few enjoy a purer bliss
Than I do wi' my doggie.
For he's as true a friend's I've met,
Save her wha'll share my coggie,
And wham the gloamin' aften brings
To sport wi' me and doggie.

WILLIAM KNIGHT,

AN unfortunate son of the muse, was born in Keith about 1824. Through the industry of his mother the seeds of knowledge were first planted in the mind of one who turned towards it as the flower turns to the sunbeam. Every book he could get at was eagerly read and studied. At the age of eighteen he went with his mother to Aberdeen. His taste led him to make the acquaintance of a number of shoemakers, and when in their company during working hours he learned to do little jobs in the cobbling line, not thinking then that he would accept that trade as a means of earning his livelihood. A desire to follow up his study of languages prompted the resolution to proceed to St Andrews. He tramped all the way, with little or nothing in his pocket; but having taken a good bursary after competition, he was two sessions at college, and took several prizes. After this he was employed in a law office in Aber-

deen, and there spent several happy years writing poetry and in the pursuit of knowledge. He could read Homer and Virgil in the originals, had an almost unlimited range of information, with conversational powers of no ordinary kind. high spirits, and a bright flashing wit, and was very fond of the social board. Appetite became stronger than manhood, and he ultimately acquired habits that became his ruin. From Aberdeen he went to Edinburgh. He only remained there two years when he returned to the Granite City, and took to shoemaking. Five years afterwards his mother died, and having no other relations, all the ties that bound him to home were broken. He became a wanderer from town to town, only working occasionally, until his wasted frame gave way, and he died in the prime of manhood in the Dundee Infirmary among strangers, with no friend to tend him in the last hours of expiring nature.

He wrote many poems of a very high order, and on almost every subject. These were scattered here and there, as he wandered from place to place. His "Twa Nichts at Yule" is a beautiful picture in the Scottish dialect of the enjoyments of the working folks. In style and beauty of execution it is exceedingly graphic. No one could paint better the evils of want of restraint and yielding to temptatation, and the following song shows how he felt in the moments of quiet thought:—

O, weary fa' that waefu' drink,
  O'er a' the ills we hae,
It mak's us scarce o' claes and clink,
  And steeps the saul in wae;
It dings the elbows oot our coats,
  And clours our heids fell sair;
It turns the brightest chiels to sots,
  And dottles wit and lear.

But, warst ava, out-ower our een
  It draps its glamour screen—
We dinna see how crined an sma'
  We're in the warld's gleg e'en.

The angel face o' Youth it blurrs,
  Gars stalwart Manhood shak ;
Sends Eild a-hirplin thro' the dubs,
  Wi' Death upon his back.

It beets the icy norlin' win
  To drive wi' keenest birr,
Mak's holes and bores to let him in,
  And cozy riggin's tirr :
Puts out the fire upon the hearth,
  Ca's wives and weans a-jee ;
Gars lairds as beggars trudge the earth,
  And dings the warld agley.

VIA VITÆ.

Link to me, my auld gudeman,
  And dinna hurrying gang,
Ye're nae doot tired as weel as I ;
  But we'll win hame ere lang.
The snaws o' eild are on our pows,
  And hard we find the grun' ;
But we are in the lithe, gudeman,
  And carena for the wun'.

'Twas morn, gudewife, when we set out,
  Baith laughin', brisk and gay ;
Sometimes we ran, sometimes we gaed,
  Whiles dackled on the way.
Our limbs are no sae souple noo,
  We e'en maun creep's we may ;
We've loupit mony a burn, gudewife,
  And breistit mony a brae.

And strappin' lads I wat, gudeman,
  And mony a sonsy quean,
We've left upon the road behind,
  And never mair hae seen.
For some have wandered aff the way,
  And gane they kentna where ;
And some have stachered into holes,
  Or ta'en to bogs to lair.

Like mony mair were we, gudewife,
  We didna hain our strength,
But ca'd the road frae side to side,
  Nor countit on its length.
Fell tired grew I gin afternoon
  Wi' yon laug dreary howe,
And thankfu' was I when I fand
  The sma'est wee bit knowe.

Troth, lang has been the road, gudeman,
Sair nidder'd have we been ;
But we've had sunny glints, I wat—
Viewed mony a gowden scene.
And tho' we've had our share o' weel,
And lowdered deep in glaur,
We've seen as foul feet as our ain—
And scores a hantle waur.

Aweel, my ain gudewife, this road,
Had it no been for you—
Whase hopefu' word aye heezed my heart—
I ne'er had warstled thro'.
But now we're near the journey's end,
The night begins to fa',
The starns are gatherin' i' the lift—
We'se eithly stoit awa'.

Link close to me, my ain gudeman ;
I whiles might tak' the gee,
And fash ye wi' my tantrum tigs—
But only for a wee.
Now that's a' ower, and we'll jog on
Thegither a' the same,
And lang afore the dawn o' day
We'll baith get rest at hame.

ALEXANDER LOGAN,

TINPLATE-WORKER, Edinburgh, was born in that city in 1833. He lost both his parents when a mere child, and was thrown upon the world at a tender age. His manly spirit, however, enabled him to overcome the difficulties of his position although the battle was severe. We are able to state, to his credit, that he has been in the same employer's service in Edinburgh for the last quarter of a century. His literary productions first appeared in the Scotch papers and magazines in 1862, after which several of them had the honour of finding a place on the other side of the Atlantic, and many of them have been set to music. In 1864 he published

volume, entitled "Poems and Lyrics," which work obtained for him the golden opinions of the press.

He has been a very diligent student of Nature. Amid the green fields, or in the bosom of his family he finds his greatest delight. The lintie warbling its blythesome notes from the snow-white thorn, the wild flower, gemmed with balmy dew, bedecking bank and brae, and the wimpling burn merrily dancing down the sylvan dell have ever charmed him, and his songs breathe the freshness, and are redolent of the sights, sounds, and scents peculiar to the hill side and meadow. His style is sweetly natural and touching, while his vernacular is pure and genuine, and is characterised throughout by a kindliness of feeling. Being a true Scot, there is a charming vivacity in his national enthusiasm, and perhaps his most distinguishing characteristic is his patriotism.

KISS MY NATIVE SOIL FOR ME.*

Comrade! fareweel for ever mair,
Soon rent will be the mystic chain,
To part wi' thee my heart is sair;
On earth we'll never meet again.
If spared to reach oor heather-land,
That lies beyond the deep blue sea,
Bend thou thy knee upon its strand,
An' kiss my native soil for me!

I'll speel nae mair oor bonnie braes,
Nor wander thro' the flow'ry glens;
I'll hear nae mair the lintie's lays—
The sweetest notes my bosom kens.
Far frae the land that I adore,
Alas! my narrow bed maun be,
Then, kneel upon its rocky shore,
An' kiss my native soil for me!

Still to this sorrow-stricken heart,
The thocht o' auld langsyne an' hame,
Can sunny memories impart—
Can fan affection's purest flame!

*Fareweel! said a brave young Scottish soldier, lying on his death-bed in India, to his comrade who was about to leave for home, also weary and worn. "Fareweel dear comrade, an' if spared to reach auld Scotland, kiss my native soil for me."

The hallowed spot, wi' fond regard,
In fancy, I distinctly see,
Bend thou upon its daisied sward,
An' kiss my native soil for me!

A kindly mither, thou hast there,
Thy coming waits wi' open arms;
An' gentle sister, sweetly fair,
To welcome thee frae war's alarms;
But nane ha'e I, an' death will seal,
Far, far frae hame, my hollow e'e,
Fareweel! my comrade dear, fareweel!
An' kiss my native soil for me!

HOO CAN I FEEL DOWIE.

Hoo can I feel dowie an' drear,
When sic a sweet warbler is near?
Fond wifie thy tongue
Can charm auld an' young,
Then, some Scottish strains, saft an' clear,
Pour forth, frae thy soul, on mine ear!

Again an' again them repeat,
Oh! I love ditties sung
In the auld doric tongue,
Sae heart-touching, tender, an' sweet!

Oh! lilt me the lays o' langsyne,
My heart wi' the past they entwine;
O' true fire possest,
They pour thro' the breast
A torrent o' rapture divine!—
Rare beauty pervades ilka line!
Again an' again them repeat, etc.

My spirit, on pinions o' flame,
Is wafted on high when they name
The noble an' guid,
Wha shed their best bluid
In defence o' religion an hame,
Thus won for oor Isle deathless fame!
Again an' again them repeat, etc.

But oh! when they tell o' life's waes!
Through tear-mist I mournfully gaze!
Then bid care depart,
An' show'r frae thy heart
The blythest o' Scotia's sweet lays,
Diffusing fair joy's golden rays!
Again and again them repeat, etc.

THE MITHER'S SANG.

My wark for the present I'll noo lay aside,
An' nurse this wee pet, o' my heart he's the pride;
What pleasure to see him brisk, tidy, an' clean,
Rampagin' aroond me frae mornin' till e'en.

Far hae I travell'd but never saw ony
Fond little fairy sae blythesome an' bonny;
Ootby or in, I am happy an' cheery
That I hae gotten sae sweet a wee deary.

My lot upon earth is but lowly, yet I
Possess a bricht jewel that wealth couldna buy;
A fairer or rarer, wi' beauties mair rife,
Ne'er smooth'd as it prattled the rough path o' life.

A wee brilliant sunbeam is he, glintin' through
A sky that is dreary an' dark in its hue;
A rosebud diffusin' a rich, ruddy glow,
An' sweetly adornin' this desert below.

The bee loves the blossom when simmer smiles gay,
The throstle the dell where it warbles its lay;
The lamb loves the gowan upon the green lea;
An' I my wee laddie sae dear, dear to me!

WILLIAM REID

HAS had a chequered and somewhat romantic career. The son of a surgeon in Edinburgh, he was born about the third decade of the present century. His father was reputed to be gifted with rare oratorical and conversational powers, and was an accomplished *litterateur* and poet. He died in Glasgow at the early age of thirty-six, leaving his widow and a family of five totally unprovided for. Being the eldest son, the lot of the subject of our sketch was not one of brilliant prospects. Even at school he was of romantic disposition, but still he was an apt scholar. The poetic faculty was precocious. A high sense of the feeling of love of liberty, and a fierce

scorn of oppression pervaded many of his early effusions, and show how powerful youthful impressions may become in forming the future bent of the poetic mind.

He was apprenticed to a travelling equipment maker in Glasgow, in which line he has continued, with a few intervals devoted to literary pursuits. He went to London when a young man, was in business there for sixteen years, and ultimately gave it up to commence a journalistic career. He became proprietor and editor of the *Birkenhead Guardian* in 1868. and afterwards founded the *Liberal Review*, a journal of the philosophical radical school of politicians, of which he was also editor. Want of capital led him to surrender his interest in these papers, and he left for the States with a view to settle there in a literary capacity. But domestic affairs caused him to return in the course of about eight months, when he again embarked in newspaper enterprise—this time in Dublin, where he commenced *The Federalist*, and at the same time conducted the *Kingston and Bray Observer*. He found, however, that, although his mission was duly appreciated, the support of the Home Rule party could not be depended on in sustaining an organ exclusively devoted to their teaching. Getting tired of journalistic slavery, he went to London, intending there to resume his original trade, and with the ultimate view of securing an opportunity to cultivate literary tastes; but not succeeding he returned to the scenes of his youth. There he still remains, and the poetic fire seems to have rekindled, and at present his muse is prolific and spontaneous in its flow. When this volume was in preparation he was arranging a selection of his pieces for publication, entitled "The Hermit of Alva, a View of Life, and other Poems." In 1854 he published a volume of poems—"The City Muse, or the Poets in Congress," a joint composition of his own, and several Lancashire poets. In 1877 he also gave to

the world a small work, entitled "Ritualists and Iconoclasts," a dramatic burlesque of considerable power.

Several of his poems would have graced our pages, but many of them are of greater length than our space will admit. We would also have given "My Lassie" a place to show his lyrical powers, and the tender manner in which he uses his native tongue. He has evidently great natural gifts. His poetical views are strongly philosophic and thoughtful.

THE POET.

The poet is a minister of speech,
Who thrills emotion into vital flame,
And with sublime intensity doth teach
Life's pregnant truths in Nature's mighty name,
And as his breathing sympathies proclaim
The mental rapture of creative art,
His genius kindles at the shrine of fame,
And rears its temple in the human heart.

His thoughts are winged sublimities that rise
Above Olympia, where gods convene,
While heaven's vast splendour glimmers in his eyes
As his imagination soars between
The realms of glory and this earthly scene—
Interpreting eternal signs to man,
And towering where no mortal yet hath been,
His spirit revels through creation's plan.

The dread immensity of boundless space,
Where wondrous worlds revolve in living light,
The meteor bodies in millenial race,
He sees in visions of divine delight,
While gazing on the dreamy brow of night,
And thus, upborne by inspiration's sway,
He soars bright-winged to the empyrean height
To greet the orient courier of the day.

Or, lighting in the humble vale of life,
He cheers the lowly with the voice of song,
And nerves the toiler for the weary strife,
So that the weak in striving may be strong,
And know the trials that to them belong—
May e'en assail the slaves of gilded state,
Till self-reliance leads the soul along,
And worth triumphant bursts the bonds of fate.

His lyre, vibrating to the pilgrim winds,
Awakes the senses from their idle dream,
And fires the ardour of exalted minds,
Till with ennobling thoughts they brightly teem;
Or charms the lover by the babbling stream,
Till passion kneels at beauty's dazzling shrine;
While life's high hopes breathe an immortal theme
That shows the poet's mission is divine.

The spiritual element of life—
The craving of material desire,
The stern necessities that urge its strife,
The aspirations nursed in mental fire,
Illume his vision like a flaming pyre,
In which he bids the chastened soul arise
And seek its glory in a region higher,
Where perfect beauty shall attract all eyes.

Thus, ever in the front where progress tends,
The Bard becomes a mental pioneer,
And sublimates the spirit that ascends
To seek an intellectual atmosphere,
And purge the grossness oft contracted here,
While grovelling in some animal pursuit,
Till Poesy refines life's moral sphere
And lifts the man once more above the brute.

Such was the lofty aim of Milton's verse;
Whose soul communed with God upon His throne,
And heard archangels in his dreams rehearse
Redemption's plan—and that on man alone
Depends the hope that bliss may be his own—
Through love fraternal, and the hope of heaven,
That so his spirit may in death be known
As one who hath in life sublimely striven.

And so the rustic bard of Coila rose,
To throw a spell around the human heart
And sympathise with all its joys and woes,
In homely strains devoid of laboured art;
While with an eye that flashed the lightening's dart
He scathed oppression with indignant scorn,
And acting nobly life's heroic part—
His genius blest the poor and lowly born.

. . . . . .

LOVE, MUSIC, POESY, AND FLOWERS.

Spirits of ecstacy! still bless the earth,
And thrill the langour of our mortal hours,
Awake emotions of celestial birth
To sublimate the soul's immortal powers,

And while we dream amongst the joyous flowers,
Oh ! lap our senses in supreme delight,
Until we enter your Elysian bowers—
Where life exults in visions ever bright.

Come thou, oh Love ! sweet minister of bliss !
Embrace the soul with softest ravishment,
And melt the lips in thy impassioned kiss,
While mutual hearts in deathless joy are blent—
As the expressive sigh finds burning vent,
And bosoms bliss thee for the rapture given,
While life enjoys ineffable content,
And earth becomes a temporary heaven.

Sweet Music ! come in thy ethereal joy !
Entrance the soul with soft seraphic airs,
And let thy breathing ecstacy still buoy
Our thoughts above the shade of earthly cares ;
And where the bosom in its grief despairs,
Assuage and lull it till its troubles cease ;
Rapt influence ! which love and passion shares,
Thrill every sense with joy, and melt in peace.

And thou, bright Poesy ! immortal maid !
Awake the soul and every breast inspire ;
Come in thy visionary hues arrayed
Amidst the kindling raptures of the lyre ;
Inflame the passions with Promethean fire
Till Nature's bosom glows and throbs again,
While at thy call heroic forms aspire,
And tenderness and beauty grace thy strain.

Delightful Flowers ! sweet children of the sun
How shall we sing of you, so dear to all !
So bright and gay, and beauteous every one !
Familiar to the soul before the Fall !
Whilst love and beauty hold the breast in thrall,
Your charms shall waft sweet odours to the sense,
And breathe a language that will still recall
The rapture of a heavenly influence.

. . . . . .

So would I ever woo these joyous hours,
When sweet sensations purify my breast,
And inspiration elevates my powers
To tell the world how truly I am blest,
And thus my rapture, by itself exprest,
For ever burns around the secret shrine
Where bosoms long to add the crowning zest
That makes the unity of souls divine !

JAMES KELLY,

COMPOSITOR, was born at Cambusnethan, Wishaw, in 1848. His father was a blacksmith, and is said to have been locally celebrated as a poet and lecturer, and got the silver medal for an address delivered at the Burns centenary celebration at Calder. James "lisped in numbers," making well-rhymed and timed pieces for insertion in the local papers at the age of sixteen. He served his apprenticeship in the *Airdrie Advertiser*, during which time he contributed many racy verses (anonymonsly) to its columns. He afterwards went to Dublin, and was employed as a "reader" at the *Freeman's Journal* office; went to Glasgow two years after, and, in 1875, published the "Printer's Carnival, and other Poems." The edition of 800 copies was soon bought up. On leaving Glasgow he went to Leeds, and was employed on the *Yorkshire Post*. Here he married, but shortly after on account of ill-health he had to resign his situation, came home, and died at Sykeside, near Airdrie, in January, 1879, in his thirty-first year.

James Kelly left numerous unpublished poems—original and translated from the French. His muse was sprightly and happy, and commingled with occasional keen sarcasms, and touches of genuine humour. There is much in his volume to admire as well as amuse, and the characters introduced in the leading poem are very happily hit off. He had great fluency of composition. Shortly before his death he informed us in a note that having treated himself to a new pocket-knife, he pitched the old one out at the window, after enclosing it in "An Address to an Auld Friend." Singularly enough the MS. reached a printing office, and it afterwards appeared in several Scotch newspapers.

ROBIN AFFLECK.

A saft kintra gawkie was Robin Affleck,
Whase brains seemed to lie in the cuff o' his neck!
But though dull in the uptak' and slow in the speed,
It wasna for want o' a guid muckle heid!
A lady phrenologist dwelt in the town,
Wha for readin' folk's bumps had acquired a renown,
And Robin's acquaintances said ane and a'
He should gang to the leddy, sae clever and braw,
And see if his big heid had ocht in't ava.

Robin gaed to her hoose, and he knocked at the door,
And the next minute stood on her carpeted floor,
Surrounded by statues o' poets and kings,
Philosophers, murderers, and siccan like things.
Then in cam' the leddy, and Thomas, her clerk,
Wi' pen, ink and paper, particulars to mark.
She curtseyed to Robin wha stood unco blate,

As if no very heedin' his business to state.
Wi' a smile and a nod, "I suppose sir," she said,
"'Tis a chart of your organs you wish to have made?"
"I scarcely can tell, mem, the drift o' a' that,
But if it's the Charter ye mean to be at,
I may tell ye there's nane o' the Chartist in me,
But I've brocht a guid lump o' a heid, as ye see,
For I'm anxious to ken if there's ocht in't ava,
Sae, mem, if ye please, ye may just ca' awa'."

The lady phrenologist took a survey
O' Robin's appearauce, and ventured to say—
"Your temperament's sanguine-fibrous, I see;"
And turning to Thomas, "Put down, sir," said she,
"The sanguine as five, and the fibrous as four."
"Losh preserve us!" cried Robin, "I ne'er kent before
That I had nine tempers—haill five o' ae kin'
And four o' anither. A' bodies ken fine
I ha'e *ane* o' my ain." "My dear sir, you mistake—
'Twas of *temperament*, not of your *temper*, I spake."
"Weel, weel, I suppose it's a' richt, then," said he,
"But I'm hanged if the difference between them I see."

"Observation and knowingness both are predominant,
But your organs reflective are scarcely so prominent."
"What! organs?" quo' Robin, "I ne'er was sae mad
As to think that sic things in my noddle I had."
"Phrenological organs are nowise the same
As the musical instrument bearing that name:
'Tis a term which to parts of the brain we apply."
To which Robin nodded, an' answered, "Ou, aye."

"Your *basilar* region's remarkably full."
"The *ashlier* region?" quo' Robin, quite cool.

"That's something that's guid, I'll make bold to remark;
At least amang builders the ashlier wark,
As a general rule, is considered the best,—
Rubble's used for the gavels, back wa's, and the rest,
But ashlier's just for the front." "'Twould appear
That the words I make use of are not very clear
To your dull comprehension, from what I have seen."
"Speak plain, then," quo' Robin, "and say what ye mean."

"These words to that part of the head we apply
Where the animal points and propensities lie."
"What! animals, say ye? D'ye see ocht to lead
You to think that there's *animals*, mem, in my heid?"
"Not *that*, but propensities—feelings which men
In common with animals have now and then."
"Ou, aye, mem, I daursay yer meanin' I see;
Weel, I ken there's a lump o' the cuddy in me
Whene'er the wrang way o' the hair I am straiket;
But just ca' awa', and let's hear what ye make o't."

"Being largely developed in amativeness,
I should say that you love the fair sex to excess."
"Ye're aff yer eggs this time, my leddie, I doot,
For except ae bit lass ye ken nothing aboot,
I carena a smoke o' tobacco for a'
The braw glaikit hizzies that ever I saw
'Twixt this and Jerusalem, but just ca' awa'."

"The organ is large; Thomas, say seventeen."
"Seventeen!" shouted Robin; "d'ye ackwally mean
To say to my face (what a scandalous sin!)
That wi' haill seventeen through the parish I rin?"
"Not at all, my dear sir!" the phrenologist cries,
"The figures denote but the relative size
Of the organs." "Aweel, then, if sae it maun be,
Ca' awa', though it's a' Greek and Latin to me."

"Your concentrativeness and adhesiveness, too,
Are under the average—sixteen will do."
"Saxteen o' them! That's a guid wheen, I should say,
But I reckon there's no muckle odds about thae—
At least for my pairt I don't see what we need
Wi' sae mony nick-nackets jammed into oor heid.
What's next?" "'Tis destructiveness now that I'm at,
And it's over the average." "What mak' ye o' that?"
"Your resentment is strong, with a fierce disposition,
That often will prompt you to crush opposition;
From this even cruelty one might expect,
Unless it should be by benevolence checked."

"Benevolence! Fegs I ha'e plenty o' that,
But my actions aye contradict cruelty flat,
Except when my haun I'm ower anxious to try
At the bluidin' o' horses, the stickin' o' kye,

Or the killin' o' swine. But, my leddy what mair?"
"With destructiveness large, and a limited share
Of love for this life, in a fit of despair
You might commit suicide." "Me, mem? I'm sure
I wadna do that to a cat or a doug—
Ye're clean wrang for this time! What mair's at the lug?"

"You have combativeness in a dangerous degree;
Thomas, enter eighteen for that organ," said she.
"Gif it's a fair question, what's combativeness?
For sic a word's meanin' I never could guess."
"It makes men of courage in fighting excel."
"Ou, aye," replied Robin; "I thocht sae mysel.'
But I wad jalouse that gude fechtin' receives
Mair help frae braid shouthers, and guid muckle neives
Than ocht in the shape o' oor bumps. I declare
That this cowes the cuddy! But, then, to be sure,
If a man were a tup 'twould be different indeed,
For tups hae' a desperate power in the heid!

"I think ye micht stop noo," quo' Robin Affleck,
"For just like the sample I reckon the sack;
Ye ha'e tell't me as much as my heid can contain,
An' I'll e'en just come back for the rest o't again;
Sae noo, if ye please, mem, just say what I'm aw'n',
And I'll bid ye guid nicht, for it's time I was gaun."

"My charge is one shilling." "Ou, aye, that may be
For spaein' the haill o' the heid; but wi' me
Ye've been scarce owre the lugs. I'm no stiff to a farden,
But it's richt for yer wark you should charge me accordin'.
There's a saxpence enoo, and some ither fine day,
When the rest o' my bumps ye ha'e leisure to spae,
Anither bit saxpence 'll settle oor score"—
An' wi' a "Gude nicht" Robin made for the door.

ELSEWHERE.

Swathed in a dying glory, slowly down the western arch
The orb of day descended in his ever-onward march,

Shone his beams into the chamber where the youthful maiden lay,
Still and pale as chiselled marble, dying with the dying day.

On her wan and sickly features Death has laid his clammy hand,
And she knew that she was going to the Undiscovered Land.

"Open wide the window, sister; let me feel the evening's breath
Ere I fall asleep for ever in the soft embrace of Death;

"Let me hear again the songsters singing 'mid the leafy trees,
And the zephyrs gently whispering their aerial symphonies.

"O, how soft and cool the breezes fan my feverish burning brow!
O, how sweetly sings the merle, piping on the topmost bough!

"'Tis the same sweet song, my sister, that he sang on summer eves
While together we were listening 'neath the canopy of leaves.

"Well I know the full-voiced chorus, flooding all the arch of space;
'Tis the same that cheered my childhood—'tis familiar as thy face.

"As I list the deep-toned melody, the Past again appears,
And my spirit backward wanders to the portal of my years.

"I hear the tuneful skylark herald in the virgin Spring;
Hear again the tangled copses with melodious anthems ring.

"I see my loved companions, happy as the day is long,
Tripping o'er the flow'ry meadow, with a care-dispelling song.

"I hear the bursts of laughter follow after on the wind,
And I see their wilding flowers 'mid their golden tresses twined.

. . . . . .

"See, the sun is sinking, sister; all his splendours are withdrawn,
And like him I sink—to waken in a more resplendent dawn.

"Now I hear the blessed angels softly lulling me to sleep,
With their strains of heavenly music, as their golden lyres they sweep.

"Kiss me once again, my sister! See, they beckon me on high!
Loose thy loving arms around me—to their presence let me fly!"

. . . . . .

JOHN KELLY,

BROTHER of the preceding poet, was born at Calder, parish of Monkland, in 1850. After learning the printing business he acted for some time as reporter on the *Airdrie Advertiser*, while at present he is conducting the *Rutherglen Reformer*. He has not yet ventured on a volume, but as he has "rhymed" from his early years he has written a

great number of poems. Several of his pieces, translated from the French and German, show considerable facility of expression and cultured taste, while the following poem, of which we give a portion, may be considered a favourable specimen of his muse:

WITH THE DEAD.

"Ich lebe, und bin noch stärker
Als alle Todten sind!"

—*H. Heine.*

Take back the words, oh, Poet! which too hastily have sped;
Take back the words, and say not thou art stronger than the Dead!

Say, how canst thou be stronger than all the dead men are—
They who all the living millions of the earth outnumber far?

Say, how can mortal man, with fluttering pulse and fleeting breath,
Vie with those whose souls have drunk at the eternal springs of death?

Is not each of the departed ones made equal with the gods,
And a match for countless myriads of breathing, pulsing clods?

In that undiscovered region, in that strange mysterious land,
Where the shades of dead men gather, dwells there not a glorious band

Of princes, poets, warriors—the noblest and the best
Among those who once were mortals—now in robes immortal dressed?

All the sages, seers, and thinkers who made rich the world of yore
With their visions, and their fancies, and their depth of wondrous lore—

All are there, and all pursuing, but with higher, nobler mood,
Those ways of Truth and Wisdom which they erst on earth pursued.

Does power consist in knowledge? Then the Dead are great in power;
All the wisdom of this world they could tell in one brief hour;

. . . . . .

They know no more of racking doubt, of torture, or of pain,
O'er those problems of our being which elude the boldest brain.

They know how God has made us, and why He made us so;
How Sin has power to load us here with misery and woe;

How none can charge unrighteousness on Him who rules above,
Who vindicates His justice by his mercy and His love ;

How the purpose of the Eternal, working in and over all,
Secures the victory of Good, and Evil's final fall,

Makes Sadness end in Singing, makes Goodness flow from Sin,
And to Sinners opes a Heaven where Sin cannot enter in !

. . . . . .

"Stronger than the dead men!" Poet, thine own spirit now has fled,
And thine eyes behold the glory and the grandeur of the Dead !

Thou hast seen how earthly wisdom and how earthly strength can fail,
While Death gives strength and wisdom which shall evermore prevail ;

And methinks I catch the echo of thy truer, nobler song—
"The Dead alone are wise and free—the Dead alone are strong !

Stronger than the dead men ! Never ! For, by springs immortal fed,
Still grow from strength to greater strength the grand and glorious Dead !"

SONG.

(From the French of Victor Hugo.)

Thy window is shut at the birth of the morning ;
Why sleepest thou, love, who art queen of the day ?
Awake are the roses, thy garden adorning,
Why wakest not thou, who art fairer than they ?
Leave, lady, thy sleeping,
Look forth and see
Thy knight, who is weeping
And singing to thee !

At thy gate, my beloved, the summons is ringing,
Aurora cries loudly, "Lo ! I am the day !"
"I am music !" the wild bird melodious is singing ;
"I am love ! I am love !" doth my heart sing alway !
Leave, lady, thy sleeping,
Look forth and see
Thy knight, who is weeping
And singing to thee !

I love thee as woman, as angel adore thee—
The God who has made me to yearn and desire,
Has given me my love to be poured out before thee,
Has given thee thy beauty for me to admire !
Leave, lady, thy sleeping,
Look forth and see
Thy knight, who is weeping
And singing to thee !

JAMES STEWART,

AUTHOR of the popular song, "Oor Little Jock," and a volume of poems, entitled "Sketches of Scottish Character," was born in Perth, in 1801. His educational experience was of the most meagre description. He was of a retiring, meditative nature, preferring the perusal of a book, and a walk by himself over the fields and gowany meadows, and thus giving free play for the broodings and vagaries of fancy. Having duly "served his time," he became a journeyman shoemaker, and worked at his trade in Crieff and Dunkeld. His passion for poetry and his literary studies never interfered with the due prosecution of his daily toil, and he entertained a modest estimate of his own poetical genius, though this was of no mean order. His early attempts were never committed to paper, but were scribbled hastily on a slate, which he kept beside him in a recess of his working-stool. Stewart contributed sketches both in prose and verse to a penny miscellany, entitled the *Perth Saturday Journal*. Amongst his contributions were "The Eden of the North," a most graphic descriptive poem, and a series of "Sketches of Scottish Character." These appeared without any signature, and their pleasing variety, and the rapidity with which they were issued led many to conjecture that they were the composition of various hands. The series is said to have been far from being near a conclusion when he died, and we believe he left abundant materials, the finest of his own observations and acute perceptions of the varied lights and shades of character, to have extended the series to such a bulk as would have filled a large volume. In 1843 he caught cold while on the road to a friend's wedding in Perth. On the following morning inflamation set in, he was removed to the Infirmary, and in two days after, the homely, simple-minded poet left this world.

His volume was published sometime after his death. A misappreciation or undervaluing of his own abilities characterised him throughout life. Generally when he finished a piece, if, on glancing it over, he happened to be dissatisfied with it he committed it to the flames without compunction; if it pleased him, he sent it to some acquaintance, so that the editor of his work had no little research, and his productions were found scattered about in the hands of parties in different parts of the country. We give a few lines from "Auld Eppie Brown," a schoolmistress of the olden time:—

When time's at your wairin', O, spend a half hour
To see a' her scholars ranged round on her floor;
Her "kingies" an' "queenies," her "tots" an' her "cocks,"
A' bizzin' and bummin' like bees in a box.
Wee curly Mary is puzzled at D,
And gleg little Janet is scratchin' at E;
But Charlie's a hero, and brags a' the toun,
He's forrit at "izzit," wi' auld Eppie Brown.

There's a class for the Bible, the Carritch, and Psalms,
Whase dux is preferr'd to a seat near the jambs;
Verse about's read aloud—some hae to spell—
Faster than Eppie can weel do hersel':
An' evidence sure that her lessons tak root,
An' that she has taught the "idea to shoot."
There are skules i' the kintry, and skules i' the toun,
But whaur is the teacher like auld Eppie Brown?

And, oh, how delighted the wee totums stand
When she tells o' the joys o' a heavenly land—
Whaur the sun never shines, yet a glory o' licht
Mak's a gowd, shiny day, never darkened by nicht—
Whaur God in His love, for the trials they've here,
Frae the een o' the mourners shall dicht every tear:
It's no wrang to say that our Maker looks down
Wi' a smile o' approval on auld Eppie Brown.

THE HERD LASSIE.

Yon bonnie herd lassie beside the grey cairn,
Is croonin' a sang which the echoes shall learn,—
Sweet come the sweet words, and sweeter the air,
Frae the lips o' that wee thing, sae fragile and fair;

She joins wi' the lay o' the lark i' the clud,
Wi' the rich-toned flute o' the merle i' the wud.
Let us jouk i' the broombuss near to the cairn,
An' listen to Mysie, the poor widow's bairn.

She is blythe as the linty, as modest an' sweet
As the daisy that smiles to the sky at her feet;
Her innocent prattlings, untutored by art,
Are pure and as warm as the gush o' her heart;
Her ringlets, sae gathered, to fa' like a stream,
Ha'e the tint o' the rainbow's bright gowden beam;
A bandeau o' wild flowers binds the fair brow
O' the bonniest lassie e'er herded a cow.

She has roamed by the burnie, an' scour'd the lane dell,
In search o' the foxglove an' bonnie blue bell;
She is come wi' her prize thro' the broom and the fern,
To festoon her bowerie beside the grey cairn.
It scougs gentle Mysie, that broom-wattled bower,
Frae the blaud o' the wind an' the scud o' the shower.
Ye proud earthly magnates come hither an' learn
Humility's ways frae a poor widow's bairn.

Nor alane is her bowerie a nestling place;
'Tis a temple to Mysie o' faith, love, an' grace;
'Tis her "Holy o' Holies"—a sanctified nook,
Where she reads in her solitude God's holy book.
Solitude canna, oh! canna be here;
She learns frae her Bible that God's ever near—
Ever present through nature, and here by the cairn
His e'e ever watches the poor widow's bairn.

And the bonnie thing kens that the oak and the fir,
Are clothed in their beauty for beings like her—
For her is the growth o' sweet flowers on the lea—
For her is the burst o' the morn's melody;
And the bonnie thing's gratitude mounts aye to heaven,
For the hame o' her childhood—a paradise given
To her free fruition, by river and wild;—
There is MIND, noble mind, in a poor widow's child.

Sweet sylph o' the burnie, the brae, and the howe,
O, couldst thou be aye the same angel as now—
The quickened ideal o' beauty an' youth—
Th' embodied spirit o' heavenly truth!
Through life be thy stay in thy God who is sure,
May thy fountain o' happiness flow ever pure;
And never, oh! never, may'st thou ha'e to earn
A tear for the woes o' the poor widow's bairn!

'Mid the lown hush o' nature in depth o' the glen,
'Mid the hum an' the bustle in bee-hives o' men,
There are beings whom heaven may claim as its ain,
Unpolluted by crime, unsoiled by a stain:
Bright lovely spots, ever blooming and green,
On the wide moral waste o' the warld are seen;
Of these, the herd lassie ayont the grey cairn,
Wee faitherless Mysie, the poor widow's bairn.

JAMES CARGILL GUTHRIE,

AUTHOR of "Scenes and Legends in the Vale of Strathmore," &c., and of several lyrics which have taken a high place among standard songs, is descended from a long line of agriculturists in the Vale of Strathmore, and can trace his descent from James Guthrie the famous Scotch worthy, and his mother was descended from the no less famous Donald Cargill, who suffered in the same cause in 1681. He was born in 1814 at the farm of Airniefoul, parish of Glamis, near Forfar. After attending the parish school, he was sent to the Montrose Academy. Being intended by his parents for the Church, he then studied for the ministry in the University of Edinburgh, but being disappointed in his early hopes and ambition, he latterly entered the mercantile world, and is at present settled in Dundee.

In 1854 he published his first work anonymously, a long descriptive poem, entitled "Village Scenes." Other volumes followed in close succession, including "The First False Step," "Wedded Love," "Summer Flowers," "Rowena," a dramatic poem in blank verse, "Woodland Echoes," a volume of

miscellaneous poems and songs. In 1875 he published his first prose volume, "The Vale of Strathmore," a work of great interest. Several of these have already got the length of a third edition.

He possesses a vivid fancy and warm imagination —his songs in particular being clear in execution, and full of rare poetic feeling. Many of these have been set to appropriate music, and have become popular. His poems are marked by tenderness of feeling and strength of attachment to the scenes amidst which his early years were spent. Cockburn and other Edinburgh critics hailed him as another true son of the Scottish muse, and one worthy of enrolment in that glorious band of which Burns is the chief, and Ramsay, Ferguson, Hogg, and Cunningham, and many more of immortal fame, are members.

MY BONNIE WEE WIFIE.

My bonnie wee wifie, in life's early morn,
When sweet as the linnet that sings on the thorn,
You sang, and I listened, till that song of thine
Tuned all my young heart-strings to music divine.

And aye it grew sweeter, like song of the thrush,
Which, mellow, melodious, makes vocal each bush,
All nature rejoicing in blossoms so rare,
You each day becoming more charmingly fair.

Till in my nights' dreaming, like lark poised on high,
Ye sang, while ascending far up in the sky ;
Alas ! in proportion the farther you flew,
My heart the more lonely, more desolate grew.

So, from a heart broken, the voice of true love
Came rushing, swift gushing, "Be thou a sweet dove,
And dwell in my bosom, there nestle through life,
Thee ever I'll cherish, my bonnie wee wife."

My bonnie wee wifie, long, long thou hast lain
Next my heart, the bright sunshine, in sorrow and pain ;
Still dwell in my bosom, there nestle through life,
Aye the more will I love thee, my bonnie wee wife.

THE DAYS O' LANGSYNE.

As in the gloaming's eerie calm,
'Midst fancies fleeting fast,
Our thoughts in unison revert
All fondly to the past,
So in the evening soft of life,
The scenes that brightest shine
Within our inmost heart of hearts
Are the days o' langsyne.

Now, as beside the fire I sit,
In my old rocking-chair,
Before the lighted tapers gleam,
Disclosing beauties fair,
How vivid comes the visions blest,
Like sweet celestial dreams,
Of my own native valley—list!
The music of its streams.

The gowans, whins, the buttercups,
In all their beauty bloom,
The gowdies and the linties sing
Among the yellow broom.
Again I wander by the burn
That skirts the homestead dear—
My own loved home! can I conceal
The tributary tear?

How fresh the sough of wild-woods green
Plays round my raptured ear,
Recalling whisperings from afar
Of memories ever dear?
How clear the bleating of the sheep,
The lowing of the kine!
Alas! how dear, how very dear
The days o' langsyne.

Each scene, each sound, familiar still
About the mill and farm;—
There goes the ploughboy as of old,
His coulter o'er his arm.
The maidens clean the luggies scour,
Stray calves encircling near,
The gooslings gabble in the dam,
The cock crows loud and clear.

The breezes fresh from heather hills
Come fragrant as of yore;
My throbbing pulses bounding beat—
Yes! I am young once more;
And all is fair and beautiful,
Each sound, each sight divine;
By contrast clear, how very dear
The days o' langsyne!

GEORGE BRUCE,

ST. ANDREWS, author of a large and very handsomely got-up volume, entitled "Destiny, and other Poems," is a remarkable man, and his career would make a really interesting volume. He was born in that ancient city, in 1825. At the age of fourteen he was left an orphan. He served an apprenticeship to a joiner, receiving his bed and board, but no wages. When a journeyman, he went to London, where he remained for a short time, and then returned to his native town and started in a humble way on his own account, at the age of twenty-four, with only one apprentice. This apprentice has now been thirty years in his employment. He was contractor for the Leuchars and Bogton Railway Stations in connection with the Tay Bridge line, and has done several large and important jobs in the district. He is an extensive house proprietor, has engaged in shipping enterprises, and frequently met with severe losses. In early life he acted as local correspondent for the *Dundee Advertiser*, was a keen golfer, and has won medals and prizes; was a sergeant-major in the artillery volunteers for about fifteen years, gained the brigade medal as the best shot with the carbine; tied for the first prize at the national competition in Edinburgh, and won the second. A broken arm put an end to his career as a marksman. He has been continuously elected as a member of Town Council for twenty-three years, and is a member of the School Board. He would be taking part in a debate at the Council table in the forenoon, and playing Hamlet, Othello, or Rob Roy in the evening. He is a keen lover of the drama, possesses histrionic talents of no mean order, and has on several occasions played the *role* of "Rob" to Walter Bentley. Still, what may appear to be rather anomalous, he has, we understand, ever been

as careful to look after his business as he has been to take an interest in public matters, engage in literary work, or take his part on the stage. In his own words—he is still "fighting away to make ends meet, and has been successful in being able to keep the business boat's head to the wind."

He is also somewhat of a naturalist, is an honorary member of the St. Andrews Philosophical Society, and his collection is said to be quite a sight. In such a sketch as our space admits of we can give but a very imperfect idea of this wonderful man. His large volume contains the fruit of as much thought, reading, and research as might have formed the work of a lifetime. That a man should, in hours snatched from business, write so ably and clearly on such an abstruse and difficult subject as "Destiny," is a fact which should of itself recommend the author to the notice of the public. Yet he is still busy. We learn that he is engaged on a "History of St. Andrews," a series of papers on "Serious Thoughts on Serious Subjects," a volume of "Short Stories, Anecdotes, and Queer Sayings," "The History of the Birds Found Around St. Andrews," &c.

The copious notes to his leading poem show that he has been a careful student of his Bible. These are full of all kinds of literary knowledge. An ardent admirer of Shakespere, he has acquired a deep insight into human nature and the elements of human passion; he has drunk deeply of the natural and unrestrained outbursts of the emotions as shown in Byron, while from Burns he has aroused within himself the spirit of independence, as well as descerned the moral grandeur of the noblest affections. The difficult Spenserian stanza he has adopted has been handled with remarkable success. The conception of the poem is lofty. His leading idea is, that the human race will ultimately shake off the fetters of tyranny, and become free. In a comprehensive glance, the poet takes in all the bearings of

this idea; the cause of political slavery—the historical instances of the downfall of Freedom, and of its erection upon the ruins of Tyranny—the vision of perfect emancipation, and the means to be taken to secure it. The cause of man's subjection to unjust power he makes out to be War, and war is traced to Satan's fall, which, amongst other things, makes Cain slay Abel, the first instance of murder, and the prototype of all war. We cannot by a mere extract give an idea of the poem, but would quote the following lines from another lengthy piece, entitled "The Two Spirits":—

Slow sank the Sun behind the western hills,
While golden streams seemed pouring down the rills,
As if to bribe him for a longer stay,
Like blood-stained Joshua and his *stagnant day;*
For Sol looked smiling on the *simpering* streams,
And gilded all with his effulgent beams.
The trees in golden verdure silent stood,
Or gently kissed the breeze that fanned the wood;
The little gowans on the yellow lea
Seemed drops of gold upon a golden sea;
And as He, smiling vanished from the sky,
Pale gloaming sighed to see her Patron die,
Then blushing on the Heavens with crimson face
As He concluded his diurnal race;
And when He sank, old Darkness walked the earth,
Like gloomy goblin o'er a ruined hearth.

Robert Bruce, in many of his pieces, shows a vigorous and comprehensive imagination, and a profound experience of the subtleties of human thought and feeling, with a concentrated energy and originality of expression and aptness of epithet. Many of his shorter pieces show that he has thought deeply on many things, the roots of which lie in us and around us.

I WILL TRUST IN GOD.

Why does my soul o'er fancied ills deplore,
And Peace like Evil run when none pursues?
Why sinks my heart as if a demon bore
My reason captive, without power to choose?

Hence ! idle phantasies, and phantom ills !
And let my reason to herself be true,—
Believing Fate o'erleaps men's dearest wills,
As gusty breezes dry the moistening dew.

What are the ills which darken all I view,
And tinge with melancholy's jaundiced eye?
As if a cancer did my *health* pursue,
Or wolfish *Famine* at my door did lie.

What 'vails the gewgaws of poor human pride,—
Though gold and silver shower like rain around?
If poverty of mind the motives guide,
They only fall upon a barren ground.

The richest jewel of mankind's the soul,
A gem unseen, which wealth can never buy;
No Koh-i-noor, at king's or queen's control,
Though dark on earth, it sparkles in the sky.

It cleaves yon starry firmament, and shines,
And gives its lustre to its Maker there,
And sparkles brightest when the body pines,
Upheld by Faith, Humility, and Prayer.

Why should I fret, although my lot is poor?
Or, senseless, envy the decrees of Fate?
The prince and peasant play their parts, I'm sure—
It is the mind that makes the actor great.

If God in poverty has set my part,
To play it well should be my constant care—
A peasant still can have a prince's heart
Although he homely in a cottage fare.

Then, let my station and position shine!
And cultivate the mind, man's noblest part;
What though I'm poor. The world itself is mine,
For man gives land, but God bequeaths the heart.

The golden sun,—the silver moon, and air,
Are mine by birth, and heired by all mankind;
But thankless wealth, or vice can never share
The settled calm of a contented mind.

. . . . . .

Sweet is the crust from blest Contentment's hand,
And cool the drink from Virtue's sober bowl,
Sound is the sleep that rests on Faith's command,
And O, how mighty is the humble soul.

Then petty cares farewell, and farewell strife,
And welcome Hope until my latest breath;
I know that God can pilot me through life,
And bear my spirit through the vale of death.

In Him I'll trust, *on* Him I'll ever call,
If He's my friend, I can all foes defy;
Then let the phantoms from my eyelids fall,
By Him I live. *In* Him I hope to die.

ROBERT W. THOM,

AUTHOR of "Jock o' the Howe," possesses real poetical genius, and writes with a sweetness and strength peculiarly his own. His history certainly merits a more extended notice than we have been able to furnish. He was born at Annan, Dumfriesshire, on the 30th December, 1816, and is at present a resident of Glasgow. A large and handsome volume of his poems was published in September, 1880, while a third edition of "Jock o' the Howe, and other Poems," was published shortly before.

In addition to the warm, but simple, heart affections which form the chief themes of his muse, and in the delineation of which he has not often been surpassed, there is a moral purity running through every piece. We find no utterances of complaint or weakness, but the simple, serene, and powerful lessons of wisdom, which one who has seen much and felt deeply is entitled to teach. His graceful imagery and strongly pathetic language shows throbs of true human sympathy, a religious intensity of thought, and a longing to be nearer to the universal heart. It has been said of his dramatic poem, "The Trevanions," known in previous editions as "Crow and Crouch," that it is a work of "the rarest poetic quality, breathing throughout a tenderness of feeling,

a melody of phrase, an earnestness of faith, and an enthusiastic love of nature and man which carry away the reader and compel him to admit that here at least is one true, leal singer who sees somewhat into the heart of the world, while some of the speeches (in "Cleon the Patriot," a dramatic poem) breathe a spirit of poetry rarely reached by living writers." The latter poem shows that he is a true patriot as well as a poet. Many of his poems may well be considered a rich repertory of fine passages —descriptive and moral, while some of them are most finished in execution, and felicitous in phrase. We are constantly sensible of the presence of poetical inspiration, and that he has a measure of that quality of instantaneous intelligibility peculiar to some of our best known poets, and a sweetness and naturalness which belongs to a time when poets have too frequently ceased to let their songs "flow from their hearts," as the song flows from the heart of the bird on the bough.

His views of life and its duties are sound and healthy, and while evidently the offspring of an earnest, amiable, and loving nature, they are, on the other hand, entirely free from mawkish sentimentalism. The heart that dictated the sentiments expressed in Thom's poetry must needs be full of gentleness, and love, and sympathy with all that is good, and true, and beautiful as well in humanity as in the material universe.

SONNET.

The Sabbath morn! Make haste to clothe the mind
In garments of clean feelings. Wake, oh wake
Within the heart, all gentle loves to list
The piping of white thoughts! and straight unbind
All chaste emotions! For thy spirit's sake
Bring to thy fold each tender sympathy,
That in their blessedness it may be blessed!

Then say unto the hallowed morn, "Behold;
My soul is ready, and it welcomes thee!"
Where holy things meet in Divine accord
'Mid minster sanctities—by the lone sea,
In populous cities, or on hoar and cold
Summits of mountains, the calm soul doth find
The potent presence of the Sabbath's Lord.

From our familiar being stripping hastily
The delicate senses, and the swift discernment
Of the eldest born of God, large dowried Nature,
Who hung her prodigal wealth on mountain tops,
Garmented forests, shook the dreaming sea
From his eternal slumber, and provoked
His strength by gladness to break forth in song;
Then, growing profuse by using of her bounties,
Essayed to deck the old and horrid temple
Of banished Night—which grew so beautiful,
That God cast thereunto lone stars, to prophesy
To souls that should the calm of heaven inherit—
And, as her crowning work, built in the heart
Of man a temple from the love she brought,
And therein all forgetful of herself,
For ever singeth of her Father's power.

—*From Cleon the Patriot.*

THE PARTIN' HOUR.

The partin' hour, the partin' hour,
Its anguish wha can tell?
Or syllable the misery in
The lang an' last farewell?
That waefu' hour wherein ilk tie
O' love maun be untwined,
Ilk holy tie that love has knit
Aroun' the heart an' mind.
Oh, earth were but an eerie spot,
An' love a bonnie dream,
Gin partin' hours were the dark hours
That to our sauls they seem.

Nae gloom should veil the partin' hour;
Calm Faith, wi' its white hand,
Points to it as a portal fair
Intil the Better Land—
That hallow'd land, by saints o' earth
An' holy angels trod,
That lieth 'neath the living light
An' open love of God.

Nae gloom should veil the partin' hour
Where meeteth sphere an' sphere ;
The light, the love, an' peace are there,
The woe an' wail are here.

'Tis doubt, 'tis doubt frae mists o' sin
Distils the briny shower ;
A clud on saul creates the gloom,
Fa's on the partin' hour.
Oh, waefu' clud, break frae the saul!
Oh, dulefu' doubt, away!
The hour o' death is but the dawn
O' the eternal day.
The hour o' partin' is the hour
O' sauls becoming free—
The season o' the putting on
O' immortality.

Nae gloom should veil the partin' hour!
Before the angel, Death,
Blest Resignation's knee should bend,
Ascend the psalm of faith.
Yes, raise the solemn psalm o' faith,
An' breathe a holy prayer,
Our loved is in the land o' God,
An' waits our coming there.
The land o' God where fa's unmar'd
The glory of His power ;
Where love, wrapt in Almighty Love,
Shall know no partin' hour.

IS HE MY FATHER'S BROTHER?

He stood beside the cottage door,
A child exceeding fair ;
His eyes were raised to heaven, while o'er
Each liquid orb, from shore to shore,
Moved wonder,—that is prayer ;
And down his dimpled shoulders rolled
In many a tiny rill of gold
The wavelets of his hair.

Beside the cottage door she stood,
A woman thin and pale ;
She gazed on evening's golden flood,
As one to ocean looking would
Peer forth to catch a sail.
That face so young, and yet so old—
A withered youth—alas ! it told
A melancholy tale.

They tore him from her arms when she
  Three years had been his wife,
And sent him forth upon the sea,
A slayer of his kind to be,
  In an unholy strife.
She knew ere hawthorn boughs had bloomed
The nation's glory had consumed
  The glory of her life.

Her sorrow is a tale untold;
  But oft, when day is done,
As wearied hearts have done of old,
She looks into that sea of gold,
  Whose island is the sun;
In this her child has caught her way,
It is not strange, poor child! his day
  In sorrow had begun.

And now when on the western bar
  The evening glory lies,
And night lights her pale lamps afar,
A wonder like a new-born star,
  Gleamed out in his blue eyes,
Clapping his little hands in glee,
"Look, mother, look!" he cried, "I see
  My father in the skies.

"Upon a star he lays his hand,
  His feet are on another;
Now there are two, each like a wand
Is bending towards where we stand,
  And smiling on us, mother!
That Man whose face gleams like the morn,
Whose forehead wears a crown of thorn,
  Is He my father's brother?"

A glow upon her cheek is spread,
  Her pale lips smile again,
These eyes that never tear had shed
Since the glad day when she was wed,
  Poured forth a blessed rain.
Her weird is passed, her faith is whole,
The cloud has vanished from her soul,
  And from her heart the pain.

A human love no more can blind
  Eyes that have pierced the veil,
And never woe of earthly kind
Can mar the quiet of her mind,

Or shall her soul assail;
And nevermore, at eve, will she
Look forth into the golden sea
As if to spy a sail.

ROBERT ADAMSON,

AUTHOR of "Lays of Leisure Hours," published in 1879, was born in a cottar house, about two miles south of Dunfermline, in 1832. Our poet says:—"The circumstances in which I was ushered into the world were none of the brightest, but I still retain some happy recollections of childhood's years; more especially the pleasure, mingled with a strange awe and fear, which was felt the first Sabbath morning that I was led through the old ruins around Dunfermline Abbey. Those time-worn witnesses of a day long past, along with the clanging of the Abbey bells, and the old graveyard surrounding it—where, now, the hand that led me is at rest—can never be forgotten, nor the impression they made ever blotted out." After being a short time at a "colliery school," he was sent to learn the handloom; but not liking the long hours and confinement of the weaving trade, he soon left, and went to fire a colliery engine. He has been engine-keeper at Muirkirk for the last twenty-five years. There is a fine vein of pathos and humour in many of his pieces, and a healthy moral tone pervades every one of them.

The Rev. A. Wallace, D.D., Glasgow, gives the following estimate of his poetic gift, in an introductory note to the "Lays of Leisure Hours":—"Muirkirk is certainly about the last place one would expect to meet a poet, amid the roar of the

furnace, and the thundering noises of the rolling-mill and the steam hammer, crushing the red-hot balls like so many pieces of dough; but amid all the toil and moil, the uproar and bustle, the heat and the sweat of this fiery shrine of Vulcan, I was fortunate to fall in with a man who had not only a fine appreciation of poetry, but who had the poetic gift himself in no small degree; and who, amid the din of the engine which is under his care, and which supplies 'blast' to the furnaces, has cheered himself and others by his own native wood-notes wild. It is very gratifying to find a workman, in such a smoky region, rising into the purer atmosphere of real intellectual enjoyment, by seizing upon his leisure moments and committing to writing the thoughts that burned within during his hours of toil. Such instances are, happily, by no means rare in Scotland, and Robert Adamson is another added to the long list of those who have beautified the rough by-ways of labour with the flowers of poetic genius."

WEE DAVIE.

Wee Davie, wi' his rosy cheeks,
Sparkling e'en an' curly pow,
Hose an' knickerbocker breeks,
Is a dainty man, I trow.

Sportive as the little lammie,
Friskin' fu' o' Nature's fun;
Dancin' fondly roond its mammy
'Mid the smilin', simmer sun.

No a care nor grief to wrinkle
His wee silken, sunny broo;
Nor to dim the starry twinkle
O' his e'en, sae bonny blue.

Yet a moment never idle,
Rampin', trampin' up an' doon;
Heedless o' baith bit an' bridle—
Little, lauchin', lordie loon.

There he's on the poker ridin'
Races but-an'-ben the hoose;
Noo into a corner hidin',
Mim as ony little moose.

Keepin' his wee sisy seekin'
Lang an' weary, high an' low,
Till the little roggie, keekin'
Round the corner, cries "keek-bo."

What a tirrivee o' laughin',
Strivin' the last "tig" to gi'e!—
Dinna flyte; their dinsome daffin'
Sweetest music is to me.

Let the bairnies hae the blessin'
O' rejoicin' while they may;
Sune enough they'll learn the lesson
That life is nae bairnie's play.

TO THE LARK.

Hail! happy laureate of Spring,
With joy we welcome thee,
As heavenward thou, on airy wing,
Soar'st with the dawning day to sing
Thy morning melody.

No cant corrupts thy simple song,
No pride thy heart betrays,
Nor selfish, vain, ambition strong,
Tempts thee thy vespers to prolong,
For man's applause and praise.

Oh! sweetest minstrel of the sky,
Chant loud thy psalm of life,
That, like thee, we may soar on high,
Beyond the reach of mortal eye,
And all earth's din and strife.

There, high on Pisgah's holy height,
To act the noble part
Of pouring out with all our might,
As thou dost morning, noon, and night,
The homage of the heart.

And when to work below we must
Descend our part to take,
We may, like thee, in humble trust,
Beside the daisy in the dust,
A lowly dwelling make.

Sing on, sing on thy sweetest strains,
With all thy heart's endeavour,
For, 'mid our losses and our gains,
Our panics, passions, pleasures, pains,
Thou art a joy for ever.

PETER LIVINGSTONE,

AUTHOR of a volume of "Poems, Songs, and Lectures," was born in Dundee, in 1823. During his infancy and childhood he exhibited an affectionate and kindly disposition, and a contemplative turn of mind manifested itself as his years increased. He studied for the ministry in England, became a preacher and lecturer on theological and literary subjects. His orations on "Burns," "George Gilfillan," and other subjects are eloquent, and his poems have been commended by the late Lord Jeffrey. He is also author of several critical pamphlets. His volume is now in its tenth edition, and his "Sabbath in a Scottish Cottage" is well-known, while his song, "A Guid New Year to ane an' a," has become a national one.

CREEP BEFORE YOU GAE.

Tak' time, my bonnie bairnie, dinna flee awa sae fast,
Never mind though 'mong your playmates you sometimes are the last;
It's not the hardest rinner that always gains the day,
Tak' time, my bonnie bairn, and aye creep before you gae.
The wee bairn todlin' round about its mither's knee,
Frisking aye sae fondly wi' its heart sae fu' o' glee,
When it rins ower far and fast, look, it stumbles in the way,
Tak' time, my bonnie bairn, and aye creep before you gae.

In the world's broad field of battle, when fechtin' wi' the strife,
And struggling hard for happiness and comfort in this life;
You'll find it aye the best way, when pulling up the brae,
Tak' time, my bonnie bairn, and aye creep before you gae.
The world's woes and sorrows are brought on us by oursel'
Because we'll no tak' tent to what the aulder folk will tell;
We've had muckle grief and sorrow, the heart has aft been wae
Because we'll no tak' time, my bairn, and creep before we gae.

The wisest man hath said, and what he says is never wrong,—
The race is seldom to the swift, the battle to the strong;
The willing back has aft to bear the burthen o' the day,
Tak' time, my bonnie bairn, and aye creep before ye gae.
We have need to use, while here, all the caution that we can,
In playing at this game o' life wi' wily-hearted man;
The lion's heart—the eagle's eye—the fox's cunning way
Are wanted here, tak' time, my bairn, and creep before you gae.

You've known the mighty warrior, rushing fast into the fight,
Lose baith his crown and kingdom ere the falling of the night;
You've seen the darling projects of wise men melt away,
Tak' time, my bonnie bairn, and aye creep before you gae.
You'll ne'er hae cause to rue, from the cradle to the grave,
But many a pang o' sorrow in the heart it will you save,
If before each earthly project you remember what I say,
Tak' time, my bonnie bairn, and aye creep before you gae.

ANDREW SIM.

REGARDING the author of the following beautiful song, we have only been able to learn that he was born in Forfar in 1807, and died there in 1836.

SCOTLAND'S BONNIE BROOM.

Sweet land of love and song,
Far, far from thee I've strayed
O'er trackless seas 'mid sunny isles,
Whose green hues never fade;
Yet still a thought for thee
In this lone heart had room;
But what of thine I've cherished most
Were thy green bowers of broom.

I've been where waves the vine,
Amid its native air,
I've seen its streaming tendrils twine
Like lovely woman's hair;
Where every breeze that came
Was burdened with perfume;
But what were these to me, compared
To Scotland's bonnie broom.

I've stood on battle plains,
Where fought on either hand,
With mighty arm and dauntless heart,
The brave of every land:
Yet dauntless though they were,
They never met their doom
So calmly as did those whose homes
Were by the bonnie broom.

The men of other climes,
Knew from what land we came ;
Our garb, our speech, our bravery,
Betrayed our country's name ;
For still our spears were seen
Amid war's thickest gloom ;
The bravest hearts that ever beat
Were nursed amang the broom.

It was amang the broom
Where my first song I wove,
Where first on beauty's listening ear
I whispered tales of love ;
There sweeter tales are told
Than in the lifeless room ;
Yes, sweetest tales ear ever heard
Were told amang the broom.

Oh ! that, when life is o'er,
When this brown cheek grows pale,
When this warm heart has ceased to beat
In some lone broomy vale
You'd hollow out my grave,
There low'r my lowly tomb,
That o'er my fading form might wave
The golden blossomed broom.

ALEXANDER MORRISON HART,

GLASGOW, was born in 1853, at Maryhill, then a fledgling burgh, four miles north of Glasgow. After working four years in a paper mill, he, at the age of sixteen, went to a similar situation at Bowling, near Dumbarton. The romantic and traditional associations of this district kindled the poetic flame within him. At present he is superintending a wholesale stationery house in Glasgow, and although a denizen of the city, his muse is rural, and he describes country life with real affection, and a cheerful, contented heart. This is shown in a

descriptive sketch, entitled the "Village Pastor," also in a touching poem, "John Brown of Priesthill." We give—

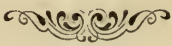
SOLACE.

When hidden springs o' secret grief
Are pressin' down the heart,
An' in the warl' nae sweet relief
Its sunglints can impart,
The shades o' care are in your e'e,
An' mantlin' on your broo—
Oh, mind there's ane aboon can see,
And kens an' cares for you.

When dowie thochts an' weary sighs
Are a' that time can gi'e,
An' misty clouds around you rise,
An' tearfu' is your e'e.
Ye'll aiblins ha'e a bosom frien'
Wha's heart is leal an' true—
Oh, then ye'll find 'tis sweet to lean
On them wha cares for you.

If wi' a languid e'e you turn
To view the bustlin' thrang,
An' a' things there but mak' you mourn
The mair at every pang,
True friendly solace may afford
To cool your heated broo—
But, coo'r awa' an' seek the Lord,
Wha kens an' cares for you.

When a' that earthly love can dae
To soothe your every qualm—
When nicht fa's saft an' silently,
Jist steal an hour o' calm;
An' there your e'e, wi' sorrow dim,
Will brighten as you boo,
In earnest pour your plaint to Him
Wha kens an' cares for you.



JAMES NICHOLSON,

ONE of the most pleasing of modern Scottish poets, is widely-known and respected as a pure-minded man, gifted with all the endearing qualities of a true poet. He is beloved by all who are privileged to know him, while his poetical productions are no less the delight of thousands who only appreciate him through his utterances. He was born at Edinburgh, in 1822. His parents removed to Paisley when James was in his seventh year, and when he had only been three weeks at school. They being poor he was sent to a tobacco work, where, for his services, he received the handsome salary of *one shilling* per week. The boys here were poorly clad, mostly shoeless, so that in winter those who had bonnets wore them as much on their feet as on their heads. He now applied himself to learn the art of reading—sign-boards and handbills being his chief lesson-books. "These," he says, "by the help of bigger boys, I soon mastered. Booksellers' windows had specially strong attractions, and the intellectual treats these afforded detained me so long that I had to run home and swallow my meals—no difficult task—with all my might in order to get to my work before the expiration of the hour." The family removing to a country town in the south, the subject of our sketch was sent to herd cows on a farm in the neighbourhood. A succession of changes was closed by an engagement to a sheep-farmer, "to take care of a portion of his sheep and a dozen queys." Not feeling comfortable here, he one night surreptitiously left. We give his own words in a most graphic introductory note to his volume, "Kilwuddie, and other Poems":—"I opened my chest, and took out my clothes, which I had previously made up in four bundles. I saw it would be impossible to take them all at once without rubbing the sides of the wooden staircase,

and so awaken my enemies; so I came off with two, which I managed to convey to the barn in safety. Emboldened by the success of my first voyage, I ventured on a second with equal success, but my heart palpitated at no small rate when, in the act of crossing the kitchen on my return, the old gentleman turned himself in the bed, and gave a faint grunt, to my no small consternation. I hastened with all speed to the barn, where I stripped off my working clothes and put on my best. Having tied the former up in a bundle and otherwise prepared myself for the road, I began to experience the cravings of a rather sharp appetite, having tasted nothing since breakfast-time the day before; the only means of satisfying which, within my power, was a tubful or two of sweetmilk standing on the barn floor. To this I applied myself, and drank as much as I was able—the most copious draught, I believe, I ever took in my life. I now addressed myself to my journey, and reached my father's house about four in the morning, but knowing the step I had taken would not meet with his approval, I did not ask admission, but merely left my working clothes and hobnailed boots at the door, and set out on the road for Edinburgh."

Not succeeding in getting a situation in the metropolis, his grandfather, with whom he was staying, proposed that he should learn the tailor business, and work along with himself. However, at the request of his father (who is still alive), he returned home, and commenced to work with a firm for which he acted as foreman. Up to this time he could not sign his own name; but he got a friend to set him a copy of the written letters of the alphabet, and thus learned to write. With much perseverance he prosecuted mental culture by abridging the usual hours of rest. Starting business on his own account he did not succeed, and afterwards got a situation as a tailor to the Govan Parochial Board, in which he still remains.

James Nicholson has published several volumes, including "Kilwuddie, and other Poems," which has reached a third edition; "Rest for the Weary, or Mary's Wa'gaun;" "Father Fernie, the Botanist," a tale of study, including his life, wayside lessons, and poems; "Idylls o' Hame;" "Wee Tibbie's Garland;" and a beautifully got-up joint volume of "Poems: by James and Ellen C. Nicholson." The latter is his daughter, and from the specimens of her productions given in this work, she proves that she has, in no small degree, inherited the poetical gifts of her worthy father. We quote—

BABY MARION.

Two eyes of bonniest, brightest blue
  Has she—my Baby Marion;
And locks the sunlight glances through
  In glee, has Baby Marion.

But, ah! I cannot further go
  In praise, my Baby Marion,
If honestly I mean to show
  Your ways, my Baby Marion!

Your face with soot from off the grate
  Is blacked, my Baby Marion;
Stern truth compels me here to state
  The fact, my Baby Marion.

And all unshod is one wee foot—
  Oh, sad, sad Baby Marion!
The other has nor sock nor boot—
  Oh, bad, bad Baby Marion.

That sockless foot, so dark of hue,
  Declares, my Baby Marion,
What devious ways you've travelled through
  Upstairs, my Baby Marion.

Through wet it's wandered—been in dust—
  In soot, my Baby Marion;
Nay, has a tinge that looks like rust,
  To boot, my Baby Marion.

Those hands! that pinafore! ah, me!
  'Tis plain my Baby Marion,
Example—precept—all for thee
  Are vain, my Baby Marion.

And do you claim with childish grace,
A kiss, my Baby Marion?
With hands—with pinafore—with face
Like this, my Baby Marion?

Madame, your wish I must deny:
I mean, my Baby Marion,
That you are dirty, child, while I
Am clean, my Baby Marion.

Oh, nice distinction! social sham
And lie, my Baby Marion;
Though black of fleece, you're still my lamb—
Don't cry, my Baby Marion;

But come with dusky hands and face
To me, my Baby Marion;
Assume your own—your rightful place—
My knee, my Baby Marion.

Forget this small unpleasantness
In sleep, my Baby Marion;
And I will pray, good angels bless
And keep my Baby Marion.

His poems display ease and sprightliness of versification, while the healthy tone of the sentiments, and the realism of the human nature in them make the tender lays and lyrics favourites with all who believe in and appreciate what is noble and pure. In respect of simple pathos and pleasing humour some of his pieces are unequalled among the compositions of any of the national bards. Than "Wee Kate," and others of a similar strain, it may be questioned whether there is to be found anything more delicately touching.

When our volume was in preparation, Mr Nicholson had in the press a work, entitled "Nightly Wanderings in the Garden of the Sky," in which he says it is his object "to do for astronomy what I have endeavoured to accomplish in a humble way for botany, viz.:—to direct the attention of the more intelligent among working men to the attractions which the world of Nature presents, and the undying pleasure with which she rewards all who cross the threshold of her wonders." He reveals a power as

well as a habit of closely watching the varied moods of Nature, and although it is only proper here to consider him as a poet, still we cannot help merely adding that his "Father Fernie" has been the means of leading many to become delighted students of the "gentle science."

In "The Herd Laddie," and "The Auld Hearthstane," he graphically treats of the simple joys and habits of rural life, and forcibly expresses the homely pathos of lowly domestic life. Hear how tenderly he writes in

WEE JEANIE.

Sae tenderly, sae tenderly, the bairnie blossom grew,
Jist like the wee wood-sorrel flower that's nurs'd wi' pearly dew;
Sae bonnily, sae bonnily, she toddled oot an' in—
The folk a' said she wisna lang for this dark worl' o' sin.

Yet aye we didna heed their frets, but thanked the Lord again,
Wha spak' sae kindly to oor hearts through this wee guileless wean;
Her wee feet pattered through the hoose, like streamlet through a dell,
While in oor ear her joyous laugh rang like a siller bell.

An' when we saw her on her knees, wi' claspit han's, at e'en,
An' saw the earnest upturned face the waves of gowd between,
An' heard her lisp the simple words o' her short e'ening prayer,
We felt as if oor een beheld an angel kneelin' there!

Though she was but oor brither's wean oor hearts ower her did yearn,
As mither best can tell wha lo'es a dautit only bairn;
The ae wee rosebud on oor bush—oor pasture's ae pet lamb,
The licht o' life gaed when she gaed—cam' wi' her when she cam'.

Her faither warsled sair to get their heads abune the brae,
But aye stern poortith held them doun for a' that he could dae;
The thrifty mither did her best their scanty means to hain,
An' blest the Lord they were sae rich, possess'd o' sic a wean.

Oh! isna it a blessed thocht that hames, howe'er sae puir,
Put on a bloom o' Paradise, when human flow'rets fair
God plants aroun' the lowliest hearths?—Jist sic a hame was theirs,
While day by day the todlin' feet trod doun its thorny cares.

The lilies they maist lo'ed to cull were kisses frae her broo—
Her een their sweet forget-me-nots, aye wet wi' shinin' dew;

The laughin' dimples on her cheeks, their budded roses rare—
Their gowden dawn, when parted locks revealed that face sae fair.

The toiling pair left their native land, and letters came telling "hoo they were safe and weel."

Then ither letters cam' belyve, that tell't hoo weel they thrave—
Hoo they could leeve noo on the best, forbye some siller save;
Wee Jeanie wisna jist hersel—the "kink-hoast," that was a',
The bairn wad be hersel' again within a week or twa.

We waited weary for the next, an' hop'd a' micht be weel;
It cam'—an' oh! we guessed the warst as soon's we saw the seal,
An' though it lay before us there, the page we couldna read,
But through the blindin' tears we saw oor darlin' bairn was deid.

They did their best to keep her here, they socht the wale o' skill,
But paler grew the wee white face, the wee feet caulder still,
Yet to the last her infant lips wad lisp the Saviour's name,
An' aye her thochts flew back to us, wha lo'ed her sae at hame.

She lisp'd oor lov'd names to the last—the last! sae near at han';
Her pure soul sweetly passed awa' as stars melt frae the dawn;
Her parents sair bewail their loss, yet bow beneath the rod—
What seems the warst may prove the best—sae be it, O our God.

IM-HM.

When I was a laddie langsyne at the schule,
The maister aye ca'd me a dunce an' a fule;
For somehoo his words I could ne'er un'erstan',
Unless when he bawled "Jamie! haud oot yer han'!'
Then I gloom'd, and said "Im-hm,"—
I glunch'd, and said "Im-hm"—
I wasna owre proud, but owre dour to say—A-y-e!

Ae day a queer word, as lang-nebbit's himsel',
He vow'd he would thrash me if I wadna spell,
Quo I, "Maister Quill," wi' a kin' o' a swither,
"I'll spell ye the word if ye'll spell me anither:
"Let's hear ye spell 'Im-hm,'
That common word 'Im-hm,'
That auld Scotch word 'Im-hm,' ye ken it means A-y-e!"

Had ye seen hoo he glowr'd, hoo he scratched his big pate,
An' shouted, "Ye villain, gét oot o' my gate!
Get aff to yer seat! yer the plague o' the schule!
The de'il o' me kens if yer maist rogue or fule."
But I only said "Im-hm,"
That pawkie word "Im-hm,"
He cou'dna spell "Im-hm," that stands for an—A-y-e!

An' when a brisk wooer, I courted my Jean—
O' Avon's braw lasses the pride an' the queen—
When 'neath my grey plaidie, wi' heart beatin' fain,
I speired in a whisper, if she'd be my ain,
She blush'd, an' said "Im-hm,"
That charming word "Im-hm,"
A thoosan' times better an' sweeter than—A-y-e!

Jist ae thing I wanted my bliss to complete,
A kiss frae her rosy mou', couthie an' sweet;
But a shake o' the heid was her only reply—
Of course that said no, but I kent she meant A-y-e.
For her sly een said "Im-hm,"
Her red lips said "Im-hm,"
Her hale face said "Im-hm," and Im-hm" means A-y-e!

And noo I'm a dad wi' a hoose o' my ain—
A dainty bit wifie, an' mair than ae wean;
But the warst o't is this—when a question I speir,
They pit on a look sae auld-farran' an' queer,
But only say "Im-hm,"
That daft-like word "Im-hm,"
That vulgar word "Im-hm"—they winna say—A-y-e!

Ye've heard hoo the de'il, as he wauchel'd through Beith
Wi' a wife in ilk oxter, an' ane in his teeth,
When some ane cried oot, "Will you tak' mine the morn?"
He wagg'd his auld tail while he cockit his horn,
But only said "Im-hm,"
That usefu' word "Im-hm"—
Wi' sic a big mouthfu' he couldna say—A-y-e!

Sae I've gi'en owre the "Im-hm"—it's no a nice word;
When printed on paper its perfect absurd;
Sae if ye're owre lazy to open yer jaw,
Just haud ye yer tongue, an' say naething ava;
But never say "Im-hm,"
That daft-like word "Im-hm"—
It's ten times mair vulgar than even braid—A-y-e!

THE BURNIE.

Hey, bonnie burnie! loupin' doun the dell,
Like a happy maiden singin' to thysel'—
Like a modest maiden hidin' frae the view,
Whaur the wavin' hazel rocks the cushie doo.

Come an' rest thee, burnie! these coolin' shades amang,
Syne gae on thy journey singin' thy glad sang;
While the dazzlin' sun o' June beeks wi' burnin' glare,
Here wi' me, wee burnie, this leafy shelter share.

Ye're wimplin' aff, wee burnie! I see ye winna bide,
Then let me bear thee company, an' wan'er by thy side;
'Tween restlessness an' idleness, the first is aye the best,—
On earth, for man or burnie, there's nae abidin' rest.

I aften think, wee burnie, there's something in thy sang
That lifts the burden o' my care, an' draws me frae the thrang;
That stirs the fount o' memory, an' opes the mystic well,
Whence sweet emotions o' the heart come gushin' like thysel'.

Hey, bonnie burnie, whaur are ye stealin' noo?
In beneath the willow bank, clean oot o' view;
Keekin' into corners whaur the rattan glides,
Into gloomy chambers whaur the otter hides.

Noo amang the peebles, dancin' in the sun,
Whaur the lambies on thy banks fecht in their fun;
Wheelin' roun' the grey rock, tumlin' owre the linn,
Plunging in the dark pool wi' a roarin' din.

Ca' aboot the mill wheel, lay the risin' stour:
Yonder stan's the miller, white a' owre wi' flour;
Syne ye'll reach the clachan raw, whaur I leeve mysel'—
Hark the distant anvil ringin' like a bell!

See yon blue reek curlin' owre abune the trees,
Whaur the thrifty villagers toil like busy bees—
Whaur the lauchin' bairnies, wadin' to the knee,
Chase among the chuckie stanes the dartin' minnows wee.

Jouk atween their stumpy legs, dinna jaup the dears—
Source to us o' mony joys, mony hopes an' fears.
O the ringin' melody o' bairnies at their play!
O that I were fu' o' life, an' free o' care as they!

. . . . . .

Whiles I think, wee burnie, as on yer way ye glide,
Ye lengthen sair yer journey, ye wan'er aye sae wide;
Turnin' an' twinin' roun' ilk bank an' brae,
While through holm or meadow wad be the nearest way.

Unlike the lords o' commerce, wi' road and wi' rail,
Boring through the mountain, bridgin' owre the vale;
While, like an arrow whizzin' owre the plain,
The steam horse bears onward the truck an' the train.

There's nae doubt, wee burnie, wi' a' oor eager haste
To reach the winnin' post o' wealth, life treasures we waste;
So bent on the bauble we ettle aye to win,
The best o' life's blessings we leave far behin'.

Like thee, bonnie burnie, I'll try the wiser plan,
Aye linger 'mang life's bosky nooks as lang as I can:
The wisest amang us has mickle yet to learn—
Experience mak's a' the odds betwixt the man an' bairn.

SING ME A BAIRNIE'S HYMN.

Like a wean wearit oot wi' its daffin' an' play,
The auld man has laid him doun,
For he's wearin' awa' to the lang look'd-for rest
That's awaitin' the weary abune.
But what means that eager, half-questionin' look
In the een that are fast growin' dim?
An' what's that he says?—"Is there naebody here
Will sing me a bairnie's hymn?"

The minister rises—"Hush! friends, let us pray,
To Jehovah in fervour and faith,
And a portion of Scripture I'll afterwards read,
Well becoming the chamber of death."
"Noo, haud ye, kind sir: it's no, ye maun mind,
That I'm fleyed for the tyrant grim;
But jist that I'd like to slip awa' hame
To the lilt o' a bairnie's hymn.

"I ken ye mean weel; but, sir, whaur's the need
That ony yin here should pray,
Sin' oor Faither abune, wha sees into the heart,
Kens weel ilka word ye wad say?—
Aye sends some bit comfort to sweeten the cup
That sorrow aft fills to the brim;
An', noo, that I feel the warm grip o' His haun',
Jist sing me a bairnie's hymn.

"Ay, what is puir man, at the best, but a bairn,
Frail, helpless, and wilfu', God kens?
But his puir wan'ert weans to lead hame by the haun'
Kind Jesus, oor Brither, he sen's.
Ye may think me far wrang, ye may think I but rave—
That it's only a deein' man's whim;
But whether or no, ere I dover awa',
Jist sing me a bairnie's hymn."

Sae they startit a hymn, a sweet bairnie's hymn,
He had learnt in his Sabbath-scule days,
In youth's early prime, when the sweet village chime
Rang afar owre the gowany braes;
An' the simple, sweet strain, brocht the tears to his een,
Like stars to the welkin's blue rim,
An' the angels o' God saw a soul pass awa'
To the lilt o' a bairnie's hymn.

JAMES HEWITT.

ALTHOUGH a native of England, James Hewitt, presently residing in Perth, has conceived and written his poems in Scotland. He was born in Essex, in 1847. When he was two years old his father died; and before being sent to school at the age of eight, he was able to read the New Testament, he having been taught by his mother. After residing in various places in England, he settled in Perth as a garment dyer. Many of his effusions have appeared in the *Perth Citizen*, the *Scottish Guardian*, and other magazines. He has been an extensive reader and a diligent student of nature. He possesses a refined taste combined with a devout feeling, and he expresses amiable sentiments in a subdued and pleasing manner. Several of his verses exhibit considerable power of fancy, and have a quiet beauty which shows that he has a keen eye to the analogies of nature, and a faculty of clothing the ideas so suggested in pleasantly-flowing verse.

MY POEM.

Long years have passed away, my wife,
Long changing years of chequered life,
Since first we met;
And clouds have darkened overhead,
And thorns along our path been spread,
But still the sun, whose golden gleams
Enraptured erst our youthful dreams,
Is beaming yet.

For oft at times its rays divine
Between the boding shadows shine
In streaks of gold;
And still the flowers which Cupid strewed
Along the paths we then pursued
Have left some fragrance on the air,
And yet amid the thorns of care
Their forms unfold.

As bright from depths of caverns dark
The diamond sheds resplendent spark,
Enhanced by gloom;

And as upon a moonless night,
The stars diffuse their fairest light,
Affection's flowers are fairest found
When 'midst the woes of life around
They fadeless bloom.

Although perchance descending rain
May cast their petals o'er the plain,
And bend their stems,
Again, when tempest's wrath is spent,
And beams with passing shades are blent,
In richer fragrance than before,
Their bloom expands, bespangled o'er
With liquid gems.

As glad the sight of fertile lands
To him who o'er Sahara's sands
Doth weary roam;
So blest above the mad turmoil,
The seething strife and surging toil
Which crowds the æriel waste of Time,
It rises sacred and sublime,
The love at home.

This is the rapture, this the hope,
Which nerves the patriot's arm to cope
With stronger foes;
Which makes the seaman's bosom warm,
On wild Atlantic's breast of storm,
And keeps the traveller's heart aglow,
When upland heights of frozen snow
Around him close.

Palatial pomp, parade, and power,
And glittering stores of Mammon's dower,
It supersedes;
It is the spirit's sheltering calm,
When life is loud with wild alarm,
It soothes the soul by sorrow riven,
And mirrors the repose of heaven
In tender deeds.

Oh, give to me the kindly heart,
The sympathy its powers impart,
Then fade the rest;
The wealth, the title, and the fame,
The show that waits on glory's claim,
The grand abode, the garish crown,
The sculptured urn, the long renown—
Men's ardent quest.

Pass all that mind, and art, and fate
Might deem for man most fortunate;

All other pleasure, pride, and bliss,
Ay, vanish all, but leave me this,
And I am blest;
And blessed thus will you and I
Together wend, till by and bye,
Through sheen and showers,

Till sinks from sight yon lowering sun,
And fears and hopes at last are done,
And till we pass the shades appalling
We will rest together, darling,
With the flowers.

JAMES YOUNG GEDDES,

AUTHOR of a volume of poems—"The New Jerusalem, and other Verses"—showing considerable imaginative energy, observant thought, and freedom and force of delineation, was born in Dundee in 1850, where he follows the business of a tailor and clothier.

His volume was published in 1879, and met with a very kindly reception from the press. It contains several very thoughtful pieces, including "The New Inferno," "The Second Advent," and "A Trinity"—sonnets on Carlyle, Emerson, and Tennyson. These display more careful finish than is usual in the case of many who diversify business by poetic effusions. In many of these we find true humanity, a liquid movement both of feeling and expression, and a pathos that does not burn barrenly at the the heart, but suffuses the fancy and the imagination.

CARLYLE.

One who has turned his face towards the west,
From out a world in darkness and decay,
To chant the splendours of a sunken day.
A laden soul vicariously opprest
With all the burden of the times' unrest,
With weary, wistful gaze, which finds no ray
Of hope in present things, but turns away

To search in sepulchres with tireless zest.
In truth an earnest soul, and yet withal
A soul too darkly shadowed by the night,
Whose face, averted from the growing light,
Marks not the dawn in fitful flashes fall
Faint on the countenance of him whose eye
Is eastward set, in warm expectancy.

DIED ON THE STREET.

Thy love is over all,
Thou mark'st the sparrow's fall;
Thou, with a tender care,
Feedest the fowls of air.
Yea, Lord, who can divine
Thy care complete?
Yet, Lord a daughter Thine
Dies on the street.

Lord of our life and days,
Who knoweth all Thy ways?
Bird of the air,
Art Thou, then, more than we?
Showeth the Father thee
More of His care?

Out in the morning grey
Death greets her by the way,
Pillowed on stones;
None but a curious crowd,
Talking or whispering loud,
Hear her last groans.

No friends or kindred nigh
Heard her last dying sigh;
Fain would we rest—
Fain would we have our head,
When death's decree is said,
Laid on loved breast.

Why make us reason *why*
When nought can satisfy?
Happy the birds in bower,
Knowing not reason's power.
To whom the present *is*—
Future—but nothingness.
God, art Thou Love?
Lov'st Thou them more than us?
Why treat Thy children thus,
Father above?

So we 'twixt earth and sky,
Ask on, but no reply
Silences break.
Is there a love which lies
Far from our prying eyes?
Shall we when life is done—
When last its race is run—
Shall we awake?

And yet perchance it is
Simplest of mysteries
Under the sun.
So would He save from scaith,
So fill with fuller faith
Till unbelief is laid—
Till with a lowly head,
Free from our former doubt,
"Lord," we can murmer out,
"Thy will be done."

Leaving Thy earthly land,
Is there no kindly hand
Death wreaths to twine?
Lost from life's labyrinth,
Though not of amaranth,
Though but of uncouth make,
This my poor tribute take,
Sister of mine.

Shall I restrain my tongue?
Should sad requiems be sung
Only for woes
Wrought in the royal sphere?
Shall I reserve the tear,
Sackcloth and ashes wear
Only for Prince or Peer?
'Gainst her low-lying here
Sympathy close?

Ancient of Life and Days,
Who knoweth all our ways,
Pity her fate.
Still, though we see not yet
He who can ne'er forget,
Safe in His circling arms

Kept thee from death's alarms,
When on the snowy ground
Saw thee with host around
Dying in state.

Little He cares above,
Who ruleth all in love,
Princess or drudge,
Whene'er a duty's done
Then shall His praise be won;
Though it be kingly toil,
Though it be work and moil,
God, His approving smile,
Never will grudge.

Stay yet and do not stir;
I charge you think of her—
Life—is it sweet?
Think of her constant strife,
Warring with want for life;
Think of the end of all—
Death at a moment's call—
Death on the street.

Ye with your pride in birth,
Are ye of better worth?
Who gave it so—
Gave her the harder lot—
Toil and the troubled thought;
Gave you the wealth and ease—
Handmaids to wait and please—
Comfort below?

Then in a milder mood
Think of the sisterhood
Born but to spin.
Think not by merit is
Dealt out the preferences—
Granted the proud estate—
Given them the lowly fate
Wages to win.

Come from your homes and halls,
Speak not from pedestals
Down to their destinies;
Grudge not their little doles,
Stand not by starving souls,
Preaching economies.

Yours be the kindlier part—
Give them within your heart
Truest of sympathy.
Think them *thy* sisters—mine
Though chance the will Divine
Gave thee a pleasant place,
Grants them but little grace.
So, may God prosper thee,
If this thy watchword be—
God help humanity.

DUGALD MacFADYEN

("PHILOTAS")

IS a promising young poet. When singing of the affections, he writes verses with an easy and tender flow, while his humorous efforts are hearty, manly, and self-asserting. He was born at Maryhill, Glasgow, in 1857, and discovered at a very early age a taste for rhyming and a love of song, which developed into a passion for poetry. At the age of 13 he left school to learn the drapery trade, in which business he is still engaged. For several years he

has contributed rhymes to the press, and has been a successful prize-taker in poetical competitions.

AICHTEEN.

Oh ! I'm a young lassie o' merry aichteen –
Sunny aichteen, and blythe aichteen,
A canty, contented, licht-hearted young queen.
Wi' lads by the dizzen and score.
They speak o' their love wi' a waefu' like air,
And they say they are deein' 'tween hope and despair ;
They ca' me their dear, and a great mony mair
Nice names I ne'er heard o' afore.

Oh ! I'm a young lassie o' canty aichteen—
Rosy aichteen, and sweet aichteen,
And blythely the lads come a-wooin at e'en,
And whistle oot by yont the door.
My mither she'll smirk, and my faither he'll stare,
And speir wha is't plays sic a short-winded air ;
I say it's the wee boy wha leeves doon the stair,
Tho' I never heard tell o'm afore.

Noo I'm a young lassie o' only aichteen—
Barely aichteen, and jimp aichteen,
Yet wat ye what Jamie said to me yestreen,
That tirled my very heart's core ?
He said he had ne'er lo'ed a lassie but me,
And if that I liked na his wifie to be,
He'd wander alane ower the braid stormy sea—
Whae'er heard the like o't afore.

Noo I'm a young lassie o' couthie aichteen—
Loving aichteen, and leal aichteen,
And whan the mist crap owre his bonnie blue een,
I thocht I micht keep him ashore.
Sae I gied him my haun', and I said he micht speir
My faither, wha says we may buckle oor gear ;
Sae I'm gaun to wed Jamie, but od I feel queer,
For I never was marrit afore.

JANET HAMILTON,

SAID by George Gilfillan to be "the most remarkable woman Scotland has produced," does not require at our hands a lengthy notice. She was long known and acknowledged both at home and abroad—and her memory is revered—as one of our sweetest and most touching poets, and thoughtful and cultured essay writers. Her poetry is remarkable for its keenness of observation, clearness of diction, and purity of inspiration, while her prose writing is in some respects more astonishing even than her poetry, for, without knowing a rule of grammar, she employed the English language with the sweetness and purity of Addison.

She was born in Carrshill, parish of Shotts, in 1795. "Like Timothy," she says, "I was taught from a child to know the Holy Scriptures." Before she was five years of age she read Bible stories and children's books with eager delight, and at about the age of eight she found to her great joy a copy of "Paradise Lost" and "Allan Ramsay's Poems" on the loom of an intelligent weaver. She soon became familiar with, and could appreciate, the gorgeous sublimity of Milton's imagery, and the grandeur of his ideal conceptions; while with Ramsay she was at home at once, for even then she was beginning to get rich in the ballad treasures of her country. "A pathetic auld warl ballant," she was wont to say, "put the sweetie shop at a discount at any time when I was mistress of a bawbee." Janet was married to John Hamilton, shoemaker (assistant to her father), when only in her fourteenth year. In a sketch, edited by her son James, and published shortly after her death—which took place at Coatbridge, in October, 1873, at the age of 78—an interesting account of her marriage is given from one of her own sketches, in which she says:—"At our

breakfast table next morning we took stock of our worldly gear. Our humble household plenishing was all paid, my husband had a Spanish dollar, and on that and our two pair of hands we started, and though many battles have had to be encountered, with the help of a good and kind God, we have always been able to keep the wolf from the door." In the words of her husband to John Young, a poetical friend, "on the morning after the wedding, I had in my breek-pouch a Spanish dollar, worth four-an'-saxpence or sae, an' Jenny had a bawbee an' a grey lintie"—this he said with a humour and gusto which the weight of eighty-seven years with all their attendant frailties could not suppress.

It was shortly after her marriage that she made her first essays in composition, but these efforts were not written, it being when she was over fifty years of age that she learned to write with her own hand. Even while the cares of a young family pressed upon her mind and her time, she abridged the hours of sleep to study the British Poets, or more especially the literature of her own country; and from the time her new power became of use, till her sight began to fail, she wrote much both in prose and verse. Dr Rogers in his "Modern Scottish Minstrel," informs us that "she was first introduced to the world of letters in the columns of Cassell's *Working Man's Friend*." Her "Poems and Essays" were published in 1863, by Mr Maclehose, Glasgow; "Poems and Sketches" in 1865, and her "Poems and Ballads," by the same publisher, 1868.

In the summer of 1869 we paid a visit to the venerable poetess—then quite blind—had tea with her, and two hours of pleasant and profitable entercourse. On our entering the room, she drew her hand over our face, remarking that she liked to do this to a stranger. We were peculiarly struck with her noble mein, her thoughtful happy face, her language, clear and correct, and the calm dignity

with which she repeated one of her patriotic pieces. She also asked "Mirren," her dutiful and affectionate daughter, to recite one of her pathetic ballads, and we received much attention and kindness from her son, who, notwithstanding his daily duties, was a most attentive amanuensis to his mother. He wrote to her dictation, when, as he said, "the burnin' thochts within, widna let her rest." Speaking of being unacquainted with the rules of grammar, she said that she "*felt* grammar," and that it was chiefly by the aid of a correct musical ear that she could detect or avoid grammatical inaccuracies, which jarred on her ear in reading or hearing, like a false note in music. She had "a kind o' nateral knack o't." We were also much struck with the genial and characteristic countenance of her husband, and the reverence and admiration which he did not conceal that he had for his wife. Although eighty years of age, he appeared hale and hearty, and told us that he "took his parritch as weel as when a laddie." It may be thought by some that to accomplish so much, she must have neglected home duties. Such was not the case. She was a model wife and mother. She taught her own children—ten in number—to read, commencing when they attained the age of five years. They were taught the alphabet and small words from the beginning of the Assembly's Shorter Catechism. That was the only spelling book she ever used. The first lesson in reading she gave them was the first chapter of St John's Gospel, with the beginning of the Book of Genesis. The whole of the lessons were given when busy at the tambour frame, and the little urchin standing, she says, "with book in hand beside me, and oftentimes his clothes had many patches and some rents in them, and perhaps not over clean a face, being recently employed in doing some of the duties of the housemaid, for the boys as well as the girls had to perform these duties as they grew up, till they were old enough to commence to learn

trades." In this way she made them good scholars, and what was better, obedient children, and useful members of society.

In the many interesting letters we had from her, she always wrote in a cheerful strain. Speaking of her husband and herself, she on one occasion said:—"We are drawing near—very near the silent land which gives back no echo to the world again, which you will readily believe when I tell you that we have now entered on our sixty-fifth year of married life. But we are patiently waiting till the change comes—just biding our time; just wearin' awa'."

In his 'Recollections of Janet Hamilton,' Mr Young gives many interesting particulars, showing how she combined many of the characteristics of an heroine and author in humble life—the energy of will and strength of character marking the one with the freshness, originality, and simple sinewy vigour of the other. Along with a "brither bard"—James Nicholson—he paid a visit to Janet. "Methinks I see her now," he says, "clad in her homely but chaste attire, with the whitest of Scotch mutches over her thin grey locks, and her comely face all aglow with pleasure, as with both hands outstretched she rose to meet us, and in her own sweet Doric all but shouted with a girlish glee, 'Welcome! welcome! whilk o' ye's John, an' whilk Jeems?' Greetings over and my companion introduced, we were ushered forthwith into the 'ben' end, where, if such egotism be pardonable, I had the honour of being seated in what our *cantie* hostess jocosely styled her 'state chair on grand occasions.' Her eyesight had not then quite left her; and I well remember that, with a voice which for richness of tone and heart-melting pathos, I had never heard excelled, she read us some of her own poems from manuscript Nor shall we soon forget how her 'Couthie Auld Man, Neebour Johnnie,' with whom, fifty-one years before, she had footed it all the way to Glasgow to get married,

tickled our mirth, and perhaps our vanity also, by quietly observing, with a merry twinkle in his eye, as we surrounded the tea-table, 'When oor guidwife has ony o' you rhyming gentry aboot her, we puir bodies daurna touch her wi' a lang powle.' And then Janet's smart reply. 'Weel, John, I maun speak, for ne'er a word comes oot o' you: but ye jist sit there for a' the warl' like a puttin' toop.'"

Her love of Nature was intense, and she thus feelingly alludes to her blindness in her "Ballad of Memorie":—

"Nae mair, alas! nae mair I'll see
Young mornin's gowden hair
Spread owre the lift—the dawnin' sheen
O' simmer mornin' fair!

"Nae mair I'll hear the cushie-doo,
Wi' voice o' tender wailin',
Pour out her plaint; nor laverock's sang,
Up 'mang the white clouds sailin';
The lappin' waves that kiss the shore,
The music o' the streams,
The roarin' o' the linn nae mair
I'll hear but in my dreams."

She touched many strings—occasionally burning with political fervour; feeling for the oppressed and suffering; smiting with no sparing hand the vices and the wrongs which have wrought misery and woe upon the earth. Were it necessary we could show from her published works how deep were her heart-yearnings, and how earnest her entreaties, in behalf of the oppressed and the down-trodden; no matter to her what their country or their creed. Let this one fact suffice, and though simple in itself, it will prove that Janet Hamilton practised what she preached. A grandchild of hers, who had settled in one of the British colonies, sent her, as a present, a small nugget of gold, to be made into a finger-ring; and did granny so use her nugget? Nay, verily! but old *Trojan*, as she was, she sold it, and sent the entire proceeds to the Garibaldi fund.

Her ballads are perhaps the most pathetic of her writings, several of these, and more particularly "Effie," for tenderness, simplicity, and beauty, will not suffer by comparison with the best of our language—their feeling and pathos being as remarkable as the power and passion of her political songs. Her domestic scenes are happy and natural, and clear in style, while the sentiment is ever elevating and ennobling. Her prose manifests skill, graphic power of description, polish, and correctness of statement. Here the quaintness of her humour is refreshing—reminiscences of the olden time, her native village, the radical period, and the political weavers being especially rich. These sketches may be read with pleasure, both on account of the excellence of the style, and the interest of the matter. In the words of Professor Veitch, at the unveiling of a suitable memorial fountain erected by her admirers in 1880, "she was a noble woman by nature, and while she lived unnoticed, she was weaving for herself, perhaps unconsciously, the coronet—the fair, the imperishable coronet of a songstress of Scotland." Truly her name will live, and her fame adds fresh lustre to the literary fame of Scotland.

In 1868, Her Majesty conferred upon the poetess a civil-list pension of £50 ; and as a recognition of her remarkable literary merits a handsome sum was being raised by a number of gentlemen when her death took place. In a memorial sketch by her son, which appeared in the *Glasgow Herald*, it is stated that she was profoundly affected by the kindness of the friends who were remembering her in so kindly a manner. On the morning of the day of her death she made reference to the testimonial in happy and cheery tones, evidently proud of the interest that was being taken in her affairs. At that time there was no immediate apprehension that the end of the old and blind but brave poetess was so near. By two o'clock in the afternoon her blindness had passed

away. She had entered into the light of which she had so often and so sweetly sung. We understand that the subscriptions which were received were applied for the benefit of Janet's husband, who was then in his 87th year, and who died in August, 1878.

THE LOWLY SONG OF A LOWLY BARD.

"We are lowly, very lowly:"
Low the bard, and low the song;
Lowly thou, my own dear village;
Lowly those I dwell among.

From my lowly home of childhood
Low sweet voices fill my ears,
Till my drooping lids grow heavy
With the weight of tender tears.

Low in station, low in labour,
Low in all that worldlings prize,
Till the voice say, "Come up hither,"
To a mansion in the skies.

From that lowly cot the sainted
Rose from earth's low cares and woes;
From that lowly couch, my mother
To her home in heaven arose.

In that cot so lone and lowly,
(Childhood's hand might reach the thatch),
God was felt, and o'er the dwellers
Angel eyes kept loving watch.

Lowly heart, and lowly bearing,
Heaven and earth will best approve.
Jesus! Thou wert meek and lowly—
Low on earth, but Lord above.

Yet, not low my aspirations:
High and strong my soul's desire
To assist my toiling brothers
Upward, onward to aspire.

Upward to the heaven above us,
Onward in the march of mind,
Upward to the shrine of freedom,
Onward working for our kind.

This to you my working brothers
I inscribe; may nothing low
Dwell in mind, in heart, or habit;
Upward look, and onward go.

AULD MITHER SCOTLAN'.

Na, na, I wunna pairt wi' that,
I downa gi'e it up;
O' Scotlan's hamely mither tongue
I canna quat the grup.
It's 'bedded in my very heart,
Ye needna rive an' rug;
Its in my e'e an' on my tongue,
An' singin' in my lug.

O leeze me on the Scottish lass,
Fresh frae her muirlan' hame,
Wi' gowden or wi' coal-black hair,
Row'd up wi' bucklin'-kame;
Or wavin' roun' her snawy broo,
Sae bonnie, braid, an' brent,
Gaun barefit wi' her kiltit coat,
Blythe singin' ower the bent.

I heard her sing "Auld Robin Gray,"
An' "Yarrow's dowie den"—
O' Flodden, an' oor forest flouris
Cut doon by Englishmen;
My saul was fir'd, my heart was fu',
The tear was in my e'e:
Let ither lan's hae ither sangs,
Auld Scotlan's sangs for me.

What words mair tender, kin' an' true,
Can wooer ha'e to say,
Whan doun the burn at gloamin' fa',
He meets his bonnie May?
Or words mair sweet, mair saft an' dear,
Can lassie ha'e to speak,
Whan love is dancin' in her e'e
An' glowin' on her cheek?

For, oh, the meltin' Doric lay,
In cot or clachan sung,
The words that drap like hinny dew
Frae mither Scotlan's tongue,
Ha'e power to thrill the youthfu' heart
An' fire the patriot's min';
To saften grief in ilka form,
It comes to human kin'.

I saw a waefu' mither kneel
On weary, tremblin' knee,
Beside the cradle, where she laid
Her bairnie doon to dee.

An' aye she kissed the cauld white cheek,
An' aye she made her mane,
"My ain wee lamb, my ain sweet doo,
Frae me for ever gane!"

The faither straikit back her hair,
An' dichtit saft her een,
"Wee Willie's gane, thy marrow's here,
Thy life-lang lovin' frien'."
She leant her on his faithfu' breast,
An' sabb'd "Wilt thou forgi'e
My sinfu' grief for bairnie lost,
Whan I ha'e God an' thee?"

"My mither, tho' the snaws o' eld
Are on my pow an' thine,
My heart is leal to thee as in
The days o' auld langsyne.
Thy hamely worth, thy couthie speech,
Are dear—hoo dear to me!
An' neist to God, my John, an' bairns,
Thy place sall ever be."

EFFIE—A BALLAD.

She was wearin' awa'! she was wearin' awa'!
Wi' the leaves in October, we thocht she wad fa',
For her cheek was owre red, an' her e'e was owre bricht,
Whaur the saul leukit oot like an angel o' licht.

She dwelt in the muirlan's amang the red bells
O' the sweet hinny heather that blooms on the fells,
Whaur the peesweep an' plover are aye on the wing,
An' the lilt o' the lav'rock's first heard in the Spring.

As black as a craw, an' as saft as the silk,
Were the lang locks that fell on a neck like the milk;
She was lithesome an' lo'esome as lassie micht be,
An' saft was the love-licht that danc'd in her c'e.

Puir Effie had lov'd; a' the hopes an' the fears,
The plagues an' the pleasures the smiles an' the tears
O' love she had kenn'd—she had gane thro' them a'
For fause Jamie Crichton—O' black be his fa'!

The auldest o' five, whan a lassie o' ten,
She had baith the hoose an' the bairnies to fen';
The mither had gane whan she was but a bairn,
Sae Effie had mony sair lessons to learn.

At hame, had ye seen her amang the young chips,
The sweet law o' kindness was aye on her lips;
She kamed oot their hair, wash'd their wee hackit feet,
Wi' sae tentie a haun that a bairn wadna greet.

She was to her faither the licht o' his een,
He said she wad be what her mither had been—
A fair an' sweet sample o' true womanhood,
Sae carefu' an' clever, sae bonnie an' guid.

The cot-house it stood on the lip o' the burn,
That wimpled an' jinkit wi' mony a turn
Roun' the tit o' the heather-firing'd gowany brae,
Whaur the ae cow was tether'd an' bairnies at play

Sweet Effie was juist in the midst o' her teens
Whan she gat the first inkling o' what wooing means
Frae a chiel in the clachan, wha aften was seen
Stealin' up the burnside to the cot-hoose at e'en.

On a saft simmer gloamin' I saw them mysel'
On the bank o' the burnie, an' weel I cou'd tell,
By the hue on her cheek, an' the blink o' her e'e,
That her young love was his, an' wad evermair be.

Belyve to fair Effie cam' wooers galore,
An' mony saft tirlin's at e'en on the door ;
She smiled on them a', but gied welcome to nane—
Her first love an last was young Jamie's alane.

An' Jamie, wha ne'er was a week frae her side,
Had vowed e'er a towmond to mak' her his bride ;
Her troth she had gi'en him wi' blushes an' tears—
It was sweet—O, hoo sweet ! tho' whiles she had fears ;

For a wee burdie sang, as roun' her it flew,
Sweet lassie, tak' tent—he's owre sweet to be true ;
He's oot in the e'enin's whan ye dinna ken,
An' they say he's been seen wi' Kate o' the Glen.

But Effie wad lauch and wad sae to hersel',
What lees and what clashes thae bodies maun tell,
For my Jamie has sworn to be true to the death,
An' nocht noo can pairt us as lang's we ha'e breath.

Ae short winter Sabbath, juist as it grew mirk,
The faither cam' hame—he had been at the kirk ;
His cheek was sae white, an' his leuk was sae queer,
That Effie glower'd at him in dredour an' fear.

Then he said "My ain Effie, puir mitherless lass !
Oh wha wad ha'e thocht this wad e'er come to pass ?
Thy Jamie, this day, in the kirk was proclaim'd,
An' Katie MacLean for his bride they ha'e named.

I was tauld on the road by ane that maun ken,
Her grannie was ance the gudewife o' the Glen,
An' she left to young Katie a hantle o' gear—
It's gear Jamie wants, an' there's naething o't here."

An' what said puir Effie ? She stood like a stane,
But faintin', or greetin', or cryin', was nane ;
Her sweet lips they quiver'd, the bluid frae her cheek
Flew back to her heart, but nae word cou'd she speak.

The faither sat doun, laid her head on his breast :
" On God an' her faither my Effie maun rest,
They ne'er will deceive thee—thy wrangs are richt sair ;
Gin Jamie had wed thee they micht ha'e been mair."

Sune Effie gat up, gied her faither some meat,
Put the bairnies to bed, yet ne'er could she greet—
Her young heart was stricken—the fountains were dry
That gush frae the een wi' a tearfu' supply.

That nicht at the reading she joined in the psalm,
Her cheek it was pale, but her brow it was calm ;
An' faither he pray'd, as she knelt by his side,
That God his dear lassie wad comfort an' guide.

The winter gaed by, an' the hale simmer thro'
She tosh'd up the hoose, fed an' milkit the coo ;
The cauld warl' had nocht that she cared for ava,
Her life it was silently meltin' awa'.

O ! whaur noo the love-licht that sparkled ere while
In her bonny black e'e ? O ! whaur noo the smile
That dimpled her cheek ? They were gane ! they were gane !
Yet she ne'er shed a tear, an' ne'er made a mane.

An' sae she was wearin', fast wearin' awa' !
Wi' the leaves in October sweet Effie did fa' !
Her mournin' was ended, an' blessfu' an' bricht
The dear lassie dwells wi' the angels o' licht.

SUMMER VOICES.

Beneath the shining trembling leaves that drape the bowers of June,
I sit and list with raptured ear the sweetly-varied tune
Of Nature's thousand melodies—above, below, around—
Sweet sights, sweet scents, but sweeter far the mingling charms of sound.
The silvery lapse of tinkling streams ; the river's rushing voice ;
The lucent waves that lap the shore in murmuring tones rejoice ;
The fitful cadence of the breeze that skims with silken wings
O'er bending waves of odorous hay, and through the woodland sings ;
The tell-tale voice beloved of Spring ; the wail of forest dove ;
The thousand swelling warbling throats that sing of bliss and love ;
The voice of woods, in soft commune with twilight's dewy airs,
Where parent thrush on darkling bough beguiles his brooding cares
The shadows fall—Oh, gentle bird, thy liquid voice is mute ;
But, hark ! that sweetly-thrilling strain breathed from the plaintive flute ;
No eye but thine, soft star of love, the rapt musician sees
Slow wandering by the lonely lake beneath the sleeping trees.
Now, Scotia ! pour thy native airs so wildly, simply, sweet,
For this the hour and this scene when rustic maidens meet

By cottage door—by village spring, o'erhung with wilding rose,
Hark from their lips the Doric lay in gushing music flows.
Sweet Summer sounds, I love ye all; but, dearest—holiest—best—
The song of praise from cottage hearth that hails the Sabbath rest;
The birds—the streams—the breeze—the song to earthly sounds are given,
This mounts the wings of Summer morn, and singing, flies to heaven!

OCTOBER.

Not changeful April, with her suns and showers,
Pregnant with buds, whose birth the genial hours
Of teaming May will give to life and light
Rich in young beauty, odorous and bright.

Not rose-crowned June, in trailing robes of bloom,
Her flowery censers breathing rich perfume,
Her glorious sunshine, and her bluest skies,
Her wealth of dancing leaves where zephyr sighs.

Nor fervid July, in her full-blown charms,
Shedding the odorous hay with sun-browned arms
Nor glowing August, with her robe unbound,
With ripening grain, and juicy fruitage crowned.

Nor thee, September, though thine orchards glow
With fruits, ripe, rich, and ruddy—laying low
The yellow grain with gleaming sickles keen,
With jest and laugh, and harvest song between.

I sing October, month of all the year,
To poet's soul and calm deep feeling dear;
Her chastened sunshine, and her dreamy skies
With tender magic charm my heart and eyes.

In silvery haze the purple hills are swathed,
In dripping dews the faded herbage bathed—
Red Robin trills his winter-warning ditty;
His big bright eye envoking crums and pity.

From fading woodlands, ever pattering down,
Come many tinted leaves—red, yellow, brown;
The rustling carpet with slow lingering feet
I thoughtful tread, inhaling odours sweet.

The very soul of quietude is breathing
O'er field and lake, with sweetest peace enwreathing
My tranquil soul, from founts of blissful feeling,
Sweet silent tears adown my cheeks are stealing.

Spirit of meekness brooding in the air,
On thy soft pinions waft my lowly prayer,
That I may meet, calm, meek, resigned, and sober,
My life's decline—my solemn—last October.

JAMES SMITH,

ONE of the most versatile, and best known of our present-day poets, is a native of Edinburgh, having been born in St Mary's Wynd, in 1824—then a narrow, insalubrious thoroughfare of brokers' shops, but now a handsome airy street. His father was a coach-lace weaver, and James' schooldays were few—

I whyles tak' mony an unco thocht
Owre a' the changes time has wrocht
Sin' first I was a bairn ;—
When sittin' by the chimla-lug,
A shilpit wee auld-farrant dowg,
But dull an' dreich to learn ;
Till Robbie Dunn's lang-nebbit tawse
Cam' owre me pipin' het,
An' brocht me finely out the thraws—
I feel his pawmies yet.
Sic bare yerks—sic sair yerks
Got I, that soon fu' swift
I battled through, and rattled through
The Tipp'ny Book like drift !

At the age of eleven he was apprenticed to a printer in a small office, and served the long term with anything but happiness or comfort. He has still a vivid recollection of the old compo sing-room, adjoining the Tron Kirk, with its dark, begrimed windows, and its walls blackened with the smoke of generations. No early closing hour or Saturday half-holiday gladdened the hearts of young and old at that period. Ten o'clock on Saturday night was the common hour for dropping work. On the expiry of his apprenticeship he travelled to London, and subsequently went over to Ireland. He then returned to Edinburgh. For many years he was manager in a law-printing establishment in South Hanover Street, and afterwards was employed as a reader on the *Scotsman* staff, and also in the *Daily Review* office. This arduous employment affected his eyesight, and he

had to relinquish his place at the desk, and resume work as a compositor. In 1869 he was appointed Librarian of the Mechanics' Library, which situation he at present fills.

His "Poems, Songs, and Ballads" were first published in 1866, and a second edition appeared shortly afterwards; while the third edition was published in 1869 by the Messrs Blackwood, and is now out of print. Within the last ten years he has gone more into story writing than "spinning" rhyme. His spare time has been mostly occupied in writing tales and sketches for the Glasgow *Weekly Mail*. In this respect, as a prose writer, he has perhaps of late years become still more widely known. Here his almost unbounded wit and rollicking humour find free play. His appreciation of what is droll and homely in the Scottish character is genuine, keen, and penetrating; while his genius enables him to represent his subjects in rich, glowing language, with genial humour, and homely pathos, combined with not a little dramatic power. His numerous little volumes, including "Scottish Stories," "Habbie and Madge," "Jenny Blair's Maunderings," "Peggy Pinkerton's Recollections," &c., have had a large circulation, and numerous editions have been called for. Many of these are universally popular at social gatherings, and are frequently heard on the stage, "done up," or adapted by professional humorists. He has also written a number of songs—sacred and secular—for Swan & Co.'s "Vocal Class Book," and "Songs of the British Isles."

But it is as poet that we must here look at Smith. Many of his songs are charming portraitures of Scottish life. His character sketches are full of sparkling wit, and pawky drollery, and prove that he is a master artist, and an adept at the use of the Doric. Several of his productions possess in a very great measure the attractions of our older ballads, and display delicacy of taste and feeling. Among

these perhaps the most popular has been "Burd Ailie," which is exceedingly delicate and tender; while such pieces as "Thou'rt Lyin' i' the Lanely Yird," "The Wee Pair o' Shoon," and "Tottie's Grave," are full of touching pathos; while his songs for the nursery, "Wee Joukydaidles," "Clap, Clap, Handies," are almost unequalled in our language. His purely lyrical pieces are written in strains of sweet melody. Of these the *Scotsman* newspaper said—"The music of the verse is excellent; the smooth yet varied rhythm shows the true poetical ear; the lines flow melodiously, and prove themselves well fitted to be sung and accompanied." He happily calls his pieces "the children of impulse." We find him always easy and natural; his language is never forced or artificial; indeed few can use with such effect the language of Burns, and his cheery songs have given the author a high place on the list of our present-day poets.

THE WEE PAIR O' SHOON.

Oh, lay them canny doon, Jamie,
An' tak' them frae my sicht!
They mind me o' her sweet wee face,
An' sparklin' e'e sae bricht.
Oh, lay them saftly doon beside
The lock o' silken hair;
For the darlin' o' thy heart an' mine
Will never wear them mair!

But oh! the silvery voice, Jamie,
That fondly lisped yer name,
An' the wee bit hands sae aft held oot
Wi' joy when ye cam' hame!
An' oh, the smile—the angel smile,
That shone like simmer morn;
An' the rosy mou' that socht a kiss
When ye were weary worn!

The eastlin' wind blaws cauld, Jamie—
The snaw's on hill an' plain—
The flowers that deckt my lammie's grave
Are faded noo, an' gane!
Oh, dinna speak! I ken she dwells
In yon fair land aboon;
But sair's the sicht that blin's my e'e—
That wee, wee pair o' shoon!

THE LINTWHITE.

A lintwhite sat in her mossy nest,
Ae eerie morn in spring ;
An' lang she look'd at the cauld gray lift,
Wi' the wee birds under her wing.
An' aye as she lookit wi' shiverin' breist,
Sae waesomely she sang :
"O tell me true, ye winds that blaw,
Why tarries my luve sae lang ?

"I've socht him doun i' the fairy glen,
An' far owre the lanely lea—
I've socht him doun i' yon saft green yird,
An' high on the birken tree ;—
I've socht till the wee things cried me hame,
Wi' mony a heavy pang ;
O tell me true, ye winds that blaw,
Why tarries my love sae lang ?"

"O waly !" the norlan' breezes moan'd ;
"Sae weel may thy heart be sair ;
For the hawk's awa' wi' thy ain true luve,
An' he'll sing thee a sang nae mair !
Fu' wae was his fate on yon auld aik tree,
That aft wi' his warblin' rang !
Noo speir nae mair, wee shiverin' bird,
Why tarries thy luve sae lang !"

The lintwhite flew frae her mossy nest,
For she couldna thole the sting ;
An' she flichter'd east, an' she flichter'd wast,
Till she droukit her downy wing
An' aye as she flutter'd the lee-lang day,
Sae wild an' sae shrill she sang :
"O tell me—tell me true, ye winds,
Why tarries my luve sae lang ?"

—

HELPLESS PHEMIE.

Helpless Phemie ! puir wee orphan !
Freenless, feckless, bonnie wean !
Blae her cheekies, cauld her feetie,
Hirplin' through the streets her lane !

Canna see a styme, puir lassie !
Wee bit leggie unco lame !
Oh tak' pity on an orphan,
Ye wha hae a cosy hame !

Faither—cruel, cruel faither,
Ran awa ae wintry morn :
Mither—broken-heartit mither
Dee'd the nicht her wean was born !

Oh the bitter thocht o' pairtin'
Frae her helpless bairn sae wee,
Ere she sunk in death's cauld slumber—
Ere she closed a mither's e'e!

Mony a mile puir Phemie wanders:
Bare and scanty is her store.
Sad the freenless, feckless orphan,
Noo maun beg frae door to door!

Canna see a styme, puir lassie!
Wee bit leggie unco lame!
Oh tak' pity on an orphan,
Ye wha hae a cosy hame!

LILLY LORN.

Lilly Lorn gaed doun the shaw,
Far frae her minnie's dwellin';
An' lang she stray'd wi' restless e'e,
Till curfew bells were knellin'.
An' aye the warblers blithely sang,
In notes baith sweet an' mony;
For Lilly Lorn was young an' fair,
An' Lilly Lorn was bonnie!

She socht her lordly lover's ha',
An' moan'd in vain her sorrow;
Till dew lay on her silken hair,
An' cheerless dawn'd the morrow;
Then twinin' sad a rowan wreath,
She sabbit "Fause Glenlyon!"
Syne wander'd thro' the gowden mist,
As westlin' winds were sighin'!

"Gae hame, gae hame, sweet Lilly Lorn!"
She heard the cushet wailin';
"Ye're cauld an' lanely i' the shaw,
Far frae yer minnie's dwellin'!"
The tears ran doun her bonnie face,
To hear the cushet cryin';
But aye she twined the rowan wreath,
An' sabbit "Fause Glenlyon!"

She laid her doun beneath a birk,
Wi' cauld and deidly shiver;
An' sigh'd ance mair Glenlyon's name,
Syne closed her een for ever!
An' saft and wae the warblers sang,
In notes baith sweet an' mony;
For Lilly Lorn was young an' fair,
An' Lilly Lorn was bonnie!

THE LAST O' THE LAVE.

"Oh, tak' thae curtains doun, mither,
That turn the day to nicht;
An let me see yon gowden sun,
Sae cheery an' sae bricht;

"An help me on wi' a' my claes,
For I'm gaun out a wee,
To hear the wimplin' burnie's sang
Ance mair before I dee!"

"Lie still—lie still—my dochter dear;
Ye're no sae weel the day:
Ye'll break yer puir auld mither's heart—
Ye kenna what ye say!

"Nae curtain keps the cheerless licht,
For I hae nane, waes me!
Its your twa bonnie een that's dim,
My bairn—ye canna see!"

"Oh, bring me frae my kist, mither,
The lock o' Willie's hair;
That I may lay 't abune my heart,
For my dear Willie's there.

"An' when I'm in my lanely grave,
An' a' my griefs are past,
Ye'll tell him when the Reg'ment's hame,
I lo'ed him till the last!

I'm wae to leave ye here, mither,
Sae feckless an' sae auld;
Nae son nor dochter's left ye noo,
An' oh! I'm turnin' cauld!

"But God's the helpless widow's freen,
An' kind's his watchfu' e'e;
Sae dry yer cheek, my mither dear,
An' dinna greet for me!"

She took the lassie in her arms,
And kissed her snawy broo:
Her lips were blae; her hazel een
Were dark an' sichtless noo!

A blicht cam' owre her comely face—
Saft sigh'd life's ebbing wave;
An' silent lay for evermair,
The last o' a' the lave!

WEE JOUKYDAIDLES.

Wee Joukydaidles,
  Toddlin' out an' in:
Oh but she's a cuttie,
  Makin' sic a din!
Aye sae fou' o' mischief,
  An' minds na what I say:
My very heart gangs loup, loup,
  Fifty times a-day!

Wee Joukydaidles—
  Where's the stumpie noo?
She's peepin' through the
    cruivie,
  An' lauchin' to the soo!
Noo she sees my angry e'e,
  An' aff she's like a hare!
Lassie, when I get ye,
  I'll scud you till I'm sair!

Wee Joukydaidles—
  Noo she's breakin' dishes—
Noo she's soakit i' the burn,
  Catchin' little fishes—
Noo she's i' the barn-yard,
  Playin' wi' the fouls;
Feedin' them wi' butter-bakes,
  Snaps, an' sugar-bools.

Wee Joukydaidles
  Oh my heart it's broke!
She's torn my braw new wincey
  To mak' a dolly's frock—

There's the goblet owre the fire!
  The jaud! she weel may rin!
No a tattie ready yet,
  An' faither comin' in!

Wee Joukydaidles—
  Where's the smoukie noo?
She's hidin' i' the coal-hole,
  Cryin' "Keekybo!"—
Noo she's at the fireside,
  Pu'in' pussy's tail—
Noo she's at the broun bowl,
  Suppin' a' the kail!

Wee Joukydaidles—
  Paidlin' i' the shower—
There she's at the wundy!
  Haud her, or she's owre!
Noo she's slippit frae my sicht:
  Where's the wean at last?
In the byre amang the kye,
  Sleepin' soun' an' fast!

Wee Joukydaidles—
  For a' ye gie me pain,
Ye're aye my darlin' tottie yet—
  My ain wee wean!
An' gin I'm spared to ither
    days—
  Oh may they come to pass!—
I'll see my bonnie bairnie
  A braw, braw lass!

BALOO, MY BAIRNIE, FA' ASLEEP!

My bonnie wean! my darlin' bairn!
  My sweet wee smilin' lammie!
Sae cosy in yer beddy-ba',
  Crawin' to yer mammy!
Blessin's on yer cheekies red,
  An' wee bit lauchin' e'e,
Sparklin' like the gowden lift,
  Wi gladsome, sunny glee!
    Baloo, my bairnie, fa' asleep,
    O hushy, hushy ba'.

My ain pet, my honey doo,
  My troutie o' the burn;
Sair, sair ye keep yer mammy back
  Frae daein' mony a turn.

O fond's the look yer deddy tak's,
As guileless ye lie theer,
Chasin' frae his honest broo
Mony a dowie care.
Baloo, my bairnie, &c.

Yer eenie saftly close at last,
For oh, ye'er tired an' weary:
O fa' asleep, my bonnie lamb—
O fa' asleep, my dearie.
An' as yer wee thocht tak's its flicht
Where joys immortal blossom,
May angels sing yer lullaby,
An' fauld ye in their bosom.
Baloo, my bairnie, &c.

DAVID CUTHBERTSON

WAS born in Kilmarnock in 1856, and after receiving a pretty liberal education, he entered a drapery establishment in Edinburgh. He was afterwards a clerk in the North British Rubber Co.'s Mills in the same city, but his health failing him, he had to give up this employment, and ultimately he was appointed assistant librarian in the Philosophical Institute. This situation he resigned in 1879, and he at present resides in Roslin.

After writing numerous tales, sketches, and poems, he published his first volume—"Eskside Lyrics"—in 1878; and about eight months later he issued a second, entitled "Rosslyn Lyrics." Both volumes were very favourably received by the press, and were quickly bought up. He has written extensively to the *Scottish Reformer*, and other magazines, while in the poet's corner of several newspapers his name is familiar. Many of his pieces have appeared in the *Scottish American Journal*, and the *New York Scotsman*. In style he is buoyant and musical. His character-

istics are natural, simple, and unaffected good sense; indeed his verses have been said by high authorities to possess clear tokens of the true lyrical ring, and unite in fitting form those thoughts, and feelings which are the true themes of lyrical poetry.

THE AULD FOLK.

The kind auld folk I kent langsyne
Are deein' fast awa;
An' slidin' gently doun the brae,
Wi' hair as white as snaw.
I liked to hear them crack awa',
Fu' couthie, frank, an' free,
An' tell about their former days
Wi' half a boyish glee.

Ay! ay! the auld folk quickly gang,
An' fade frae oot oor sicht;
Their gude auld-farrant tongues nae mair
We hear them wag at nicht;
An' bonnie weans, wi' curly hair,
Wha lo'ed their grandpa weel;
Each learn the frost o' early spring—
First sorrows when they feel.

The dear auld folk wha sat forment
The ingleside at e'en;
Hoo mony lie beneath the sod;
Hoo mony graves are green!
Oor hearts a stoun'in' pain aft feel,
To think nae mair we'll hear
The honest, hearty phase o' truth,
An' kindly word o' cheer.

We wander but-an'-ben the hoose,
Fu' dowie, doun wi' care—
For oh! we miss the dear auld folk,
We see the empty chair.
Ay! there's the Book they lo'ed sae weel,
An' aften used to read;
An' there's the stick—a trusty frien,
Which never mair they'll need.

We gang beside each glen an' brae,
We kent in days gane by;
An' wander up an' doun the street—
Ah me! how time doth fly!

Familiar forms how few we meet
Beside the ripplin' burn—
It's strange hoo mony folk we miss,
Which ever way we turn.

The auld kirkyaird is quiet an still,
Where dead in silence lie;
The wind moans o'er the grassy graves
With plaintive, moaning sigh.
The bairns aft pluck the gowans sweet,
Frae aff their juicy stem—
The auld folk are a wede awa'
To grace His diadem.

A blessin' on the leal auld folk,
Whose cares are ower at last;
They've warstled oot the road awa',
A peace they've gained at last.
Then kindly speak where'er you be—
To auld folk aye be true,
For age is takin' them awa',
An' comin' fast to you.

WILLIAM SHEARER-AITKEN,

A NATIVE of Edinburgh, and presently employed in a commercial office in Aberdeen, was born in 1856. He is known as an easy, graceful, and thoughtful writer, both of prose and verse, in many papers and literary magazines, by the *nomes de plume* "Will Astler," "Double-you-aye," "Will," as also the initials "W. A.," "W. S. A.," &c. His sketches possess considerable narrative power, while his poetry is characterised by touches of deep, earnest feeling, inspired by genuine fancy. He has never published in a collected form any of his writings, although frequently urged by literary friends to do

HURRAH FOR SCOTLAND'S HEROES BRAVE.

O gi'e me pooer to sing a sang,
While on this hill I stand,
And look wi' wond'rous gaze alang
A free and fertile land,
Upon the grund our grandsires trod
In ages lang gane by,
Wha focht for freedom and for God,
And werena feart to die.
Hurrah for Scotland's heroes brave,
In ages lang gane by,
Wha focht for freedom and for God,
And werena feart to die.

Down there, whaur grows the yellow grain,
Beside the grassy mead,
And up in yonder windin' glen
Whaur sheep and cattle feed,
Lang *standin' stanes* mark oot the place
They bravely focht and bled,
When tyrant foes wi' ruthless grace
Their country would invade.
Hurrah for Scotland's, &c.

While gazing round, methinks I see
These brave, bold-hearted men
Come marching down to pibroch glee
The shaggy, bushy glen,
Donned in tartan plaid and kilt,
And shield weel battle tried,
And hung in buckl'd leathern belt,
A broad sword by their side.
Hurrah for Scotland's, &c.

Aye, and methinks I see them raise
Their sword above them bare,
And hear them shout their country's praise
With wild defiant air,
Then rush upon their tyrant foes,
When rose the battle-cry,
And hand to hand around them close,
Without a fear to die.
Hurrah for Scotland's, &c.

ALEXANDER BURGESS,

BETTER known as "Poute," was born in 1807, at Lalathan. He received the elements of his education at the Parish School of Kennoway, and by hard application, the study of books, and self-culture he became a well-informed man. He is an accomplished musician, and his profession for the greater part of his life has been that of a most successful and esteemed teacher of dancing. On more than one occasion he has taken a prize for essay-writing—in particular, one offered by the "Sabbath Alliance," in 1848 on "The Temporal Advantages of the Sabbath to the Working Classes," and also on a "Model Wife," offered in 1865 by the proprietors of the *People's Journal*.

He commenced to write "Poutry," as he calls it, to the *People's Journal*, and adopted a quaint and original style of spelling, before the name of Josh Billings or Artemus Ward was heard of in this country. He was led to do so by a slight deception he played on the editor of that paper. Observing the occasional caustic and biting retorts in "notes to correspondents," Poute "scarted," on rough soiled paper, and in the most primitive style imaginable, a few verses, which he was pleased to style "oregenal poitery." These he forwarded, statin g that he was a self-taught man, and offering to "sell" as much of the same kind as he pleased, as "he had plenty more in a book." The writing, spelling, and composition appeared so natural that the sagacious editor for a considerable time thought that the writer was simple, raw, and green. At present the venerable and worthy poet lives at Coup-ma-Horn, Kennoway, cogitating over his favourite themes—kail-worms and hedge-hogs.

NATIRIL FILOSIFY.

i've sung on a' Kin-kind o' Beace,
Frae hermliss puse—That sings her grese,
that Wurrrs—& spits—& synds her face
The syne o' rain ;
But at the last—i've Caucht a case
ill 2 x.plain.

With Mews skrood to the highest 10—shin
i hav Devotted much a—10—shin
on eviry Crettir yae can Menshin,
Wasp and bumbee.
But this ! abuve my compryhenshin
Dumfoondirs me.

O' a' the crettirs ere was made—
This shavir is the kweerist blade—
It's nethir leg—nor tale—nor head
that I can vew—
It canna kreep—but rows instead—
just like a kloo.

A roond fit-baa'—o' pricky pykes—
A citidel—for bum-bees bykes—
That rows about the rutes o' dykes
upon the grun'.
'Tis my belief—say what foke likes—
'twas made for phun.

In 1875 he published his "Book of Nettercaps: being Poutery, Poetry, and Prose." This volume showed that beneath the quaint spelling, and innocent manner, there lay not a little good common-sense, and proved that the author had closely studied natural objects, and was extensively acquainted with men and manners. The volume contained several racy prose sketches and thoughtful essays. We quote the following from the "Prefise":—"In ofering these Miss Ellenies & fragmintery Skriffs of Jeniwin poutry for the Public good, i feel depely that it behuves Me to make a feu prefetory remarks for the folywing resins. as yae kno—and a' body knos—that it maun be a very litle-worth buke that's no worth a prefise. 1st'ly then: I wuss t' Inform mankind & the genirrl Publick in pertickler—that When Sum of the Subblyme effushens whih follys, evapirated from my fertil imajination i Had not the remotist idee that they wer Distin'd to apeer in A

Buke forim. 2ently—I considderd that A buke of This kind was very much wanted, and that indused me abuve eviry othir considdiration to make a Bold endevir to suply & fil up the Dissideratium. So i resolvid to give to the world my gloing centymints, in thochts that Brethe & wurds that burn; to inspir the busom of you my reedir, with a forteste of the saim Subblyme & Delightful emoshens. 3d.-ly. When I tun'd my Eolin liar—from tim to tim—to grese the colims of the' *peeples Jurnil*—i was oftin unsertin whithir My Lays micht be Aprecated as they ocht t' Bee. But i Am gled to observ that the World is no yet destitut o' sense and refinement as i thocht it was. . . . Lastly: 1. wurd and i hav dun: My buke of cowrse—has been Mainly writen for the Leeteraatee—the lerned and injenious."

MY AULD AUCHT-DAY CLOCK.

A staunch lichtsome friend, is my auld aucht-day clock,
Wi' its dial plate o' china, and case o' auld oak;
The tides may gang wrang, and the moon and the sun,
But IT never varies—IT keeps wi' the gun.
It ticket its ticks lang afore I was born,
Yet nane o' its horals are wasted or worn;
Its pivots and axles case-hardened and true,
And the hale o' its warks are as gude maist as new.
A hunder o' simmirs its paces have hung,
Wi' a hammer that chaps on its bell for a tongue;
The moments and minutes it ca's throo the mill—
And for ever keeps grindin', and never stands still.
With click never ceasing—untiringly tame,
For ever and ever its always the same.
It ticket the same when I herdit the kye,
And aye gies a tick when a moment gangs bye—
Its ticks were the same—when I drew my first breath,
As those it will gie on the day of my death.
It beats quite distinct—and in pulses sublime
It points that no term can be call'd present time.
It ticks to its text—and works constantly on—
The tick I hear now—the next moment is gone;
At seasons dull Morpheus, in drowsy embrace,
Seals the eyelids of labour with slumbers of peace;
But rest never comes to the wheels of my clock,
It works on and on without losing a stroke;
Yet humble and bashful it ticks with a grace,
And constantly works with its hands on its face.

A staunch steady friend, is my auld aucht-day clock,
Wi' its white china dial, and case o' auld oak,
It recalls to my fancy, now in its decline,
The sweet days o' youth, the blythe days o' langsyne,
The halcyon days, when we went to the school,
And bathed at noon in the calm glassy pool,
And romped too long by the side of the lake,
Till we did not well know how to face Mr Craick;
For whiles he was *surly*, of course he had cause,
As we sometimes denuded the tails from his tawse;
Or hid them concealed among peeries and toys,
But then we were young, and boys maun be boys.
Then, even as now, my staunch frien' i' the case
Was ticken the same wi' its hands on its face;
Though the sunshine o' nigh sixty simmirs have gone,
Its wearisome click has not changed its tone.
The million or millions of ticks it has given,
Their number and purpose are best known to heaven;
But time with a tongue seems to me, as it spoke
In the ticks and the tones of my staunch auld clock.

A staunch true friend is my gude auld clock,
Wi' its dim-fa led chapters, and case o' auld oak;
Suggestive o' life in its vigour and prime,
It points out the progress and fleetness o' time,
Stirs me, else reluctant, to ponder and think
That each tick brings me nearer Eternity's brink.
Oh, where those miss'd faces that skipp'd on the green?
I look for them, yes, but they nowhere are seen—
My cronies and school-mates—have they been unkind?
To run off so swiftly and leave me behind.
My father and mother, my sister and son,
I look for you too, but you also are gone.
My life's bosom friend with the rest are away,
To sleep *the long sleep*, in their dwellings of clay.
Their ticks, which were numbered, have ticked the last,
And no more to be known, save as dots of the past.
At no distant era, I too shall be gone,
And the clock left *behind* as *before* to tick on.
But its ticking shall cease, and its work shall be o'er,
When I bask immortal, when TIME IS NO MORE.
Such lessons I get from my sterling auld clock,
Wi' the dim-chapter'd dial, and its case o' auld oak.

JAMES INCHES HILLOCKS.

THE name of the Rev. J. I. Hillocks is widely known from the energetic and practical way in which he has for many years thrown himself into schemes that had in view the spiritual and temporal welfare of the people. He has published several works, including "Life Story," "Mission Life in London," etc. In 1876 the Rev. George Gilfillan edited a most interesting and touching volume, entitled "Life Struggles," being an autobiographic record of Mr Hillocks' earlier trials and later triumphs. This work might well be put into the hands of young men along with "Self-Help," and other works of sterling merit, as an incentive and encouragement to "push on." He was born in Dundee, and lost his mother when he was about three weeks old, and was put out to nurse by a woman who through her wilful neglect and rash drugging "made him a weak child, which treatment paved the way for numerous diseases, weakened his constitution, and stunted his growth." At a very tender age he was put to the "pirn wheel," and in course of time, he was raised from the "weary wheel" to the "sickening loom." "He was so young and short that he could not reach the cloth and yarn, beams or treadles, without the assistance of thick clogs, and another ingenious erection. Speaking of the occasion which wrung from his heart the following verses, he says, "Then I was about half-way in my teens, as we say in Scotland. I felt very sad and wept bitterly, being cold and hungry, almost to fainting. But I sought a quiet nook wherein to pour out my grief in tears and rhyme; and afterwards called the lines—

MY MAMMY'S AWA.

Cauld, cauld is the day, the frost nips my wee face;
I'm heartless and sad, how waefu' my case!
On my bare wee leggies the bitin' winds blaw—
Oh! hoo is a' this? My Mammy's awa'!

Baith laddies an' lassies are happy an' gay,
They rin to the schule and then to their play ;
But I maun rin errands 'mang frost, sleet, an' snaw—
Oh ! hoo is a' this ? My Mammy's awa' !

They a' get braw claes, and their head fu' o' lear,
To mak' them a' great, if God should them spare ;
But nae schulin' for me, nae learnin' ava'—
Oh ! hoo is a' this ? My Mammy's awa' !

Yet onward I'll push, to get lear like the lave,
I'll ever be active, determined, an' brave,
Tho' hard be my fate, it softer may blaw,
For God will prove kind, tho' Mammy's awa'."

He adds, "These lines are all that are to be found of what was to be published under the title 'My Juvenile Wailings,' the collection being stolen when ready for the press. These four verses, however, had been previously sent to a newspaper, and hence preserved."

Since then he has written many thoughtful and touching verses, and if we may judge from these, nearly all of which partake of that sweet simplicity and child-heartedness, certainly the theft was not a loss to Mr Hillocks alone.

JOHN YOUNG,

A STERLING poet, and worthy man, referred to in our sketch of Mrs Hamilton, was born in 1825 at the 'Blue Ram,' Milton of Campsie, Stirlingshire. When he was aged seven years his parents removed to Glasgow, and in that city he attended school from his eighth to his sixteenth year. His occupation was that of a boilermaker, and latterly a carter; but in 1853 he was overtaken by an accident from burning, which unfitted him afterwards for any sort of manual labour. On being discharged from the Infirmary, he became an inmate of the Barnhill Poorhouse, where he

remained about six years. His life here, and the cause of his being in such circumstances furnished the subject of a fine and touching poem, in blank verse, entitled "Retrospection." He left this dreary abode to superintend the preparation of his first volume, "Lays from the Poorhouse," which was published in 1860, and well received. He informs us that his "taking to clink when an inmate of the Poorhouse was simply as a pastime, and with no view whatever to publication." His other five volumes appeared as follows:—"Lays from the Ingle Neuk," 1862; "Homely Pictures in Verse," 1865; "Poems and Lyrics," 1867; "Lochlomond Side and other Poems," 1872; and "Pictures in Prose and Verse," in 1877. The latter volume we have referred to in connection with Janet Hamilton as containing several delightful personal recollections of the gifted poetess.

John Young is now almost blind, so that the great book of Nature from which he has read so many beautiful lessons, and given to the world in his "Seasons," must be sealed to him. We have good reason to believe that the fruits of his poetic industry have enabled him in a humble way to support himself and those dependent upon him, and he has thus in a measure been recompensed for the loss of these outdoor rambles among the woods and fields that were to him such a source of pure enjoyment. He is still a genial, contented, likeable man, and possesses a vigorous mind. His poems are pervaded by an excellent spirit, and have a fine purpose or moral, showing them to be the outpourings of a man endowed with genuine gifts, allied to very tender feelings. This is specially seen when he exhibits in pathetic language the sorrows and hardships of the poor, and a perusal of such is calculated not only to melt the hearts and the sympathies of the reader, but to produce lasting good. In his preface to "Homely Pictures," published in 1865, he speaks of them being "the hopefully sown, diligently cultivated, and

gratefully reaped fruit of earnest work. For other pursuits than the diligent cultivation of my humble literary talents Providence has made me unfit. I am now blind, and my right hand is so maimed that save for holding the pen (which I manage to do between the two forefingers) it is almost useless, thus entirely disabling me for the prosecution of my former occupation." But he sings in no gloomy, desponding style; for even when in his gravest mood there is a hopeful, submissive "glint" of true, deep-toned piety —hope and joy rather glistening like sunshine through the overshadowing cloud, than beaming with steady effulgence.

SONG OF THE HAPPY PARENTS.

Come patter, patter, tiny feet;
  Thus to behold you nimbly trot,
Wakes up a music wondrous sweet
  Within our ravish'd ears to float.

Come prattle, prattle, children all,
  More joy to us your voices bring
Than e'er did cuckoo's amorous call
  To the expectant ear of Spring.

Come carol, carol, dulcet throats,
  As round your native bowers ye rove;
We'd not exchange your silv'ry notes
  For sweetest music of the grove.

Come tinkle, tinkle, merry laughs,
  Our hearts with pleasure ye make swell,
As when, in dreams, the exile quaffs
  Draughts from his native village well.

Come twinkle, twinkle, lust'rous eyes,
  Deep founts to us of pure delights;
Clearer than summer noonday skies,
  Or Cynthia's bright autumnal nights.

Come nestle, nestle, rosy cheeks,
  Your parents' breasts have room for all;
'Tis thus the balmy flow'ret seeks
  Repose at evening's dewy fall.

Come kneel ye, kneel ye, pretty ones,
  Our Heavenly Father's throne around;
He loves to hear your lisping tones—
  Pray'r is to Him a grateful sound.

THE MATCH-SELLER; OR, THE MANLY BAIRN.

Yon duddie callan on the street,
Wi' brucket face an' blister'd feet,
Gangs hirplen here an' there,
Wi' his wee box slung roun' his neck,
Sellin' his matches or shoe-bleck,
When he can raise sic ware.
He daes his best the bite to earn,
That parents ocht to gie,
An' bravely, tho' he's but a bairn,
He battles misery;

That sair faucht, that puir faucht,
He meets wi' ilka day,
An' few be that noo be,
But mair or less they hae.

Guidwives say that he's gat a nack,
Cross-legg'd his matches sae to pack,
That cheats them o' a dizen;
Or lays the boxes wi' dry chips,
Cover'd a-tap wi' twarie dips,
Sae prone is he to cozen;
Whilk practice, tho' I'se no defend,
I'd hae wives ne'er forget,
That youthfu' actions much depend
On hame examples set.

Let's hie then, an' spy then,
The standard o' his hame,
Look well to't, syne tell o't,
Gif this puir bairn's to blame.

The wa's are black wi' reck an' stoor;
Ye lea' yer fit-track on the floor,
Whaure'er ye chance to press't.
For tables, stools, or chairs, there's nane—
The only seat's that muckle stane—
Shud ye incline to rest.
On hearth there's no a spunk o' fire;
The auld grate's sel's awa';
Or when they've coals, twa ribs o' wire
Can brawly burn them a'.

But sparely an' rarely
Dances the cheerie lowe,
To "lichten an' brichten"
Wee faces wi' its glow.

Thae twarie shavings i' the neuk,
That scantily an' black dae look,
Is a' the couch that's here;
For beildin' there's but filthy duds,
To fence aff stormy winter's thuds,
When darkly fa's the year.

The cookery things are few an' sma',
As sma' the wark they've gat—
That broken spoon, that bowl or twa,
That lugless, fitless pat—
A' dusty an' rusty,
Wi' being oot o' use;
An' scrimpit an jimpit
The meal they e'er produce.

Sae muckle for the hoose itsel',
Lat's see noo what puir wretches dwell
Within sic drear abode:
The mither in a corner lies,
Sae beastly drunk she canna rise,
Or she wad been abroad;
Beastly! puir brutes, I wrang ye sair,
The libel pray forgie,
Yer great Creator ye has ne'er
Dishonour'd as has she;
But woman, that's human,
Can sae forget hersel',
As drink till she sink till
The lowest depths o' hell.

Twa wee things courin' by her side,
Are strivin' frae the cauld to hide
Their mither's naked frame—
Starvation's glowrin' frae their een,
Death sharps his scythe wi' relish keen,
His victims baith to claim.
Yet ere that mither gaed sae wrang,
As oor wee hero says,
She clever was, an' leal, an' strang,
An' gied them meat an' claes—
Aye steady, aye ready,
To answer duty's ca',
But wae noo, the day noo,
On drink she spen's her a'.

As for the faither o' thae bairns,
He's wearin' noo the convict's airns
Within yon hulk afloat:
Whisky gat him to draw the knife,
An' fired him to attempt the life
O' that puir helpless sot.
Noo, hand we here: there's nocht remains
But ask our kindly wives,
Think ye sic sair misguided weans
Can e'er lead honest lives?
Unheeded, unweeded,
Their growth in guid is chok'd,
Till thriftless an' shiftless,
In jail or puirhoose lock'd.

O ! Whisky, 'bune a' curses curs'd,
The blackest, basest, an' the worst
E'er fell on human kind ;
Ye kill, ye hang, ye droun, ye burn,
The mither's milk to gall ye turn,
Ye steal immortal mind :
But, hark ye, fiend, yer bluidy reign
Is drawin' to a close,
When ye maun meet on "Maine Law" plain,
Grim ranks o' sturdy foes,
Wha'll face ye, wha'll chase ye,
An' charge ye richt an' left,
Syne rin in, an' pin in
The begnet to the heft.

WILLIAM ALLAN,

ONE of the most prolific poets of his time, has already gained a high reputation, and promises to occupy an enduring place in the poetic literature of Scotland. His life has been one of more than ordinary interest—full of exciting and trying episodes, and containing many of those lessons of experience which engrave themselves most vividly on the mind and sink deepest into the heart. It has been a life of toil—of steady stern work, until adversity has been overthrown, and fortune pursued, grappled with, and conquered. He is a giant among men—physically, intellectually, and morally—a man of untiring energy, of great business sagacity, and the most sterling honesty.

Although the efforts of his muse have all had their birth in England, he is a Scotchman—Scotch to the backbone—Scotch in the very texture of his being. He was born in Dundee, on the 23rd of November, 1837, and has therefore just turned his forty-third year. The son of a mechanic and engineer, he chose the engineering profession, which, like everything

he undertakes, he mastered thoroughly—from the hammering of a nut to the designing and construction of an engine. While yet a young man he went to sea, joining the Royal navy as an engineer. After sailing many seas, seeing many lands, and running many hairbreadth escapes, he retired from the navy, and again betook himself to engineering on land. During the American war, he was adventurous enough to engage as chief engineer on board a blockade runner. In this career he had many a chase from the cruisers which scoured the seas; he was lying in Charleston harbour when it was bombarded by the Federal fleet, and was finally captured and lodged in the Old Capitol Prison at Washington. Obtaining his release on parole—the cherished document hangs over his study mantelshelf—he returned to Scotland, and in 1866 entered the service of the newly-formed North Eastern Marine Engineering Company at Sunderland. In 1868, when the fortunes of the Company were at a low ebb, Mr Allan took over the management of their works, and since then his career has been one triumphal progress. Labouring with an energy, a skill, and determination which have been attended with results of the most signally successful and gratifying kind, he has developed a struggling business until it has become one of the most influential in the north of England. Among business men he is honoured and trusted; by working men he is regarded as a friend. Having commenced life on the lowest rung of the ladder, he does not forget the interests of his workmen now that he is on the highest, and he has been instrumental in introducing many reforms in the engineering trade, the necessity of which he felt when he was compelled to wield the hammer and ply the file.

But Mr Allan lives a dual life. His days are spent at the shrine of industry—with the eternal clang of hammers and whirl of lathes sound-

ing in his ears; his evenings are spent with the muses. It is interesting to know that he neither felt nor developed any faculty for poetical composition until 1871, after he had sustained severe injuries by a boiler explosion on board the City of Canton in Sunderland Docks. He was severely scalded, and his nervous system received a shock from which he has not yet perfectly recovered. This appears to have been the fuse which set on flame the latent fire within him, and since then it has burned with ever increasing brightness. Five volumes of poetry have left his pen, and been received by the public with growing favour, while fugitive pieces have been appearing in newspapers and magazines all over the country. The titles of his works are—"Rough Castings," "Hame-Spun Lilts," "Heather Bells," "Ian Vor," and "Rose and Thistle," and the order in which they are named is the order in which they appeared. To these it is unnecessary to refer in detail. Each succeeding volume shows a distinct improvement upon its predecessors in point of composition, culture, and strength, although his earlier works display as wide sympathy and as deep poetic feeling as his later ones. In Allan the poet we have Allan the man. He sings as he thinks and feels—hence all his effusions have the stamp of a strong individuality. He is no abstract poet, writing from a standpoint far removed from the thoughts of other men; but a thinking man with a singing soul, who, feeling a mission to cast everyday thoughts into tuneful verse, moulds them into form and gives them to the world, full, free, and spontaneous as they rise from his heart. He is no dreamer, but a deeply-read student in the school of practical philosophy. The "world is his library and men are his books." He sings the songs of daily life—those new hymns of labour which lift the grimy workman into a higher state of being, and make him glory in his heritage of toil. Allan is *par excellence* the poet of industry. You can

hear the rasping of the file, the clang, clang of the hammer, and the panting breath of the iron king as you listen to his "Song for Men," his "Steam Song," his "Song of Labour," his "Hammer and Chisel and File," or his "Engineers." Verses these which find their way to a class of men to whom Shakespeare is a sealed book and Milton a mystery. They bring just such responses from their souls as do the poems of Burns and Hogg from the bosoms of the love-sick pastoral swains. Space will not permit us to examine all the aspects of his poetry. A strong-souled patriot he sings of his mother-land with all the hot fervour of a loving son—sings of her rugged Bens, her ocean-lashed shores and lonely glens; raises loud notes of triumph over her heroes' struggles in days of strife and danger, and sinks to wailing over the dead and unfortunate. Broad-hearted and sympathetic, he shows the depth of his feeling with human suffering in such pieces as "The Wee Toom Shoon," "The Blin' Bairn," "Puir Thing," "The Poet Waif," "Naebody's Bairn," and "Speak Kind to the Bairns." Scorning all that is low or sordid, he can hurl fierce, crushing bolts of denunciation, as in "Modern Music Halls," a poem which was not without a salutary effect on the particular abuse against which it was directed. A man who has never been a laggard in toil, he proclaims the nobility of labour, and the might of the horny hand. But we cannot follow him into the bewildering maze of fertile fields into which he has been led by the inspired godess. Verses literally drop in showers from his pen, and his thoughts are always fresh and varied. Wide experience, a vivid imagination, strong dramatic instinct, a nervous impulsive spirit, and true poetic genius enable him to pour them forth as from an inexhaustible source. Hitherto his best efforts have been lyrical, and competent critics have declared that he is more a lyrical than a dramatic poet. On this point we suspend judgment. At the

moment we write the most ambitious of all his works s receiving the final touches from his pen. It is a life history, crowded with passages of singular power nd beauty, and its publication will probably show im to be equally at home in the dramatic as in tho yrical form of composition. It will at least prove greater than any of his works hitherto published. We have omitted to speak of his rich fund of wit nd humour, scattered through all his volumes, and ubbling up between the more serious pieces, just as is own rich, ringing laugh relieves the stern pres- ure of business, and gives zest to his fireside talk. 'Alaster Og," "The Drucken Piper," and "To a Corn" may be mentioned as examples which most eadily occur to the memory. A man of many moods imself, in Allan's works will be found something or everybody—something to cheer the saddened eart, or draw pity from the callous soul. And we nstance "Rob Roy's Death" as being one of the nost vigorous and powerful poems in the language.

ETERNITIE!

While the other eve a-walking,
Lonely, by the moaning sea,
To the waves I fell a-talking,
And they seemed to answer me;
Then I saw, beyond divining.
Something moving to and fro,
Something in the waters shining,
With a phosphorescent glow,
And the waves kept falling, falling,
Ever strangely calling, calling,
"Eternitie."

Then my tongue its gambols ceasing,
Quickly shrank within its cave,
Curiosity increasing,
Filled the glances that I gave:
Calmly at the object peering,
Wondering what it could be,
Questioning myself, yet fearing
'Twas some monster of the sea;
But the waves kept falling, falling,
Ever strangely calling, calling,
"Eternitie."

Lo ! a sea-gull white and gleaming
Rose from off the shining thing,
Hovered for a while, and screaming,
Swooped again on greedy wing ;
Tossing, rolling, drifting, nearing,
In the halo I could trace
Lineaments, each moment clearing,
Of a pallid human face ;
And the waves kept falling, falling,
Ever strangely calling, calling,
"Eternitie."

Wearily, the waves receding,
Flung their lustrous toy away,
Bird of beauty ! cease thy feeding,
Leave that night-enveloped clay.
Off ! thou white-winged creature, pecking
With insatiable strife ;
Thou art heedless, little recking
'Tis a vacant throne of life ;
And the waves kept falling, falling,
Ever strangely calling, calling,
"Eternitie."

Tell me, bird of tempests, wheeling
In the gloaming shadowed skies,
Whence the love that thou art feeling,
For those stony, staring eyes ?
Fixed, alas ! on darkling heaven
With a look which living seems ;
Nevermore to them is given
Wakening from their dream of dreams ;
And the far waves falling, falling,
Mournfully were calling, calling,
"Eternitie."

This was once a man, delighting,
In the mystery within,
Living, loving, hoping, fighting
Little victories to win ;
Cease thy screaming, bird of sorrow,
Soaring as his victory's sign,
Life has found its joyous morrow ;
Take the nothingness, 'tis thine ;
And the far waves rolling, rolling,
Rung as death-bells tolling, tolling,
"Eternitie."

LINES SUGGESTED BY BOEHM'S STATUE OF THOMAS CARLYLE.

Colossal shaper of a nation's thought !
Lone prophet of the lion heart and voice !
Thy rugged lineaments by chisel wrought
I gaze upon, love-wondering, and rejoice.

Most beautiful in rocky boldness seems
Thy massive brow adorned with Time's white spray,
In whose recesses vast thy vatic dreams
With undisturbed sublimity have play.

Deep in their cavities thy fervid eyes
(As two stars peering through a dark cloud rent)
Seem to be gazing on futurities
With all a seer's benign astonishment;
Lit with the holy fire, by Heaven resolved,
They view the higher stage, the nobler ground,
Where mankind's problem is forever solved,
Where manhood's glory, stainless will abound.

Oh eyes! how oft have ye flashed forth the fire
That wells from out a sympathetic soul!
Whose piercing shafts of Briarean ire,
As gleaming beacon-suns will ever roll
Around the universe with guiding ray,
Lighting for ever the abysm of Time,
For ever cheering mankind's gloomy way,
For ever teaching man to be sublime.

Thy stern-cut, haughty lips, so soft in smile,
Portray the Jove-like censor's Titan mind,
Or the great scorner of all grovelling wile,
And inborn falsity of humankind,
Methinks Denunciation's quivering leaps
Upon their bold determinative edge,
As the bright flash of lightning wildly sweeps
Along the tempest-cloud's portentous ridge.

Thy hands repose, their deedful fingers rest,
From many years of single-handed fight,
The calm of weariness broods o'er them blest,
For well the wondrous weapons of their might
They dauntlessly did wield, or deftly flung
The thunderbolts of truth, which from thy heart
In gorgeous glory all volcanic sprung
With heavenly power and God-directed art!

O'er all, the peace of hopeful waiting sleeps,
In softened radiance of Duty done;
The Prophet, Poet, and men's thinker reaps
The inward guerdon of his victory won,—
How grandly lone, waiting with unawed scan,
The silent, slumbrous change, which bears away
Earth's sole potential climax of a man
Unto the realms of everlasting day.

A SONG FOR MEN.

Work ! work ! work ! work like the brave and the true,
Be not an idler while living on earth ;
Work ! work ! work ! work while there's labour to do,
Toil is the genuine emblem of worth.
Up with the dawn like a man of true spirit,
Shake off the slumbers that would ye control,
Roll up your sleeves to your work, never fear it,
Know, to a man, 'tis the soul of his soul.
Then work ! work ! work ! work with a fond lover's will.
Sweet is the bread ye have stamped with your sweat ;
So work ! work ! work ! work and your duties fulfil,
To glory in toil is the joy of the great.

Work ! work ! work ! work for your children and wives,
Bright is the home of the scion of toil ;
Work ! work ! work ! work is your love for their lives,
Shun not the labour that brings ye their smile.
Who would their God-given heritage shirk then ?
Shall sloth's slavish yoke all your energies cloy ?
Nobler to die in the harness of work then
Than live on the garbage the lazy enjoy.
Then work ! work ! work ! work with an honest man's will, etc.

Work ! work ! work ! work is the patriot's mould,
Be not a traitor to country or God ;
Work ! work ! work ! work like the loyal and bold,
Cheering your comrades on life's higher road.
The banner of labour is ever unfurled,
Grand are the notes of its loud trumpet call ;
O ! better be soldiers that quicken the world
Than cowards who live to do nothing at all.
Then work ! work ! work ! work with a hero-souled will, etc.

OUT FROM THE NARROW.

Out from the narrow, friend, into the broad,
Love is the measure of man ;
Out from the narrow, friend, rising to God,
Sympathy lightens His plan ;
O ! for the heart that can feel for another !
O ! for the voice with the tone of a brother !
O ! for the hand that can soothe like a mother !
Whose eye is a token
Of kindness unspoken,
And shows a grand soul in its pitiful scan.

Out from the narrow, friend, into the broad,
Hell is the guerdon of hate ;
Out from the narrow, friend, lessening the load,
Cruelly crowning our state.

Why should we wrap ourselves up in vain dreaming?
Why should we see but our little selves beaming?
Earth with the groans of the weary is teeming,
And sorrows unended
Sink hearts unbefriended;
Ho! let us be angels of mercy elate.

Out from the narrow, friend, into the broad,
Actions the man ever prove;
Out from the narrow, friend, courting the road
Lit with the footprints of love;
True is our pleasure when others are sharing,
Great is the man who can cheer the dispairing;
See him! the crown of the conqueror wearing,
While to him is given
Earth's passport for Heaven,
Where garlands immortal around him are wove.

Out from the narrow, friend, into the broad,
Jealousy reigns but to blight;
Out from the narrow, friend, why would ye plod,
Bound in Self's prison of night?
Help—for the poor one in poverty's lodging,
Smiles—for the less-favoured wayfarer trudging,
Prayers—from a heart that can give without grudging,
Brighten life's gloomy way,
Give it one happy day,
And spread in death's darkness a soul-cheering light.

SPEAK KIND TO THE BAIRNS.

Speak kind to the bairnies, the wee toddlin' treasures,
The ingle-neuk angels that banish a' strife;
Their innocent ploys are the source o' their pleasures,
Their lauchin' an' rompin' the soul o' their life.
O! wha could be thrawn wi' a bairnie's sweet smilin'?
Wha, wha to their cuddlin' an' kissin' is blind?
The heart maun be deid to a' beauty beguilin',
That canna thole bairnies, an' speak to them kind.

Our freens may be cauldrife, our toil may be weary,
Our way may be sma' aff the little we earn,
But rich in affection, we, joyous an' cheery,
Wad gie our last bannock to comfort our bairn.
O! what has a man on this earth to be prood o'?
Were't no' for the nurslin's by Heaven designed
To lichten the life that they show him the good o',
Sae thole wi' their capers, an' speak to them kind.

Sair, sair are the tears o' the bairnies neglectit,
Their wee hearts are broken aneath a harsh word;
They love to be loved wi' a love unrestrictit,
An' joy whan their troubles are couthielie heard.
Hoo happy to ken we hae some that aye love us,
Come age, or come death, they will bear us in mind;
They'll drap a love tear on the green sod above us,
An' sigh as they say that we ever were kind.

OOR WEE, WEE WEAN!

Sittin' on her mammy's knee,
Pu'in' mammy's curls,
Lauchin', kickin', fu' o' glee,
Hoo the darlin' skirls!
Croodlin' doon in mammy's breast—
Teetin' oot again—
Fu' o' cantrips, love possessed,
Is oor wee, wee wean!

Ae e'e keekin', sleely teetin'—
Twinklin', sparklin', unco fain,
Snigglin', wrigglin', loupin', coupin',
Sic a wee, wee wean,
Is oor wee wean.

Bendin' noo to grip her feet,
Gooin' wi' delight,
Tryin' wi' her mouthie sweet
Stumpy taes to bite—
Wond'rin' hoo they move themsel',
Thinks they're no her ain,
Lookin' what her tongue wad tell,
Is oor wee, wee wean.

Ae e'e keekin', sleely teetin', etc.

Standin' noo on mammy's lap,
Glowrin' a' aroon'—
Ettlin' noo to tak' a stap,
Jumpin' up an' doon—
Eenie black, an' dainty nose,
Cheeks o' ruddy stain,
Lippies like a buddin' rose,
Is oor wee, wee wean.

Ae e'e keekin', sleely teetin', etc.

JOHN WATSON

WAS born in the village of Longside, Aberdeenshire, in 1856, and is presently engaged as railway clerk at Banchory Station, Deeside. To readers of local newspapers, he is known as a writer of songs and rhymes. In many of his pieces there is shown the true poetic ring of his country.

MY MAGGIE.

It's nae a big hoose that I bide in,
  It boasts but a but and a ben ;
I've nae coach nor carriage to ride in,
  And yet I'm the blythest o' men.
O' siller I've never been routhy !
  Nor pleasures at ony time rife,
Yet my sma' bit hoosie is couthy,
  And sae is my canty wee wife.

There is in my wee thackit biggin'
  What's nae aften fand i' the ha'—
Contentment hangs ower't like a riggin',
  And love throws its glamour o'er a',
I needna for riches be railin'
  When Maggie's sae dear unto me ;
I'd raither want siller and mailin',
  Than want the sweet glint o' her e'e

A laird may gang hame to his manor,
  And welcomed by servants may be,
But though he is rich and gets honour
  He ne'er gets a welcome like me.
My Mag at the window is teetin',
  Comes to me aye beamin' wi' smiles ;
Oh, sweet is her fond kiss o' greetin'
  She banishes care wi' her wiles.

Let ithers gae seek for their pleasure—
  Gae look for't where ever they may ;
At hame I aye get it full measure—
  To me it's the sun's brightest ray.
Dame Fortune, I courtna your favours,
  I seekna a rich man to be,
Your freaks I will count them as havers—
  But oh, leave my Maggie to me.

ANGUS ROSS

CONTRIBUTES occasional natural and thoughtful little poems to the Glasgow press. He was born at a small village near Cromarty, in 1830. After serving an apprenticeship to pattern-making at Inverness, he removed to Glasgow, where he now resides. Having met with an accident which deprived him of the use of one of his hands, he is at present employed as an iron plainer at the Glasgow Locomotive Works.

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

Hark! is that the voice of Nature,
Borne upon the passing breeze?
Yes; I hear her gentle whispers
Overhead among the trees.

What is that she's slowly saying?
Note her accents soft and mild,
Gently speaking to her offspring,
Like a mother to her child.

Awake from sleep the day is breaking,
See, the Sun has reared his crest;
Lag not now, for duty calls you—
Rise up from your winter's rest!

Be not like the sluggard, folding
Idle hands upon your breast;
But of life, and joy, and beauty,
Spread a universal feast!

Burst the fetters that have bound you
Through the dreary winter's night:
Let the germ sown in the branches
Now assert its real might!

Bud and blossom into beauty,
Spread your leaves, for summer's nigh;
Be to wearied man a shelter
From the bright and scorching sky!

Earth revive, send forth your verdure,
Let the grass and flowers appear;
Vocal make the groves, ye songsters,
With your note both loud and clear!

Chime along, thou little streamlet,
Let thy voice join in the throng;
Glen to glen send back the echoes
Of the merry milk-maid's song!

MARGARET WALLACE,

AUTHOR of "Emblems of Nature," was born in Leith, in 1829. She was married to the Rev. R. Wallace, E.U. minister, Coupar-Angus, and after residing there for fully eighteen years, the family removed to Glasgow. Her poems breathe a spirit of deep religious devotion. A love of nature, and a purity of expression are also characteristic of her verses.

BUTTERFLY TREASURES.

Chasing a butterfly over the green!
No crown, no possession, yet gay as a queen;
What hero or student with Rosie might vie
In her earnest pursuit of that bright butterfly?

With a shout of delight it is captured at last,
And her chubby wee hands hold the prisoner fast';
But soon through an opening she peeps in to see,
And the sight thus revealed puts an end to her glee.

Proportions distorted– wings blemished and torn—
Bring tears to her eyes, and in tones most forlorn,
She exclaims, her keen disappointment to hide,
"Just a nuggie old sing," and then casts it aside.

. . . . . .

Are not we—children grown—alike often deceived
By those treasures whose worth we had once well believed?
Yes, from earliest youth till the day that we die,
We are eagerly chasing some frail butterfly!

Is it riches or fame? is it pleasure or love?
We pursue and admire while it's soaring above–
And if Fortune at length to our feet the prize brings,
Feel as buoyant and proud as if we, too, had wings.

But fairly possessed, and by Reason surveyed,
It falls so far short of what Fancy portrayed,
That with chastened experience, and hearts like to break.
We confess 'tis not worth half the trouble we take!

WILLIAM LEIGHTON,

A DESCENDANT of the old Forfarshire family of Leighton of Ullysshaven, was born at Dundee, in 1841. His father was the eldest brother of the well-known Scottish poet, Robert Leighton, author of the "Bapteesement of the Bairn," "Scotch Words," &c., a poet to whom contemporaneous criticism paid the highest tribute of admiration, alike for the felicity of versification and the purity of conception which characterised all the products of his pen. His mother was a younger sister of the subject of a short biography by the late Dr A. P. Forbes, Bishop of Brechin, published in 1854, and entitled "A Memoir of the Pious Life and Holy Death of Helen Inglis."

In his seventh year William Leighton accompanied his family to Liverpool, and after six years' schooling was placed in a merchant's office there. From this time forward, till he died, fifteen years afterwards, without a break, except for much-needed holidays, he was busily employed with office work, to which he paid such close and conscientious attention, and in the carrying on of the business displayed so much ability, that he rapidly advanced to the position of managing and confidential clerk to a wealthy and important firm engaged in the Brazilian trade. Yet, although the cares of business engrossed his attention during the day, his evenings were spent in the pleasant pasture fields of literature, and under the direction and tuition of wise and tender parents he soon became well acquainted with the writings of the best English and foreign authors. Poetry especially was his delight. He had many favourites, but Longfellow, in particular, captivated his childhood, Shakespeare his boyhood, and Tennyson his maturer years. With powers kindled by these masters, and spurred by the example of that uncle to whom refer-

ence has been made, he at an early age began writing poetry himself. The practice was kept up, but only occasionally did his productions see the light, in the Liverpool newspapers and London magazines, and even then they were published anonymously, or had the initials "W. L." appended. Some relatives and friends, recognising their merits, pressed him to overcome his modesty and publish a collection of his poems, and it was while engaged in preparing these for the press that he was attacked by typhoid fever, which, in ten days, on 22nd April, 1869, to the great grief of a large circle of friends, proved fatal. He was buried in Annfield Cemetery, near Liverpool, and a verse of his own composition was inscribed on the stone which marks the spot:—

> Mourn not this earth with its languishing gloom;
> Grieve not to go from its darkness and strife;
> Beauty is brighter beyond the tomb,
> And death alone leads to perfect life.

A stained-glass window, "in loving remembrance of William Leighton," and illustrating two of his poems ("Peace, be Still," and "The Night Cometh"), has been placed in St Anne's Church, Highgate Rise, in the north-west of London.

A year after his death, his poems were published by Messrs Longmans, Green, & Co., and two subsequent editions have since appeared. These editions of about 10,000 copies were received with much favour, and being for some time out of print, a new and complete edition—including a selection of essays, written for literary societies and magazines—was published in 1880. The *Graphic*, in noticing the last collection of his poems, said—"Scotland may well be proud to claim, amongst her tuneful sons, the pure-minded sweet singer, whom she cannot but regret." He truly possessed a gifted mind, and a poetic genius of a very high order. Viewed as written by one so young, his effusions are wonderful productions, and are uttered with exquisite

beauty and tenderness. His strain is chiefly lyrical, and here all is as spontaneous and as full of melody as the untutored song birds. His views of life and duty were elevated, and this is repeatedly shown by the earnest breathings of a deeply religious devotion and noble Christian thoughts. He loved Nature in her quieter moods, and, as has been remarked, with an insight into her mysteries which is given only to true poets, his mind instinctively raised its aspirations to Nature's God.

BABY DIED TO-DAY.

Lay the little limbs out straight;
Gently tend the sacred clay;
Sorrow-shaded is our fate—
Baby died to-day!

Fold the hands across the breast,
So, as when he knelt to pray;
Leave him to his dreamless rest—
Baby died to-day.

Voice, whose prattling infant-lore
Was the music of our way,
Now is hushed for evermore—
Baby died to-day.

Sweet blue eyes, whose sunny gleams
Made our waking moments gay,
Now can shine but in our dreams—
Baby died to-day.

Still a smile is on his face,
But it lacks the joyous play
Of the one we used to trace—
Baby died to-day.

Give his lips your latest kiss;
Dry your eyes and come away;
In a happier world than this
Baby lives to-day!

GREEN LEAVES.

Sunny spring is here at last,
Breathing hints of buds and clover;
Frosts, and snows, and storms are past;
Winter's dreary reign is over:
Not a thought in Nature grieves,
All things 'babble of green leaves.'

I can hear the zephyr sigh
O'er the height and through the hollow;
Lark-notes raining from on high;
Hum of bee, and song of swallow:
Idyls that the mavis weaves
In this 'babble of green leaves.'

Shady nook and grassy dell,
Daisy, crocus, snowdrop, pansy,
Hawthorn blossom, sweet blue-bell—
All come crowding on my fancy:
Balmy mornings, blessed eves—
In this 'babble of green leaves.'

THE BIRDIES.

A wee bird, weary o' her hame,
Flew far awa' into the west,
An' whaur she thocht nae birdies came,
She built hersel' a lanely nest.

A neibor birdie, cauld an' weet,
Ae day socht shelter i' the tree,
An' near the nestie, low an' sweet,
He sang his love tu' tenderly.

She listened wi' a flutterin' breast;
An' losin' a' her lanely pride,
She bade him 'till her cosy nest,
An' creepit closely to his side!

An' aye sinsyne, in weal or woe,
The birdies hae been ne'er apart;
By day they heavenwards singin' go,
By nicht they nestle heart to heart.

GOD IS EVERYWHERE.

Mountains towering high and proud,
Far above each floating cloud;
Forests, 'mong whose crowded trees,
Moans the frequent midnight breeze;
Ocean, with its solemn roar,
Lashing on the lonely shore;
Thunder echoing through the air,—
Tell us, God is everywhere!

Flowers of every scent and hue,
Pearly with the morning dew ;
Lake whose limpid bosom heaves
In the light that sunset leaves ;
Stars that shine so stilly bright
From the azure vault of night ;
Sunshine with its beauteous glare,—
Tell us, God is everywhere !

Spring, with all the flow'rets sweet
Leaping forth to kiss her feet ;
Summer with her foliage gay,
And the roses on her way ;
Autumn, with his purple skies
And the passion in his eyes ;
Winter, with his woodlands bare,—
Tell us, God is everywhere !

Birds that trill their happy lays
All along the wooded ways ;
Leaves that rustle far aloft,
Making music sweet and soft ;
Streamlet of the silvery tones
Prattling o'er its smooth grey stones ;
With all sounds of beauty rare,—
Tell us, God is everywhere !

Visions of the morning light ;
Dreams that haunt us in the night ;
Shadowy hands that beckon hence ;
Whisperings we know not whence ;
Hopes that wear angelic wings !
Beautiful imaginings ;
Yearnings after all things fair,—
Tell us, God is everywhere !

Courage then, O fainting heart,
Worn and weary as thou art !
What though earthly joys fall fast
As the leaves in Autumn's blast !
What though seas of trouble roll
Billowy darkness o'er thy soul !
Thou canst crush the phantom Care,
While thy God is everywhere !

When the shadows round thee fall
Blacker than a funeral pall ;
When the tempest's brooding wrath
Bursts upon thy lonely path ;

In all days of deep distress ;
In all hours of loneliness,—
Bend the knee and breathe the prayer,—
For thy God is everywhere !

BEAUTY.

Beauty wins all my worship : I can gaze
Upon a scene of loveliness, until
A blissful rapture thro' my spirit plays,
And both mine eyelids fill.

Rising and setting suns possess the power
To stir my being with their mystic leaven ;
And in the petals of a simple flower
I see a glimpse of heaven.

A summer morning melts into my soul ;
A gurgling streamlet gushes o'er my heart ;
A happy blaze of sunlight bids the whole
Of this world's cares depart.

Whate'er in Art or Nature that excels—
In all things pure, and holy, and refined
From outward dross of earth—there beauty dwells,
Eternally enshrined !

Its essence permeates the atmosphere :
To fix its form in stone the sculptor tries ;
And I have drunk its spirit from the clear
Blue depths of pictured eyes.

Therefore I count its sweetness all divine,
And my deep-drawn devotion long to prove,
The while I burn upon its sacred shrine
The incense of my love.

Nor is this love idolatry, for in
The lowliest flower that rises from the sod,
We lose all sense of earthliness and sin,
And stand alone with God !

And while our eyes with tears of rapture swim,
The spirit rises on ecstatic wings,
And yearns for closer intercourse with Him,
From whom all beauty springs.

ROBERT LEIGHTON,

WAS another member of this gifted fa being an uncle of William Leighton. was also a poet of a high order, and during short life he attained a widespread reputation fo tender sweetness and simple beauty of many o shorter poems, while such graphic and happy w pictures as his "Bapteesement o' the Bai "Scotch Words." "John and Tibbie's Dispute," "Laddie's Lamentation for the Loss o' his Whit and "The Wee Herd Loon," have been pop wherever the Scottish language is known.

Robert Leighton was born at Dundee, in 1 On leaving school he spent some time in merca pursuits in his native town, and afterwards to voyage round the world. On his return he ent the service of the railway company at Preston clerk. In 1854 he accepted a responsible positi Ayr, as manager of the branch of a Liverpool ho After about five years the branch was amalgam with the business in Liverpool, and before deci to remain in the same employment, Mr Leighton advantage of some leisure time to visit a brother had settled in America. After some months spe pleasant travel, he returned to England, resumed his connection with his former emplo travelling during a large portion of the yea England, Scotland, and Ireland. It was on on these journeys, in 1867, that, during a rough d he met with an accident which brought on al the only illness he had ever experienced, and w ultimately proved fatal. It was with the ut difficulty he was able to reach his home in Liver and after a period of intense suffering he exp on the 10th of May, 1869, aged 47. In a lette received from his respected widow (the "Eliza" his noble dramatic poem, "Reuben,"), she say

While anxious friends were watching the approach-
end of Robert, after two years of suffering,
lliam (his poetical nephew) was growing a strong
ust man, and two months before Robert's release,
en William paid him his last visit, they talked of
ir poems and other matters, and during the even-
Robert said 'Ah, Willie! what I would give to
as strong as you.' In a short time after, Willie
s seized with fever, and cut off before Robert heard
his illness, while *he* was left to suffer a fortnight
ger—longing that he might have been released,
William left."

During the winter of 1868-69, while able in the
ervals of relief from pain to give attention to
rary matters, he transcribed from a shorthand of
own poems, which had been written on odd scraps
paper, many of which appeared in the volume,
Reuben, and other Poems," published in 1875. In
55, he published a volume, entitled, "Rhymes
l Poems by Robin," with Scotch and other poems;
l in 1861 and 1866 successive volumes were pub-
ed. A new edition of "The Records, and other
ems," with a portrait, was published by Messrs
gan, Paul, & Co., in 1880.

His poems have drawn forth the warm admiration
Longfellow, Emerson, Jenny Lind, and others.
Reuben" is in five acts, and is in the dialogue
m between a number of persons of both sexes, at
e of those old country inns of the "three pigeons"
pe which Goldsmith immortalised in prose and
se, and which are fast fading from English and
ttish districts. The actors of the poem think and
press opinions on some of the deepest subjects
nected with material and intellectual life. The
oughts are interspersed with vignette views of
tural scenery, choice songs, honied passages and
isodes of the universal passion. The poem has
ny of these soft utterances of the muse in her
hter moments, breathing of the ærial music of

nature, with other notes of deeper sound, bearing on the solemnities of life in relation to man's spirituality and hope in the future. He had an eye for every grace of nature, and for every beauty of holiness, but besides being eminently serious and reflective, we occasionally find pieces containing bright sparkling wit, and flashes of rare humour.

THE WEE HERD LOON.

O that I were the wee herd loon
That basks upo' yon sunny lea!
Ilk ither wish I wad lay doon,
A laddie herdin' kye to be.

I'd lose the little lear I ha'e,
And learn the herdie's simple arts—
To build a housie 'mang the strae;
To mak' wee neep and tawtie carts;

To mak' a kep o' rashies green,
And learn the herdie's gleesome lauch;
To mak' a rattle for the wean,
Or cut a whistle o' the sauch;

To licht a fire upon the muir,
That a' the herdies may sit doon;
Or set the whins on bleezin' fire,
That a' the herdies may rin roun';

To plait a whup for drivin' kye,
And learn the herdie's sangs to sing,
And wi' the herdie's hooin' cry,
Gar a' the echoing woodlands ring;

To climb the green-wood trees sae high,
And shogin' sit amang the boughs,
And watch the birdies flittin' bye,
Or mark the burnie as it rows;

To mak' wind-mills and water-wheels;
To be ilk thing that's herdie like—
A wee-thing fear'd o' ghaists and de'ils,
Or ony ither uncannie tyke;—

Get shoon wi' clampit heels and taes,
And five fu' rows o' muckle tackets;
Corduroy and fustian claes,
Wi' pouches fu' o' queer nick nackets.

O blithesome are the herdie's ways!
I had a wee, wee tastin' o' them;
But Time's a flood that never stays—

A flood that beats mankind to fathom,—
It wafted me frae herdin' days
Ere I was weel begun to ken them!

THE NEGLECTED CANARY.

Overhead in the lattice high
Our little golden songster hung,
Singing, piping merrily,
With dulcet throat and clipping tongue;
Singing from the peep of morning
To the evening's closing eye,
When the sun in blue was burning,
Or when clouds shut out the sky;
Foul or fair, morn, eve, or noon,
Its little pipe was still in tune.

Its breast was fill'd with fairy shells
That gave sweet echo to its note,
And strings of tiny silver bells
Rang with the pulsings of its throat;
Song all through its restless frame,
Its very limbs were warbling strings;
I well believe that music came
E'en from the tippings of its wings;
Piping early, late and long,
Mad with joy and drunk with song!
O, welcome to thy little store,
Thy song repays it o'er and o'er.

But playful June brought holidays,
And bade our city hearts prepare
To leave awhile our beaten ways
For sandy shore and breezy air.
Some busy days the needles flew,
And, though no special heed it drew,
Our warbler up above us there
Was each one's joy—but no one's care.
The noise of preparation rang
From room to room, from head to head,
Until our little minstrel sang
Almost unheeded, and—unfed;
Singing on with trustful lay,
Piping through the livelong day.

But how it spared its ebbing well,
Or how eked out its lessening meal,
We may but guess, we cannot tell—
We only think, and sadly feel.
It saw the kittens on the floor
Regaled with plenty from our board;
It saw the crumbs swept from our door,
Feeding the sparrows in the yard.
Ah! were those prison wires away,
And were it only free as they!

We know not if its song grew weak
As thirst and hunger gnaw'd apace ;
And when to the accustom'd place,
It came its food and drink to seek,
We cannot tell if bleak despair
Rose in its breast when none was there !
Or whether springing to its perch,
It piped again the merry strain,
Alighting to renew its search—
Search and sing again, again.
We cannot tell, our busy brains
Unconsciously drank in its strains ;
Nor miss'd at morning, noon, or night,
The sweet unrecognised delight.

But when the day to leave came round,
"Ah, who will tend the bird?" we said,
"Chirp, chirp ! sweet, sweet ! Alas ! no sound
Of wing or note ! And is it fled?"
We look'd into the cage and found
Our little minstrel cold and dead !
And scattered on its little floor
The chaffy remnants of its store ;
The last drop in its well was drain'd,
And not a grain of seed remained.

We laid it in a little grave,
And wondered how so small a thing
Had ever piped the merry stave
That made our hearts and household ring.
Surely it was not this that sung,
But something that has pass'd away—
The life that rang through limb and tongue—
Ay, call it spirit if we may ;
Which haply in some other sphere
Repeats the song that charm'd us here.
For life is sacred—great and small—
And he that notes the sparrow's fall
May keep a higher home for all.

JOHN AND TIBBIE'S DISPUTE.

John Davison and Tibbie, his wife,
Sat toastin' their taes ae nicht,
When something startit in the fluir,
And blinkit by their sicht.

"Guidwife," quoth John. "did ye see that moose?
Whar sorra was the cat?"
"A moose?"—"Ay, a moose.—"Na, na, Guidman—
It wasna a moose, 'twas a rat."

"Ow, ow, Guidwife, to think ye've been
Sae lang aboot the hoose,
An' no to ken a moose frae a rat!
Yon wasna a rat! 'twas a moose."

"I've seen mair mice than you, Guidman—
An' what think ye o' that?
Sae haud your tongue an' say nae mair—
I tell ye, it was a rat."

"*Me* haud my tongue for *you*, Guidwife!
I'll be maister o' this hoose—
I saw't as plain as een could see't,
An' I tell ye, it was a moose!"

"If you're the maister o' the hoose,
It's I'm the mistress o't;
An' *I* ken best what's in the hoose—
Sae I tell ye, it was a rat."

"Weel, weel, Guidwife, gae mak' the brose,
An' ca' it what ye please."
So up she rose, and made the brose,
While John sat toastin' his taes.

"Sic fules we were to fa' oot, Guidwife,
Aboot a moose"—"A what!
It's a lee ye tell, an' I say again
It wasna a moose, 'twas a rat!"

"Wad ye ca' me a leear to my very face?
My faith, but ye craw croose!
I tell ye, Tib, I never will bear't—
'Twas a moose!" "'Twas a rat!" "'Twas a moose!"

Wi' her spoon she strack him ower the pow—
"Ye dour auld doit, tak' that—
Gae to your bed ye cankered sumph—
'Twas a rat!" "'Twas a moose!" "'Twas a rat!"

She sent the brose caup at his heels,
As he hirpled ben the hoose;
Yet he shoved oot his head as he steekit the door,
And cried, "'Twas a moose! 'twas a moose!"

But, when the carle was fast asleep,
She paid him back for that,
And roar'd into his sleepin' lug,
"'Twas a rat! 'twas a rat! 'twas a rat!"

The de'il be wi' me if I think
It was a beast ava!—
Neist mornin', as she sweepit the fluir,
She faund wee Johnnie's ba'!

WILLIAM ROBERTSON,

GARDENER, residing in Broughty Ferry, was born at Longforgan, Carse of Gowrie, in 1808. When he was seven years of age his parents removed to Glengarry, Inverness-shire, where he was put to school. The schoolhouse was built with turf, and thatched with dry ferns, while the seats were also of turf, and a heathery surface formed the cushions. His schoolmaster was tall, and always wore a suit of white moleskin, which gave him a ghostly appearance in the dingy apartment. The amount of learning communicated by this teacher was reading, writing, and arithmetic—compound multiplication being generally the farthest rule reached. Robertson's parents ultimately removed to the Howe of Strathmore, where he served his apprenticeship. He was forty years old before he wooed the muse, and he regarded Highland scenery, amidst which he passed the most of his life, as first awakening poetic fancies in his soul. He has contributed numerous thoughtful verses and engaging stories to the press.

MOONLIGHT SCENERY IN THE HIGHLANDS.

How weirdly looks that wild defile,
Unshapen crags high upward pile,
  And frown on every side;
Pale moonshine sleeps on ev'ry peak,
From rocky masses bare and bleak
  Creep shadows far and wide.

Yon boulders huge that verge the brook,
In silvery mists like spectres look
  In solemn grim array.
They silent stand before the gaze,
Rough monuments of ancient days,
  O'ergrown with mosses grey.

In rock-bound glassy pools below,
Like sparkling gems, a dazzling glow
  Of stars is mirror'd there.
Here beautiful indeed is night,
A lovely scene—a matchless sight
  Of beauty everywhere.

Around dark lofty mountains rise,
Outlined against the azure skies,
And all have tales of yore.
Heroes and bards have trod these hills;
Oh! how their memory fires and thrills
The bosom's inmost core.

Here freedom rear'd her giant forms,
Swath'd in the mist and rock'd in storms;
Alas! how times have changed.
Now selfish men keep watch and ward;
Lake, river, moor they jealous guard,
Where free the Celt once ranged.

Yon hoary tow'rs, like solid rock,
Long have they stood the tempest's shock,
And heard the night winds howl.
Within these walls so grim and drear,
The only sound that you can hear—
The hooting of the owl.

Yon birches tall that fringe the brim
Of the clear lake, their branches limn,
Upon the fluid mass.
So smooth, so calm and still it lies,
That every twig and starry skies
Are seen as in a glass.

Far distant snow-capp'd dazzling white,
And basking in the pale moonlight,
See huge Ben Nevis tow'r.
Majestic and sublime it stands
A king among the mountain bands,
An emblem vast of pow'r.

Now touched by Fancy's magic wand,
This scene more solemn is and grand
Than when sunlit at noon.
Much dearer to the dreamy gaze,
All looming through the mystic haze,
Wove by the shining moon.

J. A. DUTHIE

HAS written numerous verses to the local press, and her love of nature and the genial qualities of her heart are equally to be remarked in several of her effusions. She was born at Tannadice, Forfarshire, in 1845. After being engaged for some

time in domestic service, and filling a situation in Glasgow, she was married, and settled down with her husband at Dun Cottages, by Montrose.

WINTER.

Johnnie Frost, wi' icy fingers,
On oor window panes noo lingers,
  Hangs his tangles on the wa'.
Noses, fingers, taes he's nippin',
At his back comes lichtly trippin',
  Clad in fleecy dress, the snaw.

A' the country's bare an' dreary,
Birdies sing nae langer cheerie,
  'Mang the holly boughs they sleep;
For the holly, storms unheedin',
Stands arrayed in summer cleedin';
  Through the snow its berries peep.

So may we, when tempests gather,
Like the birdies, trust our Father;
  Like the holly, may we bear
Fruit in many a rosy cluster,
Tho' the storms of life may bluster,
  In foul weather as in fair.

THE BONNIE BRAES O' DUN.

Lat ithers boast o' foreign lands,
  And vaunt o' trees wi' rich fruit hingin';
Whaur rivers row ower gowden sands,
  And gorgeous birds their flicht are wingin';
And lat them boast their sunny skies,
  Their moonlicht nichts sae clear and bonny,
My thochts to thee, sweet Dun, shall rise,
  To me thou'rt dearer far than ony.

    Oh, weel I lo'e on summer days,
      When brichtly blinks the sun,
    To wander up and doon the braes—
      The bonnie braes o' Dun.

The pheasant whirs amang the trees,
  The blackbirds whistle in the hedges;
Fu' heavy-laden are the bees,
  As hame they flee by easy stages.
The burnie wimples through the den,
  By bush and brake its way aye ploddin';
The modest floorets in the fen,
  Swayed by the breeze, their heads are noddin'.
    Oh, weel I lo'e, etc.

STOCKING LORE.

I aince kent an auld maid aboot threescore and three,
Wha freely confessed—tho' in secret—to me,
That she micht hae been wed—but wasn't it shockin' ?—
He gied her the kick for a hole in her stockin'.

Young maidens beware when ye dress in your braws,
A sensible man disna care for geegaws.
O ne'er lat the ae dud the other be mockin',
An' aye tak' guid tent ye've nae hole in your stockin' !

It's a weakness in women, an' that we a' ken,
To dress themselves up, an' to hunt after men ;
They're sae mad to be married, they carena a dockin'
If they're gey braw ootside, for a hole in their stockin'.

I'm no sayin' I'm perfect, aft foolish I've been,
But twa'r three lessons I've learnt, and this I hae seen,
That it aft maks a sad and sorrowfu' yokin'
When a lassie's no learnt to darn a stockin'.

To do a bit crochie, to braid or to tat,
When we've naething else pushin', there's nae hairm in that ;
But a workin' man's wife—an' min' I'm nae jokin'—
Will find it mair usefu' to darn a stockin'.

For auld bachelor buddies I've aften been wae
To see them wi' socks that had scarcely a tae,
Wi' shirts wantin' buttons, an' nearly heart-broken,
For want o' a wife that cud darn a stockin'.

Oh I like to see wives when they're neat as a preen,
Wi' hooses sae tidy, where dirt's never seen,
Where you ne'er hear a harsh or unpleasant word spoken,
An' wha shun that discomfort—a hole in their stockin'.

—*—

THOMAS RUSSELL,

AUTHOR of two volumes of poetry, showing good descriptive power and poetic fervour, was born at Parkside, near Glasgow, in 1822, and is an iron-moulder to trade. He is well known as a successful writer of satirical verses, yet he is generally so happy in his efforts as he seldom, if ever,

incurs the enmity of those of whom he writes, tempered as his effusions are with humanity, and with a drollery which even the victim cannot but enjoy.

SPIRIT STIRRINGS.

Sitting lonely, thinking only
Of the distant far away;
Past and future, voices muter
Than the sunlight of the day.
Solemn pages, dead long ages,
Pass before the inward eye—
Laughing, crying, hoping, dying,
Fingers pointing to the sky.

States arising, enterprising,
Conquering, and growing great;
Crushing others, human brothers,
Preaching love and sowing hate.
Then the masters meet disasters,
And new conquerors by turns,
Sorrow strewing, strife renewing,
Each in fiercer passion burns.

See the preacher, heavenly teacher,
Clasp his hands and look above—
Groaning sadly, raving madly,
"Brethren, know ye, God is love;
In his mercy he is boundless,
But to none shows he respect."
Then to prove his wisdom groundless,
Damns all but his little sect.

Though a little thing, and brittle,
Be this mortal frame of mine,
I am clasping, ever grasping,
After something more divine.
If desiring, and enquiring,
More of God than men can tell;
If I doubt them, if I scout them,
Can this be the path of hell?

If I reason, is this treason?
Must my soul be as the blind?
Let my death be as my faith be,
While I follow guiding mind.
Must I see still, not by free will,
But the terror of the rod;
Then the slave's doom o'er our graves bloom—
End unworthy man and God.

Walking lowly, inward slowly,
Knowing that my end is sure,
Sooner, later, still sedater
Grows my spirit to endure.
Though fate crush me, and death hush me,
This I deem, and proudly wait,
That the spirit I inherit
Is superior to fate.

Coming, going, neither knowing
The beginning nor the end;
On the highways and the byeways,
Calling on the unknown Friend;
Looking to the sky above us,
Dreaming of the spirit land,
While the souls of those that love us
Hover near us, and at hand.

In some still hour, by our will-power,
Comes, as from the spirit-sphere,
Some dear friend-soul, some kind blend-soul,
As it fondly hovers near.
Wrapt in death-balm, breathing breath-balm,
Have ye felt some whispered name?
Thought that name o'er, then to thy door,
Hither in the flesh it came.

Deeper of the spirit drinking,
I have pondered o'er and o'er—
Is there not some soul-chain linking
Spirit-life for evermore?
Is not soul still purifying
Thro' the ordeal of life,
By our living, and our dying,
And the purging of the strife?

Is not God ascending higher
By the working of all time?
Is not work the beautifier,
Sublimating the sublime?
Rest is not to cease from labour—
This were idleness and spoil;
To the spirit's sweet endeavour,
Rest is but congenial toil.

MARY CROSS,

ALTHOUGH a native of Liverpool, where she was born in 1860, has written the most of her pieces in Scotland. We learn that she composed a poem before she could write, and her first appearance in print was in the columns of the *Charing Cross Magazine*. She is a frequent contributor to the Glasgow newspapers, writes with apparent ease and grace, and is a youthful poet of much promise. Her verses show that their author has a keen eye for nature, and display a freshness that originality and true poetic fervour can alone impart; while her reflective pieces betray no common delicacy of perception, refinement, feeling, and taste.

BRING FLOWERS.

Bring flowers, because her face is still yet fair,
Because her cheek is scarcely white in death;
The gold is yet amid her clustering hair,
And yet her lips seem quiv'ring with life's breath.
There is no terror here of that stern king
Who dread, nor pity, nor remorse e'er knows;
'Tis but the shadow of an angel's wing
That casts upon her face that pale repose.
Bring flowers! though earthly life has pass'd away.
We cannot wish for her the lonely tomb,
Whilst there is shining round her brow a ray
Reminding us of youthful beauty's bloom.
A blossom is she, from an earthly sod
Transplanted to the garden of her God.

MEMORIES.

Beloved, thou art lying
Where softer winds are sighing,
And living yet I linger
In a city's dusky ways,
There's little to remind me
Of what is laid behind me,
Yet ever mem'ry's finger
Is pointing to old days.

These present hours are ringing
With songs I've heard thee singing,
With silver raindrops patter
And minstrelsy of bird.

We journey to death's portal,
And sow these seeds immortal,
These "I remembers" scatter
In every deed and word.

As joy will yield to sorrow,
To-day yields to to-morrow,
Into the past it hurries,
To come again no more;
A word unkindly spoken,
A promise lightly broken,
It may be these it carries
To add to mem'ry's store.

As onward time is winging,
A chain of beads we're stringing,
The actions of life's story
Recording angels keep;
We lay aside the burden
To find at last the guerdon;
It may be woe or glory,
As man soweth, he shall reap!

'TIS SPRING AGAIN.

'Tis Spring again, my darling,
With budding leaf and flow'rs,
With linnet and with starling,
With cooling breeze and show'rs.
Do you the past remember—
The white snows of December,
The brown leaves of September,
Or burning July hours?

Of burdens and of crosses,
Of sunshine and of shade,
Of sorrows and of losses,
Are all life's chapters made.
And ere we two had parted,
With wounds that newly smarted,
Others, more weary hearted,
Had watched Hope's blossoms fade.

'Tis little use our sighing!
Not all the tears we shed
Will give strength to the dying,
Or call to life the dead.
The vows we made are broken,
The farewell words are spoken,
No flower remains in token
Of summers that are fled.

Love waketh not, my darling,
Though Spring, with youth and grace,
With linnet and with starling,
Shows earth her smiling face.
We'll see each other never;
'Twas better far to sever;
Since Love hath gone forever,
Oh, let him sleep in peace!

DAVID MACLAREN

WAS born in Dundee in 1847. After serving his apprenticeship in an architect's office, he went to Glasgow, and remained there for more than six years as chief assistant to a civil engineer and architect. During that period he employed his spare hours in writing occasional verses and prose sketches for various publications, and laid the foundation for the love of literary work, and studied the several walks of art with which he has since become identified. While a student in Glasgow School of Design he gained the Haldane Medal for 1872 in the architectural section, and in the following year he sent in competitive designs for "model schools" for Dundee, and was awarded the first premium for the best plans. Soon after this he commenced business in his native town, and was appointed the official architect of the School Board of that important burgh.

During the scanty leisure of a busy professional career, he still finds time to write occasional sketches, or string together some pleasant verses. As yet he is only known by the initials "D. M.," and although he has not thought of publishing his productions in a collected form, we feel certain, from the specimens we have seen, his talents are such as to ensure success. Several of his effusions show considerable beauty and

force of expression, while others display great power of delineation and much tenderness of feeling.

LIZ.

Little Liz, lauchin' Liz,
Rinnin' up an' doon;
When will your feetie tire
Wearin' oot your shoon?

Little chubby nosie,
Guardin' face afore
From the naughty edges
O' the naughty door.

Gowden hair and ribbons—
Frizzles ower your broo;
Rosy cheeks an' dimples,
What a bonnie doo.

Bonnie, bonnie blue e'en,
Starnies that twinkle,
Lichtin' your lachin' face,
Wee periwinkle.

Fu' o' pranks an' antics—
Seldom in a fizz;
Heaven hangs aboot you,
Little lauchin' Liz.

Little Liz, lauchin Liz,
Dance your infant day,
It's a fleetin' shadow,
Soon to fly away.

I KNOW.

I know a maiden full of life,
Whose tender touch will banish strife
And smooth a brow when cares are rife.

I know a face as sweet to see
As any daisy-spangled lea—
That face is very dear to me.

I know a pair of dark brown eyes,
When fades the light that in them lies,
The light and hope of some life dies.

I know a heart whose soft bright glow,
And pure as untrod forest snow
Shall cheer a path where two shall go.

I know, as time its circuits roll,
Life will reflect her inner soul
True, as the magnet to the pole.

I know that I shall wish her all
Earth's joys until the curtain fall
And silence seals the end of all.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

O wae's me, O wae's me, hoo I wish I could dee
On the spot where I'm standin' noo,
My bosom is swellin' to look at the dwellin'
My manhood an' infancy knew.

It is hale fifty years—scarce the half it appears—
Sin' I left for the gowden west,
But hame's ties dae bind, an' I'm here noo to find
The voice o' hame a' at rest.

It draws tears frae my e'en to be tauld that yestreen
The roof o' the biggin' fell in ;
An' I ken by the wa's very sune Nature's laws
Will leave nocht but a cairn o' whin.

Far wi' a stranger hand, deep in a foreign land
I'll bury the thocht's o' this glen,
There my last breath I'll draw, there nameless I'll fa'
A drap in the ocean o' men.

J. S. MILLS,

WRITER, accountant, and messenger-at-arms, Dundee, where he was born on the 11th February, 1829, published in 1880 a small volume entitled "Poems and Memorial Verses: or, Selections from my Scrap-Book." The contents included an appreciative poem addressed to the Earl of Southesk, and memorial verses on the late Alexander Forbes, (Bishop of Brechin) George Gilfillan, and others. Many of these show breathings of pure affection, kindliness, and charity. He casts over some of his pieces the glorious illumination of the Gospel. In his patriotic pieces he decisively grapples with whatever is false, and crushes it with no sparing hand.

FOX MAULE—EARL OF DALHOUSIE.

In youth the soldier's camp had been the school
Where he had learned the lesson to obey—
Which kneads all sterner stuff, and stamps the fool,
Transmuting oft to gold the rougher clay.

Thus moulded, other training came with time—
And time writes wonders with his silent pen ;
No sound, reverberation, silver chime,
Marks that mute watcher of the ways of men.

The Commoner, then Peer, he reached renown ;
With high regard the Senate heard his voice
And counsels wise ; adviser of the Crown—
In earlier days the people's frequent choice.

True to his Church—to friendship true as steel,
The promise ne'er was broke that once was made ;
If he could smite, we know him soft to feel,
A ready ear for all who sought his aid.

The portly, stately mien, the eye that glowed
With insight keen, then merry laughter drew ;
Each lineament of mind and form clear shewed
Assurance of a man—a Christian, too !

"Put by that title !" were the words he said :
Put by all titles, we may each repeat,
When, at the sound of the last summons dread,
We clasp with clinging faith the Saviour's feet.

"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin :"
One touch of Grace should make us nothing less,
The peer and peasant both alike must win
The upward path of heaven by lowliness.

SCHIEHALLION.

Mount of the flinty breast—
Hill of the rocky crest—
Why did the fierce Gael so sweetly name thee ?
Rude are thy rugged refts,
Cold are thy stony clefts,
Where roll the mists with the wail of the sea.

Smiling thy giant head
Shone through its stormy bed,
'Luring us onward and upward in glee ;
High beat our hearts elate
Until the desolate,
Light only left us thy darkness to see.

Hill of the tender name—
Birth of volcanic flame ;
Emblem of happiness—emblem of woe ;
Like to man's joyful time—
Like to man's saddened prime ;
Chasing the shadows vain,
Seeking the sun in rain,
Straining life's cup to drain,
On to the lonesome grave—thus doth he go.

ROBERT REID,

BETTER known as "Robert Wanlock," is one of our most genial bards. He was born at Wanlockhead, Dumfriesshire, in 1850. He lived there till his fifteenth year, then went to Glasgow, and followed mercantile pursuits in that city for over three years; removed to Belfast for a short time, and returned again to Glasgow. After residing there for seven years, he went to Montreal in 1877.

In 1874 he published his "Moorland Rhymes," which met with much favour. His effusions evince great earnestness and manliness, confidence in the goodness of men, and delight in everything that is pure, beautiful, and honest. He sings of Scotland's charms with patriotic fervour, and his beautiful sonnets have been greatly admired.

GLOAMING.

The hinmaist whaup has quat his eerie skirl,
  The flichtering gorcock to his cover flown;
  Din dwines athort the muir; the win' sae lown
Can scrimply gar the stey peat-reek play swirl
Abune the herd's auld bield, or halflins droon
  The laich seep-sabbin' o' the burn doon by,
That deaves the corrie wi' its wilyart croon.
  I widna niffer sic a glisk—not I—
Here, wi' my fit on ane o' Scotland's hills,
  Heather attour, and the mirk lift owre a',
    For foreign ferly or for unco sicht
E'er bragg'd in sang, mair couthie joy distils
  Frae this than glow'rin' on the tropic daw',
    Or bleezin' splendours o' the norlan' nicht.

COME AND WOO.

A towmond back, abune Bonaw,
  When lint was in the bell,
I heard a bonnie lauchin' lassie
  Singin' to hersel',
  Singin' to hersel', sae sweet,
I trow she never knew
  That I could hear the kind invite
She gied the lads to woo.

"The laverock seeks the yird," quo she,
"When gloamin' skies are grey,
And close beside his chirpin' dearie
Dreams the nicht away,
Dreams the nicht away, sae sweet,
They watna how it flew,
Then laddie tak the laverock's time,
O come at e'en and woo!"

A towmond back abune Bonaw
Afore the nicht was gane,
I row'd her in my tartan plaidie
Ca'in her my ain;
Ca'in her my ain sae sweet,
She couldna think to rue,
But aye at ilka smack she spier'd
How I cam' there to woo.

"The laverock seeks the yird," quo I,
"When gloamin' skies are grey,
For there he hears his chirpin' dearie
Chidin' his delay;
Chidin' his delay sae sweet,
Just as I listent you
Among the birks abune Bonaw,
When singin' come and woo."

LITTLE THINGS.

Long have I revelled in the book of nature,
Those wondrous pages that were penned of old,—
And sought to fathom in each varying feature,
The mystic lore its hieroglyphics hold:
And more convinced am I the more I ponder,
That lessons meant for us are seldom found,
While we sit tranced in a grateful wonder
To see the everlasting wheel go round.
Though not with soul quite dead to all the glory
That breathes around us in the open day,
'Tis but the main points of the sounding story
We catch, blown down upon our dusty way.
The grand old hills that rear their crests to heaven,
The stately streams that ever seek the sea,
The deep ravines with echoing thunder riven,
The golden glory of the harvest lea,—
These all men know: but few without emotion,
Alone within the mellow eventide,
Could pace the limit of the sounding ocean,
Or rest upon the silent mountain side.
But though we note the lesson thrust before us
In the long biding awe such presence brings,
We mostly fail to catch the joyous chorus
Rung ever in our ear by lesser things.

The little flower that blooms beside the highway,
The little brook that wimples through the glen,
The little bird that sings in every bye-way,—
All have their little tale for heedful men.
They are the gentlest outcomings, the feelings
With which great Nature's heart doth overflow;
They touch our sense with plaintive fond appealings
At every corner, as we come and go.
They are the antidotes to all our fretting
And paltry little cares of every day,
And in the heart, past chance of all forgetting,
Memory should treasure every word they say.

A SPRIG O' HEATHER.

It cam' in the faulds o' a lovenote true—
This sprig o' heather,
Straucht doon frae the mountains whaur it grew
In the warm spring weather;
Fresh, wi' the fresh wild air o' the glens,
Dear, frae the dear young thing that kens
Hoo fain my wearifu' heart wud be
To hide wi' her ain on the muirland lea,
Amang the heather.

It brings me a glisk o' the hichts and howes
Whaur grey mists gather,
Whaur blithe birds sing and the wee burn rows
In the wilds o' heather;
The scent o' the sweet thing fills my min'
Like the croon o' an auld sang kent langsyne,
And my heart gangs back to the joyfu' days,
When its beat was licht as the breeze that strays
Amang the heather.

O bonniest gem o' the treeless wild!
I carena whether,
As neither a flow'r nor a tree thou'rt styled,—
Thou art dear as either:
And lang as the linty bigs her nest
In the bield o' thee on the mountain crest,
Sae lang will the muirlan' heart o' me
Hae a nameless joy it can only pree
Amang the heather.

The lily sae mim or the blude-reid rose
May charm anither,
But a Scotsman's heart in his bosom glows
At the sicht o' heather;
Whether it wave on the breezy hills,
And a' the air wi' its fragrance fills,
Or comes as a token that some sweet face
Is missin' his ain at the trystin' place
Amang the heather.

WILLIAM THOMSON,

POSTMASTER, was born in Kennoway, Fifeshire, in 1797, and has constantly resided in his native place. On leaving school he engaged in linen manufacturing, but afterwards relinquished it, and commenced as a grocer and general merchant. In May 1824, a Post Office was established in Kennoway, when he was appointed Postmaster, and this office he still holds. Having a taste for literature, especially poetry, he composed verses at an early period, and having given some poetical effusions to a friend they were sent to the *Paisley Advertiser*, and appeared in that paper in 1825. Shortly after, having occasion to write to the proprietor of the *Fife Herald*, the only newspaper at that time published in Fife, Mr Thomson enclosed some pieces of poetry which were favourably received, and he was requested to contribute regularly to the pages of that journal. Since then, he has written largely, both in prose and verse, under the signatures of "Theta," "Will o' Wisp," &c. Although he has often been requested to publish some of his poetical productions in a volume, he has always declined doing so. He has, however, had several small books printed for private distribution among his friends, such as "Random Rambles: or, a Journey through the Highlands of Perthshire;" "Lays of Leisure;" "Walks in Fife: or, the Travels of Timothy Tramp;" and "Sketches of Country Characters."

To Mr Thomson may be ascribed the qualities of smoothness of versification, and deep-hearted Christian earnestness. He has a keen discrimination of human character—a copious supply of bold and apt illustration, and his love of nature and the genial qualities of his heart are equally to be remarked in his effusions.

SCOTTISH SCENES.

How grand are thy romantic scenes,
My country! that our wonder wake!
Thy rugged rocks and wild ravines,
And hazels mirrored on the lake!

How clear and limpid are the rills
That gush and murmur 'mong thy woods!
How purple look thy heathy hills,
That lift their summits to the clouds!

How healthful are the bracing gales
That round thy lofty mountains sweep!
How beautiful the Lowland vales,
And Highland pastures white with sheep!

Upon thy burnsides daisies bloom,
And vi'lets scent the sheltered nooks;
How rich the golden buds of broom,
And hawthorns hanging o'er the brooks!

Above thy fields the skylark soars,
The blackbird sings on bending spray;
The thrush among the sylvan bowers,
Delights us at the close of day.

How clear the silver streams and lakes,
That shine 'mid Caledonia's land!
How shady are her tangled brakes,
And high the cliffs that guard the strand!

And dear to every patriot's breast
Thy battle-fields so long renowned;
The graves where sainted martyrs rest,
We deem as Freedom's holy ground!

ALEXANDER MITCHELSON

WAS born in Dundee, in 1849. He was sent to work with a ropemaker when only eight years of age, and remained at this employment until he was fifteen, when he was apprenticed to a pastry-cook, in which trade he is employed at Broughty Ferry. Almost his only education was received at evening schools during the winter—he having attended these regularly for about eight years. The following is a specimen of his muse:—

SMILES AND TEARS.

Annie was pure as the new-driven snaw,
Blythe as the lammie that rins owre the lee,
Mild as the saft simmer breezes that blaw;
Love was the licht that beamed oot frae her e'e.
Gaily at e'en by the brooklet she sang,
Gaily the woods wi' her merry laugh rang;
Never was seen such a lily so fair;
Nature had made her a diadem rare.

Prood was the young heir o' Myremoss Grove
(Humble when kneelin' at fair Annie's feet),
Prood was the young heir at gaining the love—
Winnin' the heart o' a maiden so sweet.
Annie's fond bosom wi' true love did burn,
Happy to think she was loved in return;
Neibours aroun' her ga'e vent to their fears,
Sayin' "her smiles sune wad change into tears."

Gloamin' had spread owre the woodland and vale:
E'enin's calm breezes were blawin' owre the lea;
Annie sped lichtly alane to the dell,
True to her tryst at the fond lover's tree,
Dreamin' o' nocht but an innocent kiss;
Dreamin' o' nocht but a whisper o' bliss;
Little she dreamed o' deceit under cover;
Little she dreamed o' a fause-hearted lover.

. . . . . .

Three smilin' simmers had deckit the bowers,
Clothin' the fields in their mantle o' green;
Three dreary winters had wither'd the flowers;
Tears noo were fa'in' where smiles once were seen.
Annie, the pride o' her kindred nae mair,
Wander'd alane in the midst o' despair;
Nane to speak kindly, nane to forgive her;
Ruin'd in virtue, blasted for ever.

Lood owre the moor roar'd the cauld bitin' blast,
Driftin' the sleet owre the fair Annie's form;
Ah, but the thought o' a lonely ootcast
Fled to her heart as she stood in the storm;
"Where shall I wander, deserted, forlorn,
Where shall I hide from the world's fell scorn:
Where shall my babe find a shelter?" she sighed.
Only the wail o' the lood winds replied.

"Farewell, thou fause-hearted lover, farewell;
One tear in pity is all that I crave;
Thine be forgiveness thy bosom to swell;
Nothing can hide my disgrace but the grave."
Fondly she drew the wee babe to her breast;
Wearily layin' hersel' doon to rest;
Pierced to the heart by November's chill breath;
Waitin' alas! for the whisper o' death.

JOHN CRAWFORD

IS entitled to remembrance. He did not write much verse, but the little that he wrote will long continue to be read. A true son of genius, he had, during a moderately long career, to contend with poverty and toil. Crawford was born at Greenock, in 1816. In the apartment in which he first saw the light Burns' Highland Mary breathed her last. He was bred a house painter, and shortly after closing his apprenticeship removed to the town of Alloa, and established a business. The members of his family occupy honourable positions. In 1850 he published his volume of "Doric Lays," which attracted the attention of Lord Jeffrey, Lord Brougham, and other eminent men of letters, who congratulated the poet on the merits of his writings. His greatest effort, however, was the production of a volume in prose, entitled "Memorials of the Town of Alloa," which was published by a local printer after the poet's decease. The work is one of the most complete and comprehensive of its kind published in Scotland. Sad to relate, the poet perished by his own hand in 1873. We select from his writings the beautiful lyric entitled—

MY AULD WIFIE JEAN.

My couthie auld wifie, aye blythesome to see,
As years slip awa' aye the dearer to me;
For ferlies o' fashion I carena ae preen
When I cleek to the kirk wi' my auld wifie Jean.

The thochts o' the past are aye pleasin' to me,
And mair sae when love lights my auld wifie's e'e;
For then I can speak o' the days I hae seen
When care found nae hame i' the heart o' my Jean.

A hantle we've borne since that moment o' bliss,
Frae thy lips, breathin' balm, when I stole the first kiss,
When I read a response to my vows in thy een,
An', blushin', I prest to my bosom my Jean.

Like a rose set in snaw was the bloom on thy cheek,
Thy hair, wi' its silken snood, glossy and sleek,
When the Laird o' Drumlochie, sae lithless and lean,
Wad ha'e gane a lang mile for ae glisk o' my Jean.

Thy mither was dead, and thy father was fain
That the lang-luggit lairdie wad ca' thee his ain;
But auld age and frailty could ne'er gang atween
The vows I had nitter'd wi bonnie young Jean.

I canna weel work, an' ye're weary an' worn,
The gudes an' the ills lang o' life we hae borne;
But we ha'e a hame, an' we're cozie and bien,
And the thrift I've to thank o' my auld wifie Jean.

Baith beddin' an' cleadin' o' a' kind hae we,
A sowp for the needy we've aye had to gie,
A bite and a drap for baith fremit an' frien',
Was aye the warst wish o' my auld wifie Jean.

The puir beildless body has scugg'd the cauld blast,
'Yont our hallan he's houft till the gurl gaed past,
An' a bite aff our board, aye sae tidy an' clean,
He's gat wi' gudewill frae my auld wifie Jean.

Our hopes we ha'e set where our bairnies hae gane;
Though lyart we've grown since they frae us were ta'en;
The thochts o' them yet brings the tears to our een,
And aft I've to comfort my auld wifie Jean.

The paughty and proud ha'e been laid i' the dust,
Since the first hairst I shore, since the first clod I cuist;
And soon we'll lie laigh; but aboon we've a Frien',
And bright days are comin' for me an' my Jean.

WILLIAM HAY LEITH TESTER.

BETTER known by the cognomen of "La Teste," was born in February, 1829. This event took place in a cottage, named Balnacroft, on the royal domains of Balmoral. The Testers of Ballater are of ancient origin, the ancestor of the family having been a French gentleman, and no less a personage than *Taster* to Queen Mary, whom he accom-

panied from France, on her accession to the Scottish throne. When the star of that unfortunate Monarch had set, her faithful "taster," with others of her attached followers, made his way to the highlands of Aberdeenshire, and finally settled in Ballater, where his offspring in later years became famous for their learning and poetical talents, especially the person familiarly known on Deeside as "Peter Tester, the Dominie." The father of our present poet was a man of great intellectual development, who had few equals in the county as an architect, artizan, and poet. A double portion of the poetic spirit of his ancestors seems, however, to have fallen to the lot of the present bard of Morayshire, and his works are now known and read not only over the north but in every quarter of the globe where Scotchmen flourish. "La Teste" has written much, and his poems have passed through some half-dozen editions.

THE ORANGE.

Most gracefully she bent her head as she was passing by,
An orange in her kid-glov'd hand—a smile shone from her eye,
And with a voice of music said, mild as a murmuring sea—
"Pray, Bard, accept this trifle for your little things from me."
He took it with a grateful bow, for nothing could he say,
But would have kissed the gentle hand which gave the gift
away.
'Twas not the value of the gift, it was the act alone—
She spoke about his little things in such a tender tone;
A thousand times it pleased him more, that voice of pure
delight,
Than all the plaudits he received within their hall that night.
His heart was touched—their mother dead—the tear his eye
made dim—
He's father, mother, all to them, and they are all to him.
There's nothing half so beautiful, in this sad vale of tears,
As woman's charity to those in helpless, infant years;
Our finest natures then are touched—glowing with a holy love,
We see the beauty of His truth—"Of such is heaven above."
Love may be selfish to the last, and love is selfish ever,
But in its golden, heavenly sense fair Charity is never.
'Twill melt the heart of sinful man though hard as iron ore,
'Twill bring a tear-drop from the eye that ne'er shed tear before.
'Twas Charity redeemed the world, and brought us back to God,
And Charity will take us yet to His redeemed's abode.

Be still thy seat in woman's breast until her latest day,
And keep us, ever-erring man, in virtue's holy way.
'Tis woman's charity alone can keep our souls from sin,
And woman's charity as well those souls to heaven may win.

MY WEE CRIPPLE WEAN.

Her leggie was broken whan her mither lay dyin',
An' death took oor new-born bairnie awa' :
There was naething but poortith, an' sabbin' an' sighin',
For it seem'd as if Heaven had forsaken us a'
Ere her soul sunward soar'd, that a towmond had fluttered
For freedom to bask in Omnipotence' sheen ;
My heart maistly rent when her last words were uttered :
"Willie, be good to oor wee cripple wean."

Years hae roll'd on sin' the sod happ'd her mither ;
Whiles we've been dowie, an' whiles we've been glad,
An' whiles whan we're cantie, an' coortin' thegither,
A stranger micht tak's for a lass and a lad.
In the wierd wintry time, whan lang wark made me weary,
Frae chanticleer's matin to vesper at e'en,
The click o' her staff on the staues made me cheery,
Whan, smiling, she met me—my wee cripple wean.

'Twas a cauld cabin oors, for 'twas rottin' an' fa'in' ;
Sometimes we had fire, an' sometimes we had nane ;
An' we cudna help shiverin' when Boreas was blawin'
The "beautiful snow" thro' the auld crackit pane.
Tho' oor bits o' bed trappin' were no unco cosey,
We cuddled the closer an' steekit oor een,
An' I felt mair than happy whan, sleepin' sae rosey,
She dream'd in my oxter—my wee cripple wean.

She grew grave at her pray'rs, an' she learn'd her carritch,
An sang hymns, o' heaven wi' an organ-like swell ;
An' at nicht whan the dear thing had suppit her parritch,
I wash'd wi' a will her bit duddies mysel'.
Oor gear bein' scant, unbefriended, unaided,
I mendit her stockin's an' clootit her sheen ;
An' blythe beat my breast as the broon curls I braided
That kiss'd the broad broo o' my wee cripple wean.

She's a little Minerva in wisdom, the kitty—
Ye'd wonder hoo words come sae glib to her tongue ;
Her funny remarkin', sae wise-like an' witty,
Amuses the auld an' dumbfoonders the young.
A Venus in beauty, as modest's a gowan,
A seraph in mind, a Madonna in mien,
Wi' a heartie sae tender, sae lovin', sae lowin',
She's a' body's body—my wee cripple wean.

MY WEE JAMIE.

Come ben to yer bedie, wee Jamie, come ben!
Yer the bonniest loonie in Cullen, I ken;
Come awa to yer posh, sup as muckle's ye can,
For dad will be hame in a jiffey, gude man!

Wow, me, but he's wearied, my bonnie pet wean!
There's knots that are botherin' his bricht hazel e'en;
His fair locks fa' back frae his bonnie white broo,
An' Jamie's asleep, wi' the speen in his mou'.

Sic a picture o' innocence, beauty, an' love,
The hardest o' herts to compassion micht move;
He's dreamin', he's smilin', he can hear seraphs sing—
Thro' star-studded skies he's awa on the wing!

Sleep on, my wee Jamie, an' bricht be thy dreams
In the land o' gold apples, near silvery streams!
Sleep on till to-morrow's sun merge frae the sea,
An' blythe be thy waukenin' to daddie an' me!

WILLIAM LINDSAY,

KIRRIEMUIR, was born in 1840. At a tender age he had to "fill his mither's pirns," and, as he tells us, *stand* and do it, for his arms were too short to "sit an' ca'." His school days were few, and after being a herd laddie, and serving the farmers for some time, he became a handloom weaver, then a bleacher, and latterly a travelling packman, selling "hame-made claith." As such, he is well known and highly respected in Forfar and Kincardineshire. During the last twenty years he has contributed many pieces of considerable merit to newspapers and magazines.

JEAN O' INCHMILL.

The mild simmer e'enin' fu' saftly was closin',
As doon frae my sheilin' I wander'd alane;
An' lichtly I trod by the clear windin' Prosen,
My heart fondly praisin' the charms o' my Jean.

In dark mountain corries the grey mist was creepin',
An' saft murmurs floated frae streamlet an' rill;
While love in my breist sole dominion was keepin',
Inspired by the presence o' Jean o' Inchmill.

The fond ewes lay at rest on the haughs o' Dalairr,
While round them their lammies were loupin' wi' glee;
The blackbird an' mavis their joys were declarin',
An' sae were in whispers my lassie an' me.

We strayed by the Prosen oor tales o' love tellin',
Till darkness had mantled ilk heather-crooned hill;
The stars lookit doon frae their blue vaultit dwellin',
An' smiled on my dearie, sweet Jean o' Inchmill.

The nurslings o' Flora that blaw by the fountains,
Nae fairer an emblem o' beauty can show;
She's pure as the breath o' her ain native mountains,
A charm gowden lucre can never bestow.

Awa' wi' your ladies o' fashion sae gaudy,
Wha think wi' fause airs to find lovers at will;
But gie me my lassie by Nature made ready
For cottage or castle—fair Jean o' Inchmill.

PETER M'ARTHUR

WAS born on the banks of the Severn, in the Abbey Parish of Paisley, in 1805. His parents belonged to the working classes, and he received the amount of education that usually fell to the lot of the working men's children of those days. At an early age he was apprenticed to the calico printing trade, but had scarcely served his indentures when he was offered an opportunity of learning pattern designing. As his taste ran in this direction he gladly accepted the offer, and entered on another apprenticeship. In this occupation he continued until a few years ago. He now occupies his time in painting.

At present (1880) he is preparing a volume of his poems for publication. In his national and patriotic pieces our poet is frequently heart-stirring, while those of a domestic turn show a keen appreciation of homely enjoyments; and a considerable degree of poetical expression and pleasing humour is shown in his character sketches. This is particularly marked in his "Happy Herd Laddie," and "The Last Witch-Wife of our Parish."

LAY BYE THIS STAFF FOR ME.

This staff o' rowan tree,
Gudewife, lay bye for me;
It's been my trusty freen through mony a changefu' day,
Since early beaming morn
Shone on the pearly corn,
O'er hill an' dale, we've wanderin' been, far, far away.

Quoth my wife, your staff an' you
Are turning feckless noo,
Time it is your wanderings were turning to an end.
But whaur may ye hae been?
What fairlies hae ye seen?
Truth, were ye toiled like me, ye'd hae less time to spend.

To this I made reply,
Whaur bees were humming by,
Amang the yellow whins an' the broom a' in bloom.
I hae been wanderin' there,
The scene was wild an' fair,
But nought can take frae threescore the sadness an' the gloom.

I heard the yorlin' sing,
I heard the woodlands ring,
Wi' merry, merry voices rejoicing in May.
The sangs were sweet an' clear,
But O! they couldna cheer
Like the strains I used to hear in life's early day.

I bade the place fareweel,
An' I sought yon lanely biel,
Whaur ance my fathers lived, an' we were happy a'.
The burn was gushing by,
How mournfu' seem'd its sigh!
An' green the nettles grew aroun' the roofless wa'.

My heart within was sair,
Nane bade me welcome there—
Nane wha wi' us the pleasures o' life's morning shared.
Then the place whaur a' maun rest
I sought wi' sadness pressed,
But they're a' sleeping soundly in the auld kirk yard.

Ilk meadow holm, an' grove
Whaur we twa used to rove,
I mused awhile amang them, then bade them a' fareweel;
They've grown sae changed an' drear,
There's naething truthfu' here,
But the hope that we hae cherished aye wi' heart sae leal.

My wife wi' wistfu' sigh,
Laid wires an' knitting by,
An' sadly she said, while a tear cam' to her e'e,
They are wisest an' best
Wha labour for their rest
In anither worl' than this, whaur grief canna be.

Then frae the shelf she took
The best—the auldest book,
An' smiling, she said, as she laid it on my knee,
There's wealth o' comfort there
Ye'll find nae ither where,
An' sangs worth the singing for folks like you an' me.

ANDREW YOUNG,

BETTER known as the author of "The Happy Land," is a native of Edinburgh. His father, the late Mr David Young, was for upwards of fifty years one of the most successful teachers in that city. The subject of this notice passed through a literary and theological course of study at the University of Edinburgh. In 1830 he was unanimously elected by the Edinburgh Town Council to the headmastership of the Niddry Street School. In this situation he remained for eleven years. In 1840 he was preferred to the head English Mastership in Madras College, St Andrews, an appointment which he held for thirteen years. Since his retirement from public duty, he has resided in Edinburgh. In 1876 the Messrs Nelson issued a very handsome volume of Mr Young's poems, entitled "The Scottish Highlands, and other Poems," which had a large sale, while copies were graciously accepted by Her Majesty and several members of the Royal family.

His popular and beautiful Sunday school hymn, "There is a Happy Land," which he composed many years ago, appears anonymously in some collections. Independent of this universally loved hymn, which has cheered numberless hearts in their life-pilgrimage, its author has gained a right to a good place amongst our present-day poets. All his effusions show a refined and truly poetic mind, and a beautiful and devout spirit. He appeals to the holiest emotions and the loftiest aspirations of his readers, while some of his larger poems, descriptive of scenery, and Nature in those moods which are suggestive of tenderness and of spiritual analogies, teem with beauty, gracefulness, and rich imagery. We quote the following from his University Prize Poem, "The Highlands of Scotland":—

O Scotia! much thy virtues are revered,
Unfading honours crown thy humble head;
To patriot hearts thou ever art endeared,
For in their cause thy noblest sons have bled.
But though a Wallace and a Bruce have spread
To every land the terror of thy fame,
The fathers of thy Covenant have shed
The brightest glories round thy sacred name,
And from thy children they immortal honours claim.

Sweet be your lot, ye sons of rural toil,
Who tend your bleating flocks on hill and plain;
May bounteous Heaven in richest blessings smile,
And crown your labours with abundant gain!
Nor shall the fond and willing Muse disdain
To wake her numbers in such lowly theme,
When Israel's mighty king in loftiest strain,
And Mantua's classic bard in loved esteem,
Of humble shepherd sung, and sang of vale and stream.

Oft o'er the heath-clad mead at evening-tide
The plaided rustics bend their homeward way;
While o'er the echoing hills is heard to glide
The joyful hum of village far away.
Sweet consummation of departed day!
To meet again when summer's task is done;
And in the calm and leafy wood to stray,
Where mossy streams in sweetest cadence run,
And where affection's smile and dearest love are won.

A SUMMER SABBATH EVENING.

How sweet the landscape on a Sabbath eve,
When summer smiles in garniture of flowers !
We climb some gentle hill, and view the scene
That in supernal beauty lies around.
Far on the wide horizon flows the stream,
Or rolling river, onward to the sea,
On which is seen some noble vessel, bound,
With precious freight, for some far distant shore.
The intervening plains are richly clad
With waving grain, or Nature's verdant robe ;
And here and there a paradise of flowers
Emits its fragrance to the balmy air.
A peaceful village nestles in the shade
And friendly shelter of a leafy wood
That skirts the neighbouring hill ; and eglantine
And blooming roses deck each cottage door,
Where sit the happy inmates, to enjoy
The Sabbath quiet, and inhale the breeze
That, rich with garden odours, passes by,
And breathes a blessing over all around.
And there, presiding genius of the scene,
The village church in simple beauty stands ;
The humble spire, with constant, silent aim,
Still pointing up to purer lands above,
And ever teaching the momentous truth
That in that sinless home a welcome waits
For all the holy, who shall there enjoy
Eternal peace—an endless Sabbath-day.
On such an eve as this, the very sky
Assumes a purer azure, and the fields
And flowers seem sweeter ; while the limpid streams
Glide on with softer ripples, and the birds,
From many a leafy branch, or on the wing
Far up, in peace, amid a purer air,
Send forth, in gushing melody, a strain
Of richer warbling than on other days.
But now afar, behind the distant hills,
The golden sunset passes from the view,
And from the darkening east, with onward tread,
The fleecy clouds of silent night appear.
And yet it is not night, but mellowed day,
For soon the silver beams of Luna shed
A hallowed radiance over all the scene,
That gradual melts into the dawning morn.
Sweet Sabbath eve ! thy still and peaceful hours
Are very grateful to my musive soul,
That ever finds, amid the cares of life,
A dear and holy breathing-time in thee.
Still gently shade thy influence around
Where true devotion has its sacred shrine ;
Still to my heart be thy sweet blessings given,
Till brighter Sabbaths shall be mine in heaven.

JAMES MACKAY,

MILLER, was born at Leyton, Kincardine O'Neil, Aberdeenshire, in 1838. He has written during the past twenty years many verses which have appeared in local newspapers.

RORY AND DONALD.

Some years ago twa Hielan' men,
  Wha own'd some Hielan' ewes and hogs,
Thocht they wad greater riches gain
  Were they to sell ewes, hogs, and dogs,
An' tak' a shoppie in the toon,
  Where they could sell real "Toch-in-eal,"
For didna they see mony roun'
  Wha got their gigs by sellin' ale?

In spotless shirt and apron white
  They widna think o' giein' trust,
But sell the gill frae morn to night,
  An' gather in the placks like dust.
They sold their flocks, an' left behind
  The glen that's scarce disturbed by tillage,
An' took a shoppie to their mind
  Within a muckle "o'ergrown village."

Their shop was in a quiet street,
  A better place could scarcely be,
Till then it was the snug retreat
  O' Widow Broon an' bairnies three.
For alterations an' for stock
  Sae heavy sums they paid awa',
That on the day they drew the lock
  They'd just a groat atween the twa.

Nae customer frae morn to noon
  Appeared to fill their empty till,
When Rory said to Donald, "Loon,
  See here's a groat, lat's hae a gill."
They baith declar'd it first-rate stuff,
  An' ower't their lips gied mony a smack;
Syne Donald took a pinch o' snuff,
  An' paid the groat to Rory back.

Hoo aft they drank they never said,
  An' sure to us it matters not,
For ilka gill they drank was paid,
  Although they didna mak' a groat.
But soon they saw that wadna do,
  An' left it for their native glen,
And bocht some sheep; tho' puirer noo,
  We hope at least they're wiser men.

L. J. NICOLSON.

He dreamt he saw his northern skies,
His pining heart grew strong,
And with glad tears within his eyes
He wakened into song.—L. J. N.

LAURANCE JAMES NICOLSON is a native of Shetland, from whose storm-beaten shores travels southward a race of men of active emotional nature, bearing within them that northern fire which seeks an outlet in song or vigorous movement. To Mr Nicolson is justly due the title of "Bard of Thule." No verses we have met so thoroughly breathe as his of the atmosphere of the northern land, and skies made bright by the "merry dancers," or reflect with such truth the charm of the island scenery and associations. He was born in the town of Lerwick, in 1844. His school education was not of an elaborate character, and it ceased with the death of his father, which took place when the subject of our notice was eleven years of age. While her son was still in early boyhood, the mother removed to Dalkeith, and now had to be faced the problem of a livelihood. An islander nursed on the traditions of a hardy race naturally wanted to go to sea, but the mother had with tears already given a son to that dangerous calling. Our poet had therefore to betake himself to slicing wood and rough-edging tools under the impression that he was to be a cabinetmaker, and he served the usual apprentice term to a tradesman in Dalkeith. Attaining to the dignity and responsibilities of a journeyman he found employment in Edinburgh, though not without undergoing the discomforts of competition in an overstocked labour market. A year later his mother, whose true womanliness and taste for poetry made her a congenial companion to her somewhat shy and reserved son, was carried away after a brief illness. This loss was the cause of his first attempt at the poetical

expression of sorrow, in which unhappy fate has since made him an adept. A prolonged illness, to which both bodily and mental ailments had conduced, and which threatened to develop into consumption, led to Mr Nicolson putting aside his handicraft and seeking the lighter duties of a clerk. Latterly he has found more congenial work in travelling for a business house, as it affords him the open air movement that both health and natural instinct demand.

There is a note in Mr Nicolson's song that must be recognised to know him as he is. Fatherland has been to him an inspiration, but the nervous force of much of his verse also conveys the impression of a heart thrilling under the enthusiasm of humanity, and burning to overthrow priestly and kingly craft. In the productions of his deeper moods there is an ever present sense of the mysteries of life and death, and a cheerful reliance on truths of human nature—in short a patient faith in science and man, the expression of which gives to Mr Nicolson a somewhat unique position among our song writers.

In point of style his poems and lyrics are noticeable for polish of diction and an easy melodious flow, while they evince command of varied metrical forms. He has the selective instinct which is not satisfied unless every word in a line adds to its music, and in a special degree he possesses a poet's ear for rhythm and rhyme. It is this technical accuracy, joined to other qualities of thought, which without doubt causes his songs to be so much in request with musicians. Many of his songs have been set to music, have been published in sheet form, and have already become deservedly popular. As a specimen of a pure lyric, that flows of itself to music, we give the following. Nothing could well be daintier, more melodious, or effective as an expression of enjoyment in love and life than the first verse, while in the second a note of pathos is struck with touching power.

IT WAS THE TIME OF ROSES.

It was the time of roses,
We met, my love and I;
And Beauty's hand had crown'd the land,
And music filled the sky.
Our souls were thrilled with rapture,
I know not how or why,
We wandered on by wood and stream,
And love was life, and life a dream.
Whate'er the spell,
I know full well
It was the time of roses
We met, my love, and I.

But when the first pale snowdrop
Was opening into flower,
My own! my own! was stricken down:
But saved from wind and shower
To keep my heart from breaking,
One little bud for dower.
One little bud—a tender care
From my dead flower that was so fair,
So I will trace
A vanished face,
When my own little snowdrop
Is opening into flower.

SORROW.

I know thy pale, pale face, and thoughtful brow,
I've communed with thee in the silent hours,
And wept with thee, oh lonely one, and now
I weave for thy sad brow a wreath of flowers.

A little child will twine it round thy head,
A little bright-haired boy with large blue eyes,
Where dawning genius such a light hath shed,
As that upspringing through bright morning skies.

Enthroned art thou a queen, as sad as fair,
And in my heart thou keepest royal state,
So nothing base can ever enter there,
Nor aught ignoble with thy nature mate.

Oh, in the paths of wisdom lead thou me,
And I will follow, though my sight be dim;
The homage, oh sweet Sorrow, paid to thee
Is part of that deep love I bear to him.

For now a mystic union joins us twain,
That will abide, like everlasting truth;
And so in mem'ry, free from any pain,
He lives forever in eternal youth.

He climbs upon my knee, I hear him speak,
I feel his clasping arms about my neck;
And then I smile, and tears are on my cheek,
And but for this, I think, my heart would break.

A. C. BARKER,

A NATIVE of Woodside, Aberdeen, was born in 1818. He published in 1880 a volume entitled "Fifty Years' Rhymes and Reminiscences," in which are incorporated verses by his father and a few of his friends. Many of his pieces are happy and original; and having been resident for a number of years in America, several of his efforts have appeared in publications of that country.

ON LEAVING AMERICA.

Oh bear me to mine own fair land,
Glide swift thou bark along;
Restore me to the merry band,
And social family throng.
No joy it gives to roam afar,
A stranger and unknown;
This ship shall with the ocean war,
And bear me to my home.

Let others roam in foreign lands,
And pine and die for gold;
Be mine to own my country's bands,
And know her worth untold;
Be mine to own affection's sway,
And charm of kindred prove;
Let rivers wild far distant stray,
Give me the home of love.

Yes! let them boast of sunny climes,
And wealth a golden store;
What are they all to him who pines
For his own native shore?
Away, my bark, before the breeze,
And swiftly glide along,
Bear, bear me to mine own fair land
Of beauty and of song.

ALEXANDER SHAND,

BORN at Drumblade, Aberdeenshire, in 1845, received a very limited education, for at the age of nine he was sent to tend cattle. He amused himself by composing doggerel rhymes of great length, unworthy of preservation. In 1865 he joined the 78th Highlanders, served with them in Gibraltar and Canada, and published a small volume in 1869 at Montreal, 1000 copies of which were sold in three days. He then left the army by purchase, and since that time he has been employed as a book canvasser. In 1880 he published a fourth edition of his book, entitled "The White Cockade." His effusions are spirited, and have a military clang.

A BLIGHTED LIFE.

A bonnie wee bairn so pure and so fair,
A sweet little rosebud with rich golden hair;
By day she is laughing with perfect delight,
And oh! what a rare sleeping beauty by night:

A bonnie young lassie all frolic and fun,
A gay little fairy too wild for a nun!
The pride of her playmates, without any art
She smiles upon all and soon gains every heart:

A fair stately maiden whose glorious eyes
Are brighter than anything under the skies,
One pleading look sure a cynic would melt,
And one guileless glance annihilate guilt:

A fond loving woman all goodness and truth,
Entrusting her soul to an amorous youth;
Deeply she loves him, and cannot believe
That he could seduce, then forsake and deceive:

A wild reckless beauty that nightly will roam
The streets of the city, forgetful of home;
Curs'd is the place where she chooses to dwell,
Hollow the mirth of that horrible hell:

A poor faded beauty, lorn, weary and wan;
Back to the place where that lost life began,
To die and be laid in the grave's dark abode,
Trusting not man, but the mercy of God.

THE VETERAN'S TALE.

On Abram's Heights above Quebec,
Upon a summer day.
Two soldiers in the Highland garb
For pleasure there did stray.
They little thought the soil they trod
Was famed for martial story;
Nor did they dream that on that plain
Wolfe led his men to glory.

They walk'd along with careless steps
O'er ashes of the brave,
Until they reach'd a monument
That mark'd a hero's grave.
Upon its base an old man stood,
His tall and stately form
Proud and erect at ninety years—
Yes! years of war and storm.

The veteran turn'd and thus he spoke,
You're three times welcome here;
I have not seen a kilted lad
For many a long, long year.
The waving of your tartan plaids
Can cheer my heart once more,
And brightly brings before my mind
The happy days of yore.

When in my native Highland glen
I woo'd a lovely maid,
And proud was I to spread for her
My bonnie tartan plaid.
Upon the heath beside the loch
I asked her to be mine;
She blush'd and whisper'd her consent,
To me 'twas bliss divine.

But war and strife did then arise,
And tore me from my bride;
The dark Atlantic did us soon
Two thousand miles divide.
Years roll'd along, years mark'd with blood,
And war was still in store,
But that fair girl, all for my sake,
Left Scotland's happy shore.

She braved the dangers of the deep,
Love banish'd every fear;
She sought me in this distant land,
And found me fighting here.
Yes! on this spot—sacred to fame—
In midst of war's alarms,
When gallant Wolfe fell to the earth,
She fell into my arms.

The shout of vict'ry then was raised,
The French were forced to yield ;
The dying hero heard the cry—
"They run, they quit the field !"
I was detail'd that night to guard
The wounded and the dead ;
But light that duty was to me,
Along with that dear maid.

How strange to see a soldier's bride
Standing amid the slain ;
And yet that maid was made my wife
Upon that gory plain.
We knelt beside a wounded man,
By him the knot was tied ;
He call'd on Heaven to witness all,
Then bless'd us both and died.

J. J. BROWN

WAS born in Kilsyth, in 1859, and follows the business of a chemist in Glasgow. In 1876, while yet a youth of seventeen, he published a very interesting little volume entitled "Visionary Rhymes, or the Tuneings of a Youthful Harp." It appropriately bore the following motto from his favourite poet Pollok:—

> But whatsoever was both good and fair,
> And highest relish of enjoyment gave,
> In intellectual exercise was found,
> When gazing through the future, present, past,
> Inspired, thought linked to thought, harmonious flowed
> In poetry—the loftiest mood of mind.

His verses are thoughtful, reflective, and compact, being more suggestive of emotional art than directly descriptive.

THE HOURS OF PRIME.

Ye mornings gay,
Ye dawnings of the day,
How pleasant is the cheer ye shed around !
I will awake,
And of your sweets partake,
Fly, sleep, for you it is forbidden ground.

How grand ! how blest !
To see the morn's grey mist
With nightly shadows flying from the fields ;
To watch the dawn
Steal slowly o'er the lawn,
And feel the freshness that the morning yields.

Sweet Hours of Prime,
Ye give us ample time
In which to plan our duties for the day,
So that our toils,
Our business and turmoils,
May move harmoniously along their way.

Ye sluggards, ho !
The curtain draws, and lo !
The eastern portals open on the sight ;
Forth rush bright rays,
The clouds seem all ablaze,
And stars are swept away with beams of light.

Rise ye, and scorn
Dull sloth, and view the morn
On Nature's lofty and extensive stage ;
And gather life
To aid you in the strife
And tumult of this enterprising age.

On hoary hills,
Or by the rippling rills,
While morning calmly leads her hours of bliss ;
Go, meditate
On your existing state,
And gather up the wreck of purposes.

I will arise
And view the eastern skies
Dressing themselves in radiance clear and bright.
The cooling breeze
That whistles through the trees
Will waft me into rapture and delight.

WILLIAM DONALDSON

DESERVES a place amongst the poets of Scotland. The spirit of song was within him even when at school, and his chief delight was to amuse his

companions by a recitation of such verses as he had composed on everyday events occurring in the village or its school. He was born in the parish of Rathven, in Banffshire, in 1847. He was destined to be a printer, and the occupation suited him. At the "case" he improved his education, and his leisure hours at home were spent in imitating the ballad-poetry of his native land. To some extent he was successful, for in his eighteenth year he published a volume entitled "The Queen Martyr, and other Poems," which was indeed highly creditable to his years, and attracted considerable notice at the time. In Donaldson there were nearly all the elements of a good poet. True, he was accounted a strange "loon," for genius and eccentricity were curiously blended in his character. His memory will long be cherished by many friends in Elgin and the north. At the time of his death, which occurred at Leeds, in 1876, and before he had attained his thirtieth year, he had become an expert newspaper writer, and there seemed before him honourable distinction as a reward for noble ambition.

OH! MITHER, DINNA GREET FOR ME.

Oh! Mither, dinna greet for me,
My waes 'll sune be owre:
I'm fadin' fast aneath the blast,
Like ony tender flower
That peeps abune the yird in spring,
Amid the meltin' snaw,
Syne shiverin' i' the chillin' air
Draps doon, an' dees awa!

Oh! Mither, dinna greet for me,
Dicht up that shinin' tear,
For sabbin' canna men' my fate,
Nor sighin' keep me here!
I cudna sleep the lee lang nicht,
Yet nae a word I spak'—
The strength o' sorrow chain'd my lips,
My heart was like to brak'!

I saw ye stir the smouldrin' fire,
An' con the haly beuk;
I saw ye turn yer face to heaven
Wi' earnest, wistfu' look;

I heard the lang an' fervent prayer
That left yer trem'lin' tongue,
An' shudder't at the rebel wish
I michtna dee so young!

Oh! Mither, dinna greet for me,
Those joyfu' days are gane,
An' tho' they winna mair come back
I'll never ance complain;
But I wad fain gang doon the howe,
Aside the crystal burn,
Whaur aft I've wiven rashencaps
At ilka wimplin' turn!

Oh! Mither, dinna greet for me,
Nor pine whan I'm awa,
Whan doon within the bosky glen
The gems o' simmer blaw.
Ye'll maybe come each sunny morn,
Wi' spink an' modest spray,
To deck the damp sepulchral mools
O'er my unconscious clay!

DAVID BLYTH,

SEAMAN and poet, lived a quiet and useful life, although a brief one, for he died young. That he was a poet, or given at all to verse-making, not even his most intimate friends knew. After his death a little M.S. volume was found amongst his papers, neatly written, and apparently prepared for publication. He came of a talented family, who had long held an influential position in Dundee, where he was born in 1810. At the age of sixteen he entered the merchant navy, and in subsequent years he sailed twice round the world, and made numerous voyages of less ample circle. Having received a liberal education he soon rose from the ranks; he was well up in astronomy and navigation, and his poems give evidence of a scientific taste far beyond the ordinary acquirements of a sailor. Failing health compelled him to leave the sea, and the disease making rapid

progress, he expired quietly and hopefully in his twenty-eighth year.

In 1879 a selection of his pieces was published in a handsome volume, entitled "The Pirate Ship, and other Poems." This beautiful volume was edited with loving care and taste by a relative, "B.M.," and the work also contained a specimen of water-colour drawing by the poet, and an extensive appendix, consisting of poems and songs by various members of the Blyth family, showing that they possess in no small degree the poetic faculty. One of these, "Argyll's Prayer," would well have adorned our volume.

Simple in style, and generally inartistic in construction, the poems of David Blyth reveal the state of his feelings, and the aspirations and longings of his heart in a manner singularly transparent and natural.

ON ADVERSITY.

When fortune showers her gifts upon our head,
When friends are round us and pale sickness fled,
By pride inflated, and rebellious grown,
We deem the Almighty's acts are all our own!
And, wealth and favour waiting on our nod,
We, impious, dare to question, Who is God?

Presumptuous mortal! 'tis to such as thee,
He sends his minister, Adversity!
A stern unbending teacher, but a sure,
Who lowers to exalt, and punishes to cure.
Before his lowering brow and piercing eye
False friends fall off, and lovers turn and fly;
The world, which lately lived but in our smile,
Now seeks some other minion to beguile:
The sterling merit of each gift is shown,
Accomplishments once envied useless grown.

What is the poverty we dread and fear?—
Food thousands eat, and clothes ten thousand wear,
Glad for such homely fare and rude attire,
To face each danger and each new desire.
What though no gorgeous trappings may surround,
Say, are our dreams less pleasing, sleep less sound,
Our food less nourishing, or clothes less warm?
Go, look on sated luxury's nerveless arm.

Has labour marred the beauty of our frame?
Can poverty degrade an honest name?
Is there no happiness below but wealth?
Are palaces the favoured haunts of health?
Does partial nature paint the orient skies
To hide her beauties from our humble eyes?

Adversity ameliorates the heart,
Though poor ourselves, we give the beggar part,
And, taught by sympathy, relieve the poor,
We turned unpitied from our gate before.
Adversity improves the mind and head,
The world our lesson, and it must be read,
Our intercourse with men will teach us this,
While wealth may loll in ignorance and bliss.

Whose beaming eye exults o'er land and main!—
The prisoner ransomed from a bed of pain;
To him stern destiny decrees to roam;
How *doubly dear* his kindred and his home!
A cup of water and a crust of bread—
Lo! famine is luxuriously fed;
There's not an ill that time or tide can bring,
But from its root some latent good may spring.
Hope grows on want, bliss, pain in endless round—
The last unknown, the first will be unfound.

Who dares impugn the just decrees of God,
Rail at His judgments or resent His word!
Short-sighted mortal know that God on this
Our present pain may graft our future bliss;
Root every guilty passion from our mind,
And scorch the ore to leave the dross behind.

Though knaves unbribed may bear an honest face,
And vice untempted walk in virtue's guise;
Though fulness steal not—luxury complain,
And fortune's sons bless God for all they gain;
Urged by adversity, each latent seed
Shoots forth confessed a rank luxuriant weed.
Who then on human merit shall decide?
When all are honest, who but are untried!

Impartial, thou unmask'st the coward-knave,
But twinest laurels for the good and brave.
Strip'st from hypocrisy her borrowed smile,
Unfolds duplicity's deep working guile;
Unveils each character till now unknown,
And teachest whom to love and whom to shun.

WILLIAM CADENHEAD

IS a native of Aberdeen, where he was born in 1819. Being now in his sixty-second year, well and hearty, he continues to amuse himself, in the pauses of a busy life, writing verse. Having been put to work at a factory when he was only nine years old, he had but a scanty education. This, in his leisure hours, he strove to improve; and his mind took a poetical bent by the reading of Beattie's "Minstrel." As early as 1839 he published a tale in verse, "The Prophecy," being an endeavour to realise the fulfilment of Thomas the Rhymer's vaticination regarding the old bridge of Balgownie, near Aberdeen, celebrated by Byron in "Don Juan," and in a note thereon. He continues to write to the newspapers and other periodicals, and in 1853 published a volume, "Flights of Fancy, and Lays of Bon Accord." In 1856 he published a guide book to his native city, under the title of "The New Book of Bon Accord." This small volume, into which he has woven several of his poems, and contributions to antiquarian publications, is now in its fifth edition. Mr Cadenhead has wrought himself up to the position of a wholesale wine and spirit merchant in Aberdeen, and enjoys the admiration and esteem of his fellow-citizens, many of whom frequently urge him to collect and publish another volume of his verses. Selections from his effusions have appeared in Roger's "Minstrel," and other popular national works. Several of his character sketches manifest a graphic power of description, and are seasoned throughout by pawky Scotch humour. His shorter pieces are sweetly plaintive, and abound with passages of true poetry and touches of nature.

HOPE.

Hope biggit a bower on a sunny knowe,
Whare the flowers sprang fresh and mony—
Whare the wild bee pip'd its lonely strain,
And the birds sang sweet and bonny—
Whare the win', on its saft and scented wing,
Cam' whisp'rin' o' groves and streams—
And there she lean'd her the lee-lang day,
And painted her gowden dreams.

She looked to the Past—and the days o' youth
Shone out in their beauty and glee,
Ere the guileless heart was chill'd wi' care,
Or a grief had dimm'd the e'e;
And the rosy cheek, and the dimpled chin,
And the flow o' gowden hair,
And the soul unstain'd wi' a spot o' sin,
Was the picture she painted there.

She look'd to the Present—but love was sae cauld,
And friendship sae mickle a name;
And the lust o' wealth, and the pride o' power,
And the breathless race for fame,
Sae steel'd men's hearts and stain'd their souls,
That, but for a blossom fair,
Now here, now there, in a sweet green nook,
She had yielded to black despair.

She looked to the Future—the wee lone flowers
Spread out in the sunny air,
Till they fill'd the earth wi' their sweet perfume,
And the leme o' their beauty rare;
And even the love o' the fairy Past,
And its faith and its fealty true,
Grew dim in the gowden dreams o' Hope,
When the Future was spread to view.

Thus Hope dreamed on while the flowers were bright,
And the merry sunbeams shone,
But night came down, and there wisna a flower
For her e'e to light upon.
O, whare could she gang for a gowden dream now?
The stars shone out on high;
And, if dreams o' the Past and the Future were fair,
'Twas Elysium her dream o' the sky.

O, fortune may smile, or fortune may frown,
And sorrow may vex and pain,
But while we have Hope wi' her gowden dreams,
They vex and frown in vain.
For sick o' the Present, or griev'd at the Past,
The Future will ever be given,
And even though Hope were an exile frae earth,
She'd cheer us wi' dreams frae heaven!

THE LAVEROCK'S SANG.

Up and awa, wi' a sang o' glee,
The laverock springs frae the flowery lea,
Scatt'ring its strains wi' a prodigal mirth,
Till they fa' like dews on the listening earth ;
Till they ring through the azure ha's aboon
Like the echoes o' the angels' tune,
Or stop in the midst o' a gushin' strain,
As if its wee heartie had burst in twain,
While it sinks wi' a sudden stoop and hover
To its nest 'mong the honey blabs o' clover.
While ye watch the speck in the sunny cloud,
And listen the lay, now low, now loud,
While its silver notes in your ears are ringin',
Wad ye ken what the wee winged bard is singin' ?
'Tis thus that the bairnies interpret the lays,
As they wander in groups o'er the gowany braes—
" Malisons, malisons, mair than ten
That harrie the nest o' the heavenly hen,
But benisons, benisons, mair than three
That look to my eggies, and lat them be ! "

When the spring wi' the licht o' its youthfu' prime
Has ripened to balmy summer time ;
When its fragrant blossom the hawthorn sheds
Like breathings o' love through the woodland glades,
And ye seem to see the saft winds as they pass
Wi' a stoop and a kiss o'er the waving grass ;
And the rose looks out frae its palace fair,
And spreads a' its charms to the amorous air ;
And the butterfly flits, like an angel-flower,
On noiseless wings frae bower to bower ;
And the fair wee clouds o' the lily hue
Are dreaming alang o'er the sky's deep blue ;
Up, up 'mang their faulds there's a wee bird flutters,
And this is the gentle strain that it utters—
" Malisons, malisons, mair than ten
That harrie the nest o' the heavenly hen ;
But benisons, benisons, mair than three
That look at my eggies, and lat them be ! "

O ! bonnie wee bairnies, sae guileless and sweet,
Pu'in' the wild flowers that spring 'mang your feet,
Deckin' the broos o' your lassock-loves
Wi' flowers o' the meadows, or blooms o' the groves,
Or necklaces stringin' o' dandelion stalks,
As ye prattle alang on your innocent walks—
O cherish the sang that the laverocks sing,
O earn the blessing the laverock wad bring !
If the blooms o' the clover should tempt you to pass
'Mang the waving tufts o' the meadow grass,
And the laverock's laigh hame, like a bountiful prize,
Be spread to the gaze o' your wondering eyes,

And its fine little eggies, sae sleek and sae fair,
Might tempt you to steal them—beware ! beware !
Far up in the sky there's a wee heart fluttering,
And this is the prayer that heartie's uttering—
Hark ! do you hear it ? it rings sae clear
That ilka sweet wordie fa's saft on the ear—
"Malisons, malisons, mair than ten
That harrie the nest o' the heavenly hen ;
But benisons, benisons, mair than three
That look to my eggies, and lat them be ! "

JAMES MARSHALL BELL,

LOVING, gifted, and tender-hearted, gave great promise as a poet, but was called away at an early age. He was born about 1842, and spent the greater part of his life in Glasgow. After leaving school, he attended for a session or two the University, where it was intended he should study for the medical profession. Circumstances intervened, however, which prevented his intentions being carried out, and he entered a large warehouse as a commercial clerk. He afterwards became a traveller for a stationer's firm in Glasgow, and was subsequently appointed to a similar situation with a firm in Edinburgh. While travelling for them in Dumfries he died very suddenly about the year 1876.

THE BRAVE AND FAIR.

Ah ! mourn with me the young and brave
Whose heart was strong, whose soul was free,
But found a deep and lonely grave—
The sea ! the sea !
He came from far to claim his bride,
From Orient home 'neath cedar tree,
But sank beneath the wailing tide—
Ah, me ! Ah, me !

Ah ! mourn with me the young and fair
Whose heart was pure, whose love was deep ;
Whose sinking soul forbade despair
To weep, to weep !
Hope in her bosom struggling stay'd,
And linger'd long its life to keep—
One soul-sad sigh, then sank the maid
Asleep, asleep !

A. DALGLISH.

WAS born in 1856 at the farm of Hazeldean, in the parish of Stonehouse. After receiving a fair education at the parish school of Strathaven, he at the age of fourteen entered a mercantile house in Glasgow, where he is still employed. His muse is of a happy cast, and a long poem entitled, "Bauldy's Hay Stack," shows considerable descriptive power, and broad rollicking humour.

O COME, WE'LL TO THE HOLMS O' CLYDE.

O come we'll to the holms o' Clyde,
Whaur wimplin' waters saftly glide;
I'll tak' ye in my guid auld plaid,
An' trow ye shallna weary.
The mune is glintin' ow'r the Law,
An' sweetly does the gloamin' fa';
We'll wend oor way doon through the shaw,—
Fy, come awa', my dearie.

To own thy bosom's honest flame
I'd scorn the summit post o' fame.
Whaur conquering kings hae carved their name
Abune the lowly vassal—
A cottage by the birken tree,
And there my days to spend wi' thee;
Then happier I couldna be,
Though lorded in a castle.

The city ladies dress fu' fine,
Wi' jewels bright that glancin' shine:
But when ye lay yer cheek to mine
Sae lovin' an' sae kindly,
Then dearest gem o' a' thou art,
Frae thee I vow I'll never part,
Or ever grieve the tender heart,
That trusted me sae blindly.

Now come, my lassie, come wi' me
To whaur the Clyde rins wimplin' free,
The dew is sparkling on the lea,
The simmer nicht is cheery.
Nae ruthless throng shall break the spell,
Whaur grows the brier and heather bell;
A' fresh an' charmin' like thysel',
Sae come awa', my dearie.

JOHN BELL,

IS a native of the Scottish Border, having been born near Kelso. The greater part of his earlier years were spent in England. In 1860 his family removed to Forfarshire, John was apprenticed to a writer in Arbroath, and at present he is in the employment of the firm of Tod, Murray, & Jamieson, Edinburgh. Besides writing in pithy Doric, he has composed numerous English songs and poems, his most noteworthy effort being "A Holiday Dream in Borderland," in the theme of which he has interwoven much of graceful fancy, with vivid description. It first appeared in the *People's Journal*, and was afterwards quoted extensively. He is also known as a thoughtful essay-writer, and amongst his intimate friends he is known as an amateur landscape painter of no mean power.

POETS.

"And what's the use of Poets," say you?
"The world would wag as well without them."
Ah, rashly spoken words, and all untrue;
Else why would reason, sense, and nature flout them
As the mere snarlings of Earth's grovelling crew?

"And what's the use of Poets," say you?
Ask Nature what she'd be without her breezes,
Whose soft Æolian sighing wakes the Spring;
Or ask the flower which wooed and sucked by bees is,
If it dislikes their pleasant murmuring.

"And what's the use of Poets," say you?
Go ask the throbbing ocean what she'd be
If love-lit Luna on her ceased to shine—
Her great attraction gone—her every sea
Would lie as lifeless as the dark Euxine.

"And what's the use of Poets," say you?
Ask Earth what she would be without Heaven's dew,
The rain, the sunshine, or the odorous flowers,
Or e'en without her merry warbling crew,
The sweet melodious minstrels of the bowers!

What all these are to Earth, are Poets, then,
In Virtue's cause and Love's their lyres resound
With strains that ever elevate the mind;
Learn, then, to speak of Poets as they're found—
The gentlest, sweetest teachers of mankind!

MRS JESSIE MORTON,

THE tuneful authoress of "The Broken Bowel"—a graphic poem full of pawky humour, extensively appreciated on both sides of the Tweed, and received with the utmost enthusiasm when lately recited by Miss M. Aitken, throughout Australia and New Zealand—was born at Dalkeith, near Edinburgh, about 1824. Her father was Mr John M'Intosh, one of those intelligent, deeply-read booksellers, now fast fading away. Comparatively early in life she settled in the Kingdom of Fife; and Oakley, Dysart, and Kirkcaldy were in turn her home. Finally she went to the "auld grey toon" of Dunfermline, where she has since resided. As a girl her strong poetic taste showed itself, and Scotch editors eagerly inserted her productions.

In 1866 Mr Nimmo published her collected poems in a handsome illustrated volume, and this was shortly afterwards followed by cheaper editions. The critics were not slow to recognise her genius; and the leading papers in the country were loud in their eulogiums, even the London *Spectator* losing, before the delicious melody of her verse, its accustomed predjudice, had a good word for our Scottish authoress.

The most ambitious effort in this volume is a poem of some 700 lines, entitled "Clarkson Gray." It would be ungraceful for us to forget that this poem was written for the purpose of providing a Hospital for Incurables. The secret of Mrs Morton's charm lies in her Truth. She is true to Nature, and yet never false to her Art. Truth, ennobling and immortal, gleams through every line she has published. "Clarkson Gray" exhibits considerable skill in versification, strong descriptive powers; and a curiously deep knowledge of the human heart. But it is in her shorter pieces that Mrs Morton is seen at her

best. In these she fairly revels in her rich, quaint, sonorous Doric, handled with supreme delicacy. In these you see, clear as the brightest day, the loveable nature of the woman—her keenness, her pawky, kindly humour, her intense hatred of all that is false, her adoration of the beautiful in animate and inanimate nature, and her sympathetic, tender heart. Mrs Morton is never grand, but she is always beautiful. She never dazzles, but she always fascinates, and callous, and unlovely indeed will have grown the world when it forgets that sweetest of sweet songs—

YER NEARER GOD, MY BAIRNIE.

Yer nearer God, my bairnie !
  Than when ye were wi' me ;
An' though we noo hae pairtit,
  It's only for a wee.

An' ilka nicht that I lie doon,
  Before I steek my e'e,
My heart gies thanks that I hae come
  A day's march nearer thee.

Owre guid wert thou, my bairnie !
  Owre guid to bide wi' me ;
I only got ye, bairnie,
  To *haud* ye for a wee.

An' while I held ye to my heart,
  Sae dear wert thou to me,
I thocht if ye were askit back—
  My bairnie ! I wad dee.

'Twas awfu' sair, my bairnie,
  'Twas awfu' sair to pairt ;
An' O it's awfu' sair to live
  An' hae a broken heart.

But safe are ye, my bairnie !
  The gentle heart o' thine
Will never, never ken the woe
  That wrings this heart o' mine.

Although I ken yer faulded safe,
  An' Wisdom says to me,
That "I sud gladly thole what's gien
  Sic happiness to thee"—

It's ill to see through blindin' tears
  A truth sae sair to learn ;
Fain, fain wad I hae keepit thee,
  My bonnie, bonnie bairn !

THE WEE SPUNK LADDIE.

Langsyne a wee wean used to come to our door,
His claes were aye dirty an' duddie ;
His feetie were blacken'd wi' mony a score,
An' we ca'd him the Wee Spunk Laddie.

He'd stan' at the door wi' the spunks i' his lap,
An' a bunch i' his wee bit han'ie ;
My mither wad gie his bit headie a clap,
An' ca' him "her wee bit mannie !"

Aye blate was his look when his piecie he gat,
An' ance we speert whaur was his daddie ;
Sae red grew his cheek an' sae little he spak,—
We were wae for the Wae Spunk Laddie.

An' aye we jealoused he fear'd to gang hame
When fardens were few in his neevie,
For sair wad the wee laddie greet by his lane,
An' sab owre his wee droukit sleevie.

Whan Willie wad bogle at Doddy's aul' coat,
My mither wad fleetch the bit laddie ;
Belyve, she wad tell him, just "never to mind,
She wad gie't to the Wee Spunk Laddie."

Whan ane his bit luggie o' milk wadna hane,
An' leave owre a sowp o' his crowdie ;
Oh, he was ca'd "thankless" and "wasterfu' wean,"
That sud think o' the Wee Spunk Laddie.

But she kiss'd us a' roun' and the tear gather'd big.
Whan she heard a' aboot our bit plannie,
To put our bawbees in the aul' pirrlie pig,
To buy claes to the Wee Spunk Laddie.

An' oh, whan we took the bit wean to the kirk,,
Sae fear'd like he took his bit placie ;
We wish'd a guid wish frae the core o' our heart,
As we watch'd his bit shilpit facie.

An' aye he cam back, an' his wistfu' bit look
Wad counsell'd the thochtless an' gaudy ;
For He that aye kens what the helpless maun brook,
Was guidin' the Wee Spunk Laddie.

Noo the puir bodies' frien', wha's braw shop's his ain,
Wi' the sign o' the Gowden Caddie,
Was ance a bit waefu', dung-donnert-like wean,
For *he ance was the Wee Spunk Laddie.*

JAMES GERRIE

WAS born at Crosshill, Lumphanan, Aberdeenshire, in 1852. On leaving school he took to agricultural pursuits in his native place, but at seventeen he removed to Carstairs, near Lanark, and four years later he obtained a situation in a mercantile establishment in Glasgow. He is the author of several reflective and descriptive poems and numerous songs of a cheerful and homely nature. The scene of the following song, of which we give a portion, is Glentanner.

POPPIN' THE QUESTION.

Thy waters are pure as the fountains
That ooze frae the rocks on Mount Keen,
Transparent as diamonds frae tropical mountains,
An' fresh as the snaws on Colbleen:
But purer than fountain,
Or gem frae the mountain,
An' fresher an' fairer is Jean.

Sing robin an' wren 'mang the heather,
Sing mavis an' finch on the tree,
Sing laverock an' yarlin' where roebucks forgather
An' herd wi' their does on the lea;
Your liltin' sae tamely,
Gars a' things look hamely;
But Jean's voice is sweeter to me.

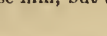
O Jeanie, my jo an' my beauty,
Your love is my paradise sweet—
A blink at your bonny face lichtens ilk duty;
Noo make my contentment complete,
By winkin', or noddin',
Or some way forbodin'
That you'll be my life-long help-meet.

COME HOME.

Come home to your Father O, wandering one!
Why seek ye true pleasures abroad?
Why wander so long in the wilderness lone?
The daylight fades quickly, the night hastens on—
Come home, O! come home to your God.
Come home to your Saviour, he's waiting to bless—
No longer despise him, but trust to his grace.

The world for a time may dispel every fear,
With joys seeming lovely and pure—
False, false are those joys, though they proffer to cheer—
One shade of real sorrow makes all disappear—
O! seek then the joys that endure.
Come home to your Saviour, he's waiting to bless—
No longer despise him, but trust to his grace.

Come home to your Father, he'll gladly bestow
A pardon for present and past—
A happy assurance a freedom from woe—
A peace, and a joy, which the world cannot know—
A mansion in glory at last.
Come home to your Saviour, he's waiting to bless –
No longer despise him, but trust to his grace.



WILLIAM FORSYTH,

SO long identified with the editorship of the *Aberdeen Journal*, died in June 1879 in his 61st year. orn in Turriff in 1819, he received at school and ollege such an education as fitted him to commence ıe study of medicine, for which he early evinced a aning. This liking soon cooled, and about 1841 e had the good fortune to be appointed assistant to r Robert Carruthers, of the *Inverness Courier*. After vo years of genial work in the Northern capital, Ir Forsyth went to Aberdeen as sub-editor and eporter of the *Herald*. In 1848 the subject of our otice passed over to the *Journal* as principal "leader-riter," a post which he filled with unfailing power nd wondrous wealth of literary resource down to the ıst days of 1878. But in thus noting that for thirty ears Mr Forsyth was a newspaper leader-writer, ıe statement is far from exhausting the range or lass of brain work which took form through his pen. 'or while as an editor, thoroughly equipped by edu-ıtion and training to hold his own with the best of is contemporaries in controversial dealings anent

Church or State policy, his favourite field, could he have fully followed out his longings, was one into which his brilliant fancy and strong love for the good, the beautiful, the heroic, led him—"the fair and fertile realms of poesy." Here it was that he breathed most freely and soared highest. His published poems will keep his memory green for many generations. Indeed, in point of feeling and construction, his "Martyrdom of Kelavane," his first ambitious venture, has been stated as not unworthy to be compared with Tennyson in his best pieces of similar strain. This work was published in 1861. A volume entitled "Idylls and Lyrics" was published in 1872. Many of the pieces had been written long previously, and appeared in the principal periodicals of the day. They are characterised by originality of versification and true poetic power. Nor did the range of Mr Forsyth's creative promptings cease even here, for every now and then there came from his pen off-hand scraps and scratches of paper brimming over with quiet, odd sparklings of humour, fun, and banter, such as "The Midnicht Meetin'," "My Neighbours," the "Slocum" letters, "The Top of the Tramway" conversations, &c., all having a direct purpose and gratifying to read. These have lately been printed in pamphlet form, and have been warmly welcomed.

OH, LADY, TOUCH THAT CHORD AGAIN.

Oh, lady, touch that chord again, and sing once more that simple lay,
It was an old familiar strain of long ago and far away.
I heard it in the Highland north, the land where song lies bathed in tears,
And still it calls old feelings forth—I love the songs of other years.

They're like the holy mother's hymn, whose tender tones can ne'er depart,
Though ears be deaf and eyes be dim, and worldly ways have seared the heart;
They're like the first sweet smile of love, that still the grey-haired beauty wears,
And all our fondest memories move to hear the songs of other years.

The mirth of old may make us sad, but may it never make us grieve;
The day most glorious, bright, and glad, is closed in tears by dewy eve;
But still the eve is sweet as day, and grander still its heaven appears,
And joys that long have passed away come back in song from other years.

HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

OF this well-known, hymn writer, eminent theological scholar, and talented preacher, it is not necessary for us to say much here. He was born at Edinburgh in 1808, and his ancestors for several successive generations were ministers of the Church of Scotland. He was educated at the High School and University of his native city. After engaging for some time in missionary labour at Leith, he was ordained to the ministry at Kelso in 1837. He now ministers to the congregation of the Chalmers' Memorial Free Church, Grange, Edinburgh. In the midst of all his labours as a popular minister in a large city, he still assiduously maintains the habits of a thorough student. He is a voluminious author, and his works have been greatly blessed to many. His hymns are to be found in nearly all the collections of every branch of the Protestant Church. His volume, "Hymns of Faith and Hope," has gone through several editions. In these is clearly shown that exquisite natural simplicity which is the prime element of all that is enduring in literature—a deep spirituality of tone that gives them a double force as they enter the feelings and penetrate the heart. Of his minor pieces the following may be accepted as a specimen, characteristic at once of his poetic style, and of the mode of thought that appears to have given tone and colour to his life:—

LIVE.

Make haste, O man, to live,
For thou so soon must die;
Time hurries past thee like the breeze;
How swift its moments fly,
Make haste, O man, to live!

To breathe, and wake, and sleep,
To smile, to sigh, to grieve;
To move in idleness through earth.
This, this is not to live!
Make haste, O man, to live!

Up then with speed, and work;
Fling ease and self away;
This is no time for thee to sleep,
Up, watch and work and pray!
Make haste, O man, to live!

The useful, not the great,
The thing that never dies;
The silent toil that is not lost,—
Set these before thine eyes.
Make haste, O man, to live!

The seed, whose leaf and flower,
Tho' poor in human sight,
Bring forth at last the eternal fruit,
Sow thou both day and night.
Make haste, O man, to live;

Make haste, O man, to live,
Thy time is almost o'er;
O sleep not, dream not, but arise,
The Judge is at the door.
Make haste, O man, to live!

JAMES OGG,

AUTHOR of a very interesting volume of vigorous and smooth-running pieces, entitled "Willy Wally, and other Poems," was born at Banchory-Ternan, Kincardineshire, in 1849. The family removed to Aberdeen when James was four years old, and he has remained there ever since. He tells us

that he "was only about a year at school—my mother and myself being my best schoolmaster. I was biggin' staves at a sawmill when ten years of age; afterwards a grocer's boy, worked sometime in a bleachfield, and then got married, and settled down as a sawmiller." His mother was well-versed in the ballad-lore of our country; and it would appear that her family have inherited her intelligence and love of reading, for other two of her sons have frequently appeared in the poet's column of newspapers, although neither of them have published in book-form.

AULD LEWIE LAW.

Oh, auld Lewie Law was a blythesome bit bodie,
Tho' furrowed his foreheid an snaw-white his hair,
His primitive cairtie, an' aul'-farrant cuddy,
Were aften made fun o' at market an' fair.
But Lewie himsel' was as bricht a bit mannie
To look at, or speak to, as ever I saw;
An' aye he took a'thing sae kin'ly an' canny,
A gweed-herted creatur' was auld Lewie Law.

I liket the mannie, he aye was sae hearty,
Sae funny an' child-like, altho' he was auld;
For hoors I hae stood by his quaint little cairtie,
To hear a' his stories, an' see what he sauld.
There's nae doot but Lewie was fond o' the laddies,
He never wad scaul them, nor drive them awa',
But spoke to them, jist like the kindest o' daddies;
A man o' fine feelin's was auld Lewie Law.

His cairtie contained quite a chaos o' queer things,
An' folk aften wondered for what they were meant,
Maist o' them were ancient an' waur-o'-the-wear things,
Some said they were "gibbles that Noah had tint"—
Aul' padlocks an' keys, ay, an' quaint-lookin' wheelies,
An' chainies which we wad thocht nae eese ava,
An' potties an' pannies, an' queer shaipit steelies,
Were pairt o' the stock o' gweed auld Lewie Law.

A bit o' an axe that disfigured the person
O' ane o' oor monarchs—'t was roosty an' grim—
A piece o' the rope that played "up" wi' M'Pherson—
M'Pherson the dauntless, ye've a' heard o' him.
Ba's, bookies, an' watch-keys, an' droll little boxies,
An' screws weel adapted a ticht cork to draw,
An' trinkets, which ploughmen wad buy to their doxies,
Were a' in the cairtie o' auld Lewie Law.

Teeth-pickers, an' pipe-taps, an painted tea-caddies,
An' skates for young fellows to skip on the ice,
An' fine soonin' taps for his young frien's, the laddies,
An' thumbles to drive them, *sans* money or price.
Bread toasters an' girdles—a splendid collection—
An' cordet bread rollers—I ween they were braw—
Unblushingly coortet the public's inspection,
While in the possession o' auld Lewie Law.

Tip-top timmer totters, an' trim tawty-chappers,
Penknives an' penholders, lead pencils and slate,
Sma' surgical instruments rowed up in wrappers,
An' glasses for solvin' the secrets o' fate;
Caul' chisels, an' gimlets, an' aul' "sootars' deevils,"
Revolvers, an' pictures to hang on the wa',
Aul' papers an' pamphlets, soup ladles and theeviles,
Were in the possession o' auld Lewie Law.

Braw brose caups, the pride o' oor aul' Scottish turners,
It's seldom we meet wi' a brose caupie noo—
An' inkstands, an' cruizies, gas brackets, and burners,
A' lay in the cairtie—gweed kens it was fu'.
I could, if I liket, jot doon mony mair things,
But wha wad hae patience to hear about a'
The primitive-lookin', quaint-shaipet an' rare things,
That lay i' the cairtie o' auld Lewie Law.

But Lewie has gane where we'll a' hae to follow,
'T is years sin' his body was laid in the dust;
Earth's pleasures an' treasures at best are but hollow—
But Lewie had treasures in heaven, I trust.
Ah! money will miss him, the blythesome bit bodie,
An' some to his mem'ry a tear may lat fa':
His aul'-fashioned cairtie an' docile aul' cuddy,
Soon went to decay when they lost Lewie Law.

NORVAL CLYNE

IS a son of the late Captain John Clyne of the Royal Scots Regiment. He was born at Ballycastle, Ireland, in 1817; was educated at Aberdeen Grammar School and Marischal College; is a Graduate of the University, and in 1846 became a member of the Society of Advocates in Aberdeen. At present he is the Factor and Secretary of the Society. In

1859 he published "The Romantic Scottish Ballads, and the Lady Wardlaw Heresy," a reply to a paper by the late Dr Robert Chambers; and in 1863, "Ballads from Scottish History"—a work of great interest, containing, in addition to poems of considerable merit, introductory notes of historical value, showing careful and diligent research. Several of these poems we find thoroughly imbued with much of the beautiful simplicity and tender pathos of the old ballad. The first of the subjoined pieces is taken from that work. The second appeared in *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*.

THE UNION SONG.

Long time in the rude stormy ages of old,
The Scot and the Southron were strangers and foes,
And oft at their meeting on rampart and wold
Hath clanged the harsh discord of battle and blows.

Now smiling in verdure their battle-fields lie,
And Britons meet Britons as aliens no more,
For bound in a Union majestic and high
Their hearts have forgotten the rancour of yore.

Fair England, thy Rose hath its bloom from above,
Thy Thistle, proud Scotland, is strong on its stem,
And long-parted Erin, thy union of love
Adds strength to thy beauty and honour to them.

The leaves of thy Shamrock, green isle, shadow forth,
As threefold and free in the sunlight they grow,
How flourish united the lands of the North;
They share but one fortune, one nurture they know.

Unchanging in love and unfailing in might,
The honour of one is the glory of all,
For ever rejoicing in liberty's light,
And ready, aye ready at liberty's call.

The Flag of their Union far o'er the wide earth
Is welcomed with gladness; and ne'er may it cease
To wave as the emblem of valour and worth,
Proclaiming in battle the promise of peace!

Let peace and good-will be its mission divine,
And angels above shall its conquests record,
While the world shall confess, not in vain we combine
Threefold on our banner the Cross of the Lord.

Though bright be the trophies our fathers have won
In thought's high achievement and manhood's emprize,
We'll rest not our fame on the days that are gone,
Or boast us the sons of the brave and the wise.

The children shall equal the deeds of the sire,
The future in glory out-glory the past;
And dearly we'll cherish, till Time shall expire,
One Country, one Cause, and one Hope at the last!

THE OLD MAN'S MELODIES.

Oh the blossoms of Youth, and the blighting of years!
How dreary the garden of promise appears!
The roses are withered; the smiles that of yore
Made sunshine around me are radiant no more.

But lives in my bosom the feeling, as young,
That then to the flowing of melody sprung,
When Youth's careless bounding was saddened away
By the Flowers of the Forest and Auld Robin Gray.

I have heard them at home, by the hearth and the hill
When night winds blew coldly, or evening was still;
I have heard them afar on the deep's mighty breast,
And their melody moaning in woods of the West.

In a land where the music of mine is unknown,
'Tis there I'm a stranger, and there I'm alone;
But there's home in a tune, if the tune that they play
Be the Flowers of the Forest, or Auld Robin Gray.

There is trumping in war, there is piping in peace,
There is music for mirth, and for sorrow's increase,
There's a song for the young, merry-hearted and bold,
And, blest be its music! a tune for the old.

And in age I have friends who will listen with me,
Nor boast from the power of sweet sounds to be free,
But sadly be solaced, at life's closing day,
By the Flowers of the Forest, and Auld Robin Gray.

KENNETH M'LACHLANE,

GREENOCK, is author of several volumes, and is pretty widely acknowledged as a poet of no mean power. His father was the grandson of a landed gentleman in Argyleshire, who, along with his relative, Maclachlane of Strathlachlan, the chief

of the clan, joined the rebellion of 1745. To detail fully the reverses of the family, and the career of our poet, would make an interesting narrative. Kenneth was born about the year 1815, when his father was "colour-sergeant and master shoemaker" in the 79th Highlanders. His early years were spent in Edinburgh, where he received a very fair education. He served an apprenticeship in Glasgow to the calico block printing trade. Even then—the days of Sir Walter Scott and James Hogg—he wrote verses which appeared in the *Glasgow Liberator*, and several of these were taken notice of by Mr Tait in the *Edinburgh Magazine*. During the commercial depression of 1854 the firm by whom he was employed failed, and after being idle for some time he entered the Greenock police force with some reluctance, and, as he thought, merely as a temporary employment. Here he remained for many years, greatly respected and valued by his superiors; but through being exposed to all sorts of weather, he ultimately caught a severe cold, lost his hearing, and was compelled to resign his post. He had prudently laid up something for "a rainy day," and with his little capital he started a small drapery business, and has successfully conducted the same for the last fifteen years.

Kenneth M'Lachlane has published "Hope's Happy Home," "The Progress of the Sciences," "Scenes of the City by Night"—the latter a poem in six cantos—"The Beauties of Scotland, and other Pieces, with Historical Notes," and still continues to write with mature thought and vigour. We have M.SS. of several of his later pieces, including a series of "Pictures of Life." Of his "Scenes of the City," the Rev. Geo. Gilfillan said that they were "written with a vividness akin to Crabbe." They show a genuine spirit of observation and enthusiasm, and abound in powerful and touching passages. His extensive notes to the "Beauties of Scotland" are very interesting, evince much descriptive power, and prove

that he might well have made a mark as a prose writer. All his works have been most favourably received by the public and the press.

THE SCOTTISH EMIGRANT.

Johnnie left the theeket sheelin',
Wi' his bundle in his haun';
Gritly grew his heart wi' feelin',
Noo he sought the stranger's laun';
And his thoughts were a' on Jeanie—
Jeanie ne'er had kent his mind—
Speechless love was in his e'en aye,
Lingerin' lang he looked behind.

In his breast he kept the Bible,
Gi'en him wi' a mother's tears,
Never ca'd its truths a fible,
Nor its hopes o' future cheers;
Noo his hame grew fu' o' treasures,
Mair than he had seen before,
Scenes o' past and mony pleasures,
Memory painted o'er and o'er;

Saw blithe faces round the ingle,
Heard the bummin' spinnin'-wheel,
Heard the auld clock's clinkin' jingle,
Saw ilk neuk within the beil;
Books that tauld o' Knox and Wallace,
Hoo the martyrs shed their blood,
Hoo our patriots, beardly fellows,
Fought and fell for Scotland's good.

Then within him mony a swither
Maistlins gar'd him tak' the rue,
Thoughts in conflict drave o'er ither,
Lang they focht, and steever grew;
Resolution raise a giant,
Brocht the wrestlers to his feet,
He on self and Heaven reliant,
Vowed to see his country yet.

"Fareweel, Johnnie," sang the linty,
Collie whined as like to greet;
And the lambies gazed ahint, aye
Cried "Fareweel" wi' waefu' bleet;
Ilka ane was dull and lowsome,
Neighbours gathered, and the stoun'
O' partin' pangs ga'ed through ilk bosom—
A' was eerie roun' and roun'.

Bonnie Jeanie cam' to see him
Ere he ga'ed, but dree'd to part;
A' her maiden prayers were wi' him,
An' her lowin'; lovin' heart;
Blateful aft she shied his wooin';
Secrets had she ne'er to tell;
Deep and constant was her lo'in
Dearly treasured in hersel'.

By the plantin' side she met him,
Sidelins blushed, and a' her care
Raise in sighs, and syne she let him
Ha'e a ringlet o' her hair;
Then he read her heart's emotion
Wi' a manly secret pride;
Gat frae her its pure devotion—
Pent-up pangs are sair to bide.

Burstin' frae her heart o' gladness,
Kingdoms couldna buy her joy;
Bliss flew aff wi' a' his sadness;
Cupid smiled the wily boy.
Oft he parted wi' his treasure,
Turned wi' something mair to tell,
A' his fondness kent nae measure,
A' his riches was hersel'.

In the land whaur gowd was plenty,
Lang he toiled baith late and ear',
Duty's gait he never tent aye,
Strave to mak' the muckle mair;
Cam' o'er seas o' stormy waters,
Hame, and lifted mind had he;
Gathered friends that time aye scatters,
Held the nights o' welcome glee;

Vowed his love to bonnie Jeanie,
Jeanie sighed but couldna speak,
Wi' snaw-white bratie rubbed her e'en aye,
Pearly tears ran down her cheek,
Like the dew-drops on the gowan,
Pure as a' her thousand charms,
While their hearts, wi' rapture lowin',
Clung wi' bliss in ithers' arms.

Soon the news ga'ed through the clachan,
Bonnie Jeanie was a bride;
Soon would come the marriage-daffin',
Soon be linkin' at his side;
Soon it cam', and cam' wi' plenty,
In her big house, warm and fu';
Cozie, couthie, bien, and denty,
Jeanie is a lady noo.

Whaur the poor are sickly lying,
Comfort's cordials has she sent;
Whaur the needfu's wants are crying,
She her kind relief has lent;
Ever like an angel holy
Has her joys to others ta'en;
Johnnie, 'mang the high or lowly,
Worth wi' him gets aye its ain.

I'LL BE THINE THE MORN, WILLIE.

In beauty beams the whinny brae
O' yellow broom and breckan,
An' braw wi' flowers the simmer gay
Her gaudy robes is deckin'.
The merle on the linden tree,
An' lintie on the thorn,
Sing to nature glad as me—
I'll be thine the morn, Willie;
I'll be thine the morn.

There's daffin' in my faither's ha',
An' happy wishes to me,
Where bridal maids an' ladies braw
Hae gowden gifts to gie me.
Gaudy buntin' flaffin' high
Will a' yon fleet adorn,
Awa' wi' sorrow's sab an' sigh—
I'll be thine the morn, Willie;
I'll be thine the morn.

Ye streamlets swell your strains o' June,
An' woodland warblers cheery,
Proclaim wi' merry notes aboon
My joys that never weary.
A' aroun' be glad as me,
Free frae frigid scorn,
Happy be unbridled glee—
I'll be thine the morn, Willie;
I'll be thine the morn.

It's no his ships upon the sea,
Nor a' the gear that's wi' him,
He's a kingdom's gear to me,
An' a' my love I gie him.
Eerie dreams, present'ments wrang,
Secret cares forlorn,
Wi' their fickle fash may gang—
I'll be thine the morn, Willie;
I'll be thine the morn.

M. R. WATT.

MRS WATT, Old Meldrum, authoress of numerous poems, evincing keen appreciation of character and lively fancy, was born in 1819. During the early years of her married life she endured much affliction through the death in rapid succession of several of her children. This revived within her the passion for poetical study, which in youth was her principal recreation; her feelings were deepened, and traces of this are to be found in the devout tenderness, the loving spirit, and Christian resignation breathing through many of her pieces. One of her sons has just been appointed to conduct an extensive Botanical Survey on the Eastern Frontier of India, having been previously Professor of Botany in the University of Calcutta; while the other, who is studying medicine in the Aberdeen University, gives promise of having inherited not a little of his mother's poetic genius.

WHEN WILL SHE AWAKEN?

She smiles! are we mistaken?
  She sleeps! though we're in tears;
But when will she awaken?
  Oh, a' the lang, lang years;

Till the flowers a' hae taken
  O' the sun a lang adieu;
Till the songsters doon are shaken
  'Mong the leaves they twittered through.

Doon shaken in the silence—
  The boding, hearkening pause—
When the he'rt o' Nature's quakin'
  At her ain up-breakin' laws.

Her sleep will be unbroken
  Till the clouds forget to rain;
Till the winter gi'e nae token,
  An' nae simmer come again.

Till the earth forget the glory
  O' her bonnie robe o' green;
Till the past becomes a story,
  Baith the love an' hate that's been.

Till the moon hae tynt her moon-beam,
An' the sun his glowing train;
Till the sea hae ceased her moaning--
Her undertone o' pain.

Till the rocks will a' be rending,
An' the stars like figs be fa'n';
An' the light again foretoken,
An' en'less shinin' dawn.

Till the earth awa' is fleein',
An' the heavens shall be no more;
Oh then? she will awaken
In her beauty as of yore.

Then! then! she will awaken
In a' the glory given;
When earth by God is taken
To be a hall of heaven.

But how will she awaken?
To gladden us again;
Beyond the sin, the sorrow,
The tear, the toil, the pain.

Beside the cross she's sleepin',
An' through her golden dream
She laughs at *Weakness* weepin'
'Neath *its aureola gleam.*

The gleam of Jesus' glory
Will touch the sleepin' clay,
An' babe, an' old age hoary
Shall wake in en'less day.

Oh then she will awaken!—
My lassie fair an' young—
To sing wi' me unbroken,
The psalm by seraph sung.

Nay, nay, they canna sing the psalm
O' voices taught in tears,
Though wonderingly they'll listen
To the song through en'less years.

While glowing gleams of gratitude
Beam bright in every eye;
The song! the song! "Redemption!" sung
By hearts that canna die.

Then! then! O then! she'll waken,
An' smile ance mair on me,
In a' her glow o' youth an' love,
Aroon' the crystal sea.

OH, LIFE! OH, LOVE!

Oh, Life! oh, Love! Joy's dimpled face
Sat on your dawning hours,
And Hope ran on, your noons to trace,
As spring runs to the flowers.

Your dawns and sunsets full of gold,
Oh, Life! where are they now?
The bliss you pledged, oft gray and old,
Ere wrinkles stained your brow?

Where goes the fragrance of the rose?
Is it lost in the air?
Thy incense, Love, can it repose
Itself in cold despair?

Oh, Love! oh, Life! you sadden
When your suns of hope have set;
When the lights you leave to gladden
Are the glimmerings of regret.

Look, Life! thy fair Beyond
No wrinkles hath—no care;
Love, keep thy young trust true and fond,
The worthy one is there.

Life, in thy fair Beyond,
Thy endless boon is there;
Where Love to Beauty will respond,
In raptures past compare.

HANS BREITMANN THE UHLAN.

The Uhlan flies on a fiery steed,
With a fierce and a haughty glance.
Of blood and groans he takes no heed,
And he tramps on sword and lance.

A fearful swoop, and away he goes
With his booty from old and young;
He makes no friends, he fears no foes,
For his terror binds each tongue.

But see! he stops at a stranger's cot,
Where the cottager's children play;
One's blue eyes chain him to the spot;
He dismounts his dapple grey.

He clasps the one with the blue eyes mild,
And he strokes her soft flaxen hair;
I will not harm you, lovely child,
For my own sweet ones are fair.

Then fell his tears on the small white hand,
While he stroked down her flaxen hair,
There came a dream of Fatherland,
And his blue-eyed children there.

And closer clasping the trembling girl
In his hands that are tawny brown,
His senses reeled in dizzy whirl,
And the tears came streaming down.

Oh, what can ail the poor Uhlan's heart?
(They have hearts that are fierce and bold);
Her eyes have touched a tender part,
And his fingers lose their hold.

He sees his neat Pomeranian home,
And the loved of his soul and heart;
He sighs that war had made him roam,
For it tore their life apart.

He sees his children in healthful charms,
And he hears his fond Schynap bark,
His young wife smiling in his arms,
And again his brain grows dark.

And well he minds his old grandame,
By the fireside turning her wheel,
He sobs aloud her long-loved name,
And anew his senses reel.

He feels through tears for the small soft hand,
And he kisses it o'er and o'er,
He saw in her his Fatherland
He may see on earth no more.

And thousands feel as the Uhlan felt
Who are dragged to the field of war,
And ties are rent that hearts would melt
'Neath the wheels of the demon's car.

JAMES P. CRAWFORD,

BETTER known as "Paul Rookford," the genial and talented author of "The Drunkard's Raggit Wean," and numerous other popular songs, was born in 1825, in the village of Catrine, Argyleshire. His father was a man of great intelligence, wrote poetry, was a bit of an orator, and in parochial and municipal affairs he was a zealous worker. Mr Crawford tells us that, in 1840, "my father carted

seven of us through the Mearns Muir to the great city of Glasgow. We left about six o'clock on a fine summer night, and we all 'cuddled doon fu' kindly 'mang clean pea strae' in a carrier's covered van. When my brother, John, was about seven years of age the custom of first-footing was universally practised in Ayrshire, and my father had got his first born, in whom he had all a young father's pride, rigged out in his first suit of 'calshes,' for the New Year's day, and provided him with a miniature bottle and glass, filled of course, with which to go and be the first-foot to an old woman, a great favourite of the boy. Full of love and rosy health, he went away as happy as a king, to wish that kindly old neighbour a guid New Year. Unfortunately, some young men who had gathered in her house, incautiously urged upon and induced the boy to take a dram from them in return. Getting home he could only say to his mother, 'Oh, mither, I wish I hadna ta'en't.' He was dead that night.

They coax'd and plied the little boy,
With ridicule and scoff,
"You'll be a noble man, Johnny,
When you can drink it off."

His little manly heart it swell'd,
Grew big to think it so,
He drank it off—grew pale and ill,
Then quietly turned to go.

"I want my mother," sobb'd the child;
As seeks its sheltering lair
The wounded deer—so turned the boy,
And totter'd down the stair.

He sought his mother's kindly arms;
That loving shelter gained,
Into her lap he laid his head,
"Oh mother," that was all he said,
"I wish I hadna taen't."

The anxious mother question'd him,
But it was all in vain;
He nestled closer to her breast,
But never spoke again.

They call'd, they sent, they rush'd for help—
To the physician ran ;
Alas ! alas ! Wee Johnny Paul
Was past the aid of man.

My father had the New Year bottle filled to dispense the customary hospitalities ; he threw it into the river, and from that day a drop of whiskey never was in his house. As soon as I could write, I signed my name on a wee bucket-stool, with a hole in the middle of it, to the temperance pledge, before the name 'teetotal' was invented."

Our poet served an apprenticeship to the tailor trade ; and, with the view of perfecting himself in his handicraft, he lived for some time in Paris, and ultimately commenced business as tailor and clothier in Glasgow. Some time ago, he was appointed as one of the officials of the Govan Parochial Office, of which Board he was for twenty years an energetic member.

Some years ago death removed his first-born—a young man of great promise as a musician, composer, and poet, and one spoken of as, independent of his talents, possessing a natural nobility of character and loveableness of disposition which made him a favourite with all who knew him. He wedded to music many of his father's pieces, and several of his compositions have become very popular, and have received the highest commendation of the press. The wonder is that Mr Crawford has never published. He is extensively known, and what of his productions he has allowed to appear in print have been admired, and brought him into close contact with a great number of Scotch poets and our literary men of the past thirty years. Along with his poetical friend, Mr James Nicholson, he has many songs in both series of "The Crystal Fount"—little books that have sold in almost countless thousands. He has also contributed occasionally to the newspapers.

Mr Crawford has turned his muse to good purpose.

In his productions we find occasional life and landscape pictures, and utterances of sentiment which are admirable, and his lessons of morality and religion are enforced with warm kindly feelings, and good taste.

THE REAPER.

Love came to me when birds were sweetly singing
Spring's sweetest song,
Came, when the blossoms perfumes rich were flinging
Green trees among ;
Ah well ! methought, sweet love to me is bringing
A joy life-long.

Glad summer came, on grape and grain bestowing
Their golden store,
'Neath summer skies bright flowers to rich fruit growing
Round ev'ry door ;
So grew our love—grew ripe with full hearts glowing—
Full brimming o'er.

"When autumn comes," we said, "we'll store our treasure ;
As reapers sing,
Tying their sheaves with golden bands together,
And homeward bring ;
We'll tie our heart's ripe love to one another
With golden ring."

Ah me ! ah me ! not I the joyous reaper !
Love's hopes all fled !
She lies at rest, a pale and silent sleeper ;
Sere leaves her bed :
I stand alone, a worn and weary weeper,
Beside the dead.

COME DOON THE HOWM.

Oh ! stey's the brae I've had to speel
'Mang rain, an' sleet, an' win' ;
Whyles blythe amang the bonnie broom,
Aft torn amang the whin.
I've had nae doubt bricht blinks o' joy,
Whyles merry sangs to sing ;
But wha wud seek the woodlan' flowers
Maun thole the nettle's sting.

Noo, when my gloamin's turnin' grey,
Far in the afternoon ;
Nae mair I seek for comin' joys,
I look awa' behin'.
Doon, doon the hill past manhood's prime,
I turned me aft to gaze
Upon the scenes o' boyhood's time—
My young an' happy days.

Back, back again to Catrine Vale,
Sae peacefu' an' sae still ;
The village seems a sleepin' wean
Lull'd by the hummin' mill ;
An' as I gaze upon the scene
Wi' wet an' wistfu' e'e,
I seem to hear some whisper near,
"Come doon the howm wi' me."

"Come doon the howm !" hoo sweet the soun'
Upon the ear again,
Like some sweet chord in some auld tune—
Some lang-forgotten strain.
"Come doon the howm !" oh, greedy grave !
Oh, braid an pairtin' sea !
Bring back again the laddies wha
Gaed doon the howm wi' me.

Come doon the howm : wha wudna gie
His wealth o' gowd an' mair,
In barter for his youth again,
To woo an' wander there.
To kiss again yon bonnie lass
He lov'd sae weel to see,
Wha blush'd sae red when first he said
"Come doon the howm wi' me."

"Come doon the howm ! come doon the howm,"
Oh, 'tis a lovely scene
In mornin', when the flowers are hung
A' bricht wi' dew-draps sheen ;
Hoo sweet when sings his evenin' hymn,
The merle on the tree,
When she wha sleeps in yon kirkyard
Gaed doon the howm wi' me.

A word, the wimplin' o' a burn,
The fragrance o' a flower,
Bring back the sweetest memories
Wi' strange an' mystic power ;
But naething e'er my heart could thrill,
Or bring sic joys to me,
Like words that cam' frae lips lang still—
"Come doon the howm wi' me."

I kenna how that we should feel
Sic pleasures in sic pain,
When freen's are deid or far awa',
We'll never see again.
I wun'er sometimes if it may
A mystic omen be,
That they will a' ayont the grave,
"Gang doon the howm wi' me."

O sair an' aft my heart's been wrung—
I've laid into the grave
The dearest anes, baith auld an' young,
I'd gi'en my life to save.
But oh I'll hoard their memories,
An sweet my hope shall be,
That they will a' across life's stream,
"Gang doon the howm wi' me."

JOHN STUART BLACKIE,

THE eminent and favourably known Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh, was born at Glasgow, in 1809. While his son was still young, his father, who was a banker, removed to Aberdeen, After studying at Marischal College there, and attending the University of Edinburgh, he proceeded to the Continent. From Germany he went to Italy, where he devoted himself to the study of the Italian language and literature, and to the science of archæology. On his return to Scotland he studied law, and was called to the bar in 1834; but not finding the profession congenial, he occupied his time chiefly in writing for the reviews. It was at this time that he published a translation of Goethe's "Faust," which at once established his reputation as an accomplished German scholar. In 1841 he was appointed Professor of Humanity in Marischal College, a position he held till 1852, when he was elected to the chair of Greek in the Edinburgh University, and in 1853 he travelled in Greece, residing in Athens for several months until he had acquired fluency in the use of the Greek language.

He has published numerous books, sermons, essays, &c., including a discourse on "Beauty," and another on "Self-Culture" — works which have become popular, and much enhanced his reputation as a philosopher. But it was only in 1857 that the first

volume appeared which brings him into the list of Scottish poets—"Lays and Legends of Ancient Greece, with other Poems;" "Lyrical Poems," (1860); "Musa Burschicosa: a Book of Songs for Students and University Men," (1869); "Lays of the Highlands," (1872); and "Songs of Religion and Life," (1876). At present he is an occasional contributor to "Good Words," and other magazines, and altogether his career has been active and laborious. His poetry evinces deep feeling and earnest manliness, and a delight in all that is pure, beautiful, and honest. Although Scottish to the backbone, he seldom expresses his thoughts in broad Doric; yet many of his national songs and ballads contain specimens of rich humour, and finely-pathetic and descriptive verse, imbued with the true spirit of poetry.

THE SONG OF MRS JENNY GEDDES.

Some praise the fair Queen Mary, and some the good Queen Bess,
And some the wise Aspasia, beloved by Pericles;
But o'er all the world's brave women, there's one that bears the rule,
The valiant Jenny Geddes, that flung the three-legged stool.
With a row-dow—at them now!—Jenny fling the stool!

'Twas the twenty-third of July, in the sixteen thirty-seven,
On Sabbath morn from high St Giles' the solemn peal was given:
King Charles had sworn that Scottish men should pray by printed rule;
He sent a book, but never dreamt of danger from a stool.
With a row-dow—yes, I trow—there's danger in a stool!

The Council and the Judges, with ermined pomp elate,
The Provost and the Bailies in gold and crimson state,
Fair silken-vested ladies, grave Doctors of the school,
Were there to please the King, and learn the virtue of a stool.
With a row-dow—yes, I trow!—there's virtue in a stool!

The Bishop and the Dean came in wi' mickle gravity,
Right smooth and sleek, but lordly pride was lurking in their e'e;
Their full lawn sleeves were blown and big, like seals in briny pool;
They bore a book, but little thought they soon should feel a stool.
With a row-dow—yes, I trow!—they'll feel a three-legged stool.

The Dean he to the altar went, and, with a solemn look,
He cast his eyes to heaven, and read the curious-printed book;
In Jenny's heart the blood upwelled with bitter anguish full;
Sudden she started to her legs, and stoutly grasped the stool!
With a row-dow—at them now! firmly grasp the stool!

As when a mountain wild-cat springs on a rabbit small,
So Jenny on the Dean springs, with gush of holy gall;
Wilt thou say the mass at my lug, thou Popish-puling fool?
No! no! she said, and at his head she flung the three-legged stool.
With a row-dow—at them now!—Jenny fling the stool!

A bump, a thump! a smash, a crash! now gentle folks beware!
Stool after stool, like rattling hail, came tirling through the air,
With, Well done, Jenny! bravo, Jenny! that's the proper tool!
When the Deil will out and shows his snout, just meet him with a stool!
With a row-dow—at them now!—there's nothing like a stool!

The Council and the Judges were smitten with strange fear,
The ladies and the Bailies their seats did deftly clear,
The Bishop and the Dean went, in sorrow and in dool,
And all the Popish flummery fled, when Jenny showed the stool!
With a row-dow—at them now!—Jenny show the stool!

And thus a mighty deed was done by Jenny's valiant hand,
Black Prelacy and Popery she drave from Scottish land;
King Charles he was a shuffling knave, priest Laud a meddling fool,
But Jenny was a woman wise, who beat them with a stool!
With a row-dow—yes, I trow!—she conquered by the stool!

THE EMIGRANT LASSIE.

As I came wandering down Glen Spean,
Where the braes are green and grassy,
With my light step I overtook
A weary-footed lassie.

She had one bundle on her back,
Another in her hand,
And she walked as one who was full loath
To travel from the land.

Quoth I, "My bonnie lass!"—for she
Had hair of flowing gold,
And dark brown eyes and dainty limbs,
Right pleasant to behold—

"My bonnie lass, what aileth thee,
On this bright summer day,
To travel sad and shoeless thus
Upon the stony way?

"I'm fresh and strong, and stoutly shod,
And thou art burdened so;
March lightly now, and let me bear
The bundles as we go."

"No, no!" she said, "that may not be;
What's mine is mine to bear;
Of good or ill, as God may will,
I take my portioned share,"

"But you have two, and I have none;
One burden give to me;
I'll take that burden from thy back
That heavier seems to be."

"No, no!" she said; "*this*, if you will,
That holds—no hand but mine
May bear its weight from dear Glen Spean
'Cross the Atlantic brine!"

"Well, well! but tell me what may be
Within that precious load
Which thou dost bear with such fine care
Along the dusty road?

"Belike it is some present rare
From friend in parting hour;
Perhaps, as prudent maidens' wont,
Thou tak'st with thee thy dower."

She drooped her head, and with her hand
She gave a mournful wave:
"Oh, do not jest, dear sir!—it is
Turf from my mother's grave!"

I spoke no word; we sat and wept
By the road-side together;
No purer dew on that bright day
Was dropt upon the heather.

ROBERT WOOD

IS a native of Newmills, Ayrshire, and is employed in a large mercantile warehouse in Glasgow. From boyhood he has been of a retiring disposition, and his poetic temperament, with which we have chiefly to deal, is deeply sympathetic and in harmony with nature—a love of which pervades all his reflections.

TAMMY'S OLD SPRING WELL.

From faded leaves fond memory weaves
  Life's retrospective joys ;
The sylvan nook, long since forsook
  By children's silvery voice ;
One graceful spray o'erhung the way
  Down to a pretty dell,
Where glistening sheen through bushes green
  Stood Tammy's old spring well.

And oh ! how sweet that loved retreat
  To me in early spring ;
With raptured ear I've stood to hear
  The rival thrushes sing.
That fairy spot inspired my thought
  To weave love's mystic spell,
When Flora smiled in beauty wild
  Round Tammy's old spring well.

Æolus strung the harp that rung
  Soft numbers to the breeze,
Which seemed to sigh and make reply
  Among the rustling trees :
There in my dreams like morning beams
  My fancy loves to dwell,
And daily still my pitcher fill
  From Tammy's old spring well.

JAMES WYND,

A NATIVE of Dundee, where he was born in 1832, was author of several excellent pieces, and had a place in "Blackie's Book of Scottish Song." He was a painter to trade, and died at Newcastle-on-Tyne in 1865.

BONNIE LASSIE TELL ME.

O ken ye whar the brier grows?
Lassie, O come tell me,
Doun atween yon benty knowes
Whar the bonnie burnie rows,
Whar the hazels spread their boughs,
Bonnie lassie tell me.

Mind ye the nicht aneath the screen,
Lassie, O come tell me,
O' yon sweet hawthorn's spreading green,
Whar I watch'd yer bonnie e'en
Glancin' in the moon's clear sheen,
Bonnie lassie tell me?

Mind ye the music o' the stream,
Lassie, O come tell me,
As it wimpled in the siller beam,
Whan ye said like it ye'd lea yer hame,
Ye'd gang wi' me an change yer name,
Bonnie lassie tell me?

Now I am come, my lassie dear,
Yer kindly smiles they tell me,
Ye'll come wi' me my life to cheer,
What tho' we're scant o' warldly gear,
We've rowth o' love that winna wear—
Ye'll come, ye needna tell me!

MRS M. A. SMITH,

AUTHORESS of two volumes of "Poems and Songs" of more than ordinary interest and merit, was born at Shepperton, Middlesex, in 1827—her father being then master of the "National School." Her husband was a trumpet-major in the 11th Hussars, and shortly after her marriage Mrs Smith was appointed regimental schoolmistress. Her husband died at Lanark while he acted as drill-instructor of the Lanarkshire Yeomanry, and our poetess afterwards removed to Glasgow, where she now lives. Although of English birth, she has composed the greater portion of her pieces in Scotland.

In her early years she wrote a great deal, but generally destroyed each piece as it was written. She at last felt her way modestly by sending anonymous pieces to the newspapers, and gained courage by seeing what she sent always inserted. Of late she has ventured a little on dramatic writing, and her efforts in this line give evidence of narrative power and clearness of plot. Mrs Smith's poetry reveals a carefully tuned heart, full of gentleness and loving sympathy. She occasionally betrays a vein of pleasing humour, and this is shown especially in her character sketches; while in the temperance pieces in her second volume she writes with graphic power, and tender pathos. These may well be read or sung with good effect at public soirees and other meetings.

OUR LITTLE ONES.

A speck upon the world's wide map,
Now fondl'd and caress'd;
A new weak life to find a place
On time's upheaving breast,
A sweetly scented bud half blown,
A coral tinted thing,
Whose breath would scarce a flake of down
Set fairly on the wing.

A soft and warm, and yielding form,
A miniature in face,
Wherein some well lov'd lineaments
We fondly seek to trace:
Sweet eyes, 'neath slumber's curtain hid,
Or startled from repose,
Flashing like diamonds caught by light,
Or dewdrops on a rose.

Such is the infant newly born,
Fresh from its Maker's hand,
Such are the cherubs of the spheres,
Heaven's own celestial band:
So Allwise care prepares the heart
Of frail inconstant clay,
That love-born, even with our babes,
Come helpless as they lay.

And as their tiny flutt'ring hands
Our fingers oft entwine,
So form they fibres round our hearts
As tendrils round the vine.

And oh ! the anguish of the soul,
When death's bereaving power
Lays blighted, lifeless at our feet,
Some dear and cherish'd flower.

What's home without our little ones ?
The merry darling elves,
Whose very gladness forms in time
A portion of ourselves ?
What tho' they plague, torment and vex,
They still are beams of light ?
No shadows linger in their steps,
Tho' tears and smiles unite.

We'll guard them well, those little ones,
Yet not as gilded toys,
But as immortal spirits born
To endless ills or joys ;
That ere the world's entangled paths
They tread, life's journey through,
They may learn to lean in trust on Him,
Who bore earth's burdens too.

We'll love them in their joyous play,
And tend them in their pain,
And woo the pretty prattlers back
To dimpled smiles again,
For all too soon their time will come,
Man's troubled lot to share,
When all that's left of us may be
What memory may bear.

Let thoughts of vanish'd childhood be
As summer's golden rays,
To linger fondly on the mind
Thro' after weary days.
And may the sunset of this life
Prove but the opening morn,
To usher in that better birth,
The spirit newly born.

DO STAY!

Oh, mother, dear mother, don't leave us again
Alone, as you did yesterday ;
We were lonely and cold, for the fire went out,
And we 'most too hungry to play ;
I didn't much care for myself, but you know
He's such a wee chap, little Jim,
He shiver'd and cried so with hunger and cold,
I'm sure you'd been sorry for him.
Do stay, do stay, do stay,
Oh ! mother, dear mother, do stay.

Oh, mother, dear mother, just look at him now,
His bare arms all blue with the cold !
You took off his frock that was warm and 'most new
And left him with this worn and old;
I took off my own and I wrapp'd him around,
And I talked to him often of you ;
I said you'd come soon, but, oh dear ! he just cried,
Till at last I was nigh crying too.
Do stay, &c.

Oh, mother, dear mother, when father came home
After working so hard all the day,
If you'd seen how he look'd when he kiss'd little Jim,
And found you again were away.
There wasn't a scrap for his supper, and yet
He gave you his wages all right,
When you promis'd so fairly to give up the drink,
And this was on Saturday night.
Do stay, &c.

Oh, mother, if only you'd heard how he sigh'd
When he'd been out and got us some bread,
And ne'er took a bite to himself, but sat down
With his hand always up to his head.
I know he felt badly, for once when I tried
To cheer him, he whispered so low—
"God help ye, poor darlings ! ye're all I have left
To care for and comfort me now."
Do stay, etc.

Oh, mother, dear mother, there's children outside
No bigger than Jimmy and I,
And out in the sunshine, so happy and glad,
We hear them go merrily by.
But mother, you know, they are tidy and clean :
They're not left uncared for all day ;
And we might be tidy and clean too as well,
If only with us you would stay.
Do stay, etc.

Oh, mother, dear mother, don't push me away,
There's no one will care so for you
As father and us who all love you so well,
And want you to care for us too.
You won't be a minute?—oh ! yes, mother, yes,
You'll do as you did yesterday ;
Don't trust yourself, mother, but just for this once,
Oh, don't, mother, don't go away !
Do stay, etc.

Hear the sad sobs of the child
As the unsteady steps die away ;
And only the echo replies to her pray'r,"
"Oh, mother, dear mother, do stay !

JAMES COWIE,

A NATIVE of Woodside, near Aberdeen, was born in 1827, and resides at Aikenhead, Fintray, Aberdeenshire, where he is employed as a mason. He published, in 1850, a small volume, entitled "Hame-Spun Lays of a Deeside Ploughboy," which has long been out of print. Since the publication of his "Lays," he has written several prose sketches as well as poetical pieces.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

Let kings and queens lang wear a crown,
An' subjects a' be true, man;
He envies not the monarch's throne
That's bred to haud the ploo, man.

Success for aye attend the ploo,
And merry be the plooman,
O' a' the trades that man can try,
Commen' me to the ploo, man.

Let gentles ride in gilded state,
In coach and chariot too, man;
More happy he ordained by fate
To go wi' cairt an' ploo, man.

Let sodgers fecht in bloody war,
An' sailors brave the blue, man;
A happier life he leads by far,
The lad wha hauds the ploo, man.

Let legislators deal in law,
An' statutes aul' renew, man;
Free trade is like to ruin a',
Especially the ploo, man.

Let weavers brag o' mill an' leem,
An' taits o' creeshy woo', man;
An' pale mechanics boast o' steam,
Commen' me to the plooman.

The plooman's life has little care,
His heart is leal an' true, man;
He loves his lass, he loves his pair,
And loves to haud the ploo, man.

GEORGE MURRAY,

LIKE some of our Scotch singers, is of Irish parentage. His father taught a school in the neighbourhood of Derry, and George himself assumed the *rolé* of dominie for a short time in Belfast. The profession was not congenial, however, and he was soon back in Glasgow, where he had been clerk in a warehouse before he went to Belfast. He was appointed corresponding clerk in one of the colossal firms in Glasgow, which situation he still occupies.

Many of his pieces have appeared at different times in newspapers and magazines. Several of his songs are tender and domestic in sentiment, and seem as if they were the spontaneous expresssion of Nature, rather than the result of deep thought and study. In all his utterances we find an earnest sincerity, and manly ring.

SONG OF THE LARK.

Ere the breath of morn
Is earthward borne
To waken the slumbering hours,
I soaring rise
To the dim grey skies,
And sing to the sleeping flowers
That, far beneath,
By the night's chill breath,
All bathed in dew-drops lie;
And they glad'y leap
From their thralling sleep
As my song goeth trilling by.

Or I sail on the cloud,
And carol loud
My hymns to the opening day,
And sing with delight
As the shades of night
From the earth are chased away;
And I waken the breeze
Where he lieth at ease
On the breast of the moveless sea,
And he danceth forth,
Filling the earth
With fragrance and melody.

When the children of toil
To the stubborn soil
Go forth at earliest dawn—
While the shades yet lie
On the glades hard by,
And mantle the sloping lawn—
I chant to them
My morning hymn,
And it filleth their souls with joy;
And, cheerful and strong,
They march along,
Refreshed, to their day's employ.

And all day long,
From the clouds among,
I pour, over bower and lea,
And meadow and wood,
An unending flood
Of heaven-taught minstrelsy
And with jubilant voice
Doth Nature rejoice
As I sing to her tribes below,
While the liquid strain
Over valley and plain
In a living gush doth flow.

When Night cometh down
With his murky frown
To enwrap the world in gloom,
And the last beam of day
Hath vanished away
Below to the earth I come;
With my love I rest
In her downy nest,
Undisturbed by care or pain,
Till the morn draweth nigh;
Then I carolling hie
To the dim grey skies again.

OLD WINTER IS GONE.

The stormy and blustering Old Winter is gone,
And Spring hath her sweet virgin blushes put on;
And blushing, and smiling, the tender young Queen
Is robed in a robe of the greenest of green.
Tho' morning comes in with a tear in her eye,
All blithely and gladly she'll smile by and by,
And the tear in the West ere the day's well begun
Shall be dried by a smile from the eye of the sun.

O, spring hath returned with her sunshine and showers,
Bedecking the earth with her loveliest flowers :
And murmuring, and singing, each streamlet and rill
Comes dancing adown yon time-beaten hill.
Old Winter with many a scowl and a frown,
His head hides in grief 'neath a storm-woven crown ;
While his young virgin daughter, all beauty and grace,
Releases the earth from his icy embrace.

The breezes of morning trip down o'er the hill,
Inspiring and fresh after Winter's long chill ;
The old earth rejoices in youth yet again,
While Spring robes in beauty each woodland and glen ;
At noon the glad birds carol joyous and loud
From the song-land above in yon feathery cloud,
The dew slakes the earth's thirst at eve, and at morn
Shall sparkle like gems on the blossoming thorn.

O, fresh is the meadow, and fresh is the wood,
And fresh is the bank overhanging the flood ;
And fresh are the flowers that are scatter'd abroad
The brae-side adorning, bedecking the sod.
O, sweet is the fragrance perfuming the air,
And sweet are the melodies heard everywhere ;
And sweet are the hopes Fancy pictures to me
As I wander at eve o'er the gowany lea—

Sweet hopes of the dawn of a bright happy day ;
Sweet hopes of a fair sunny land far away ;
Sweet hopes of the present, as onward it flies ;
Sweet hopes of the future, with sunnier skies ;
Sweet hopes of the earth yielding plenty again ;
Sweet hopes of success if we quit us like men ;
Sweet hopes, gladsome hopes, that when spring-time be past
Our lives shall be one glorious Summer at last !

JAMES THOMSON

WAS born in Dundee in 1832. His father died when James was only ten years of age, and mother and son had to fight life's battle unaided and alone. He entered a factory in his native town, and his only education was received at an evening school, where he made rapid progress. Cassell's "Popular Educator" was studied during meal hours, and frequently when he should have been asleep. At pre-

sent he is employed in a factory in his native town, and for years his *nom-de-plume* of "Earnest" has appeared frequently at verses of a descriptive and humourous nature in several of our newspapers.

THE TERM TIME.

O ! gude be praised, we're flitted noo,
An' a' oor things are set ;
The thrang an' steer is a' gane throo,
An' we'll get livin' yet.
The coo is tethered in the byre,
Wi' fother at her head ;
My bakin' is afore the fire,
To be oor mornin's bread.

The bairnies a' are soond asleep,
Forfochen wi' the steer ;
An' father to his bed did creep,
Complainin' unco queer.
Oor sair won fee has dune fu' weel—
We waur'd it for the best,
An' something boucht for ilka chiel',
An' we'll be Sabbath dressed.

Wee tottem Tam got ribbit socks
To haud his leggies warm,
An' toutin' Tib got twa new frocks
That wrocht her head like barm.
An' Jock he wad hae "lastic-sides"
To gar his legs look snod—
I coudna think upon the slides
Wi' Jock no winter shod.

Young Maggie got a bodice braw
Her wyst genteel to keep ;
O ! may her pride ne'er get a fa',
Nor unsoond be her sleep.
This nicht afore she gaed to rest,
She grat fu' sick an' sair
To get her bodice to her breast,
An' nurse't wi' wifie care.

O ! may we a' wi' strength be blessed
The strain o' life to bear—
"Wi' waur than wark be never stressed,"
Was aye my mither's prayer.
This nicht ere I to sleep lie doon,
When a' my trauchle's o'er,
I'll pray content oor lives to croon,
An' health to bless oor store.

NORMAN MACLEOD.

OUR last page cannot be better filled than in giving a single specimen of the muse of one of Scotland's most faithful and strong-hearted sons. Dr Norman Macleod was born at Campbelltown, in 1812, and his busy life on earth ended in 1872. In nature he was a true poet, and his clear purpose and courageous, yet peaceful heart, is shown in the poem, "Trust in God, and do the Right"—

> "Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
> Some will flatter, some will slight;
> Cease from man and look above thee,
> Trust in God, and do the right."

Few have exercised such influence over the hearts of their fellows, and his name will not readily be forgotten.

A MOTHER'S FUNERAL.

Ah, sune ye'll lay yer mither doon
In her lanely bed and narrow!
But till ye're sleepin' by her side,
Ye'll never meet her marrow.

A father's love is strong and deep,
And ready is a brither's,—
A sister's love is pure and sweet—
But what love's like a mither's?

Ye mauna greet ower muckle, bairns,
As round the fire ye gaither,
And see the twa chairs empty then
O' mither and o' faither.'

Nor dinna let your hearts be dreich
When wintry winds are blawin',
And on their graves, wi' angry sough,
The snelly drift is snawin';

But think o' blither times gone by—
The mony years o' blessing,
When sorrow passed the door, and nane
Frae 'mang ye a' were missing.

And mind the peacefu' gloamin' hours
When the outdoor wark was endin',
And after time, when auld grey heads
Wi' yours in prayer were bendin'.

And think how happy baith are noo,
Aboon a' thocht or tellin';
For they're at hame, and young again,
Within their Father's dwellin'.

Sae, gin ye wish to meet up there
Yer faither and yer mither,
O, love their God, and be gude bairns,
And O! love ane anither.

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Edwards, David Herschell
Modern Scottish poets

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